

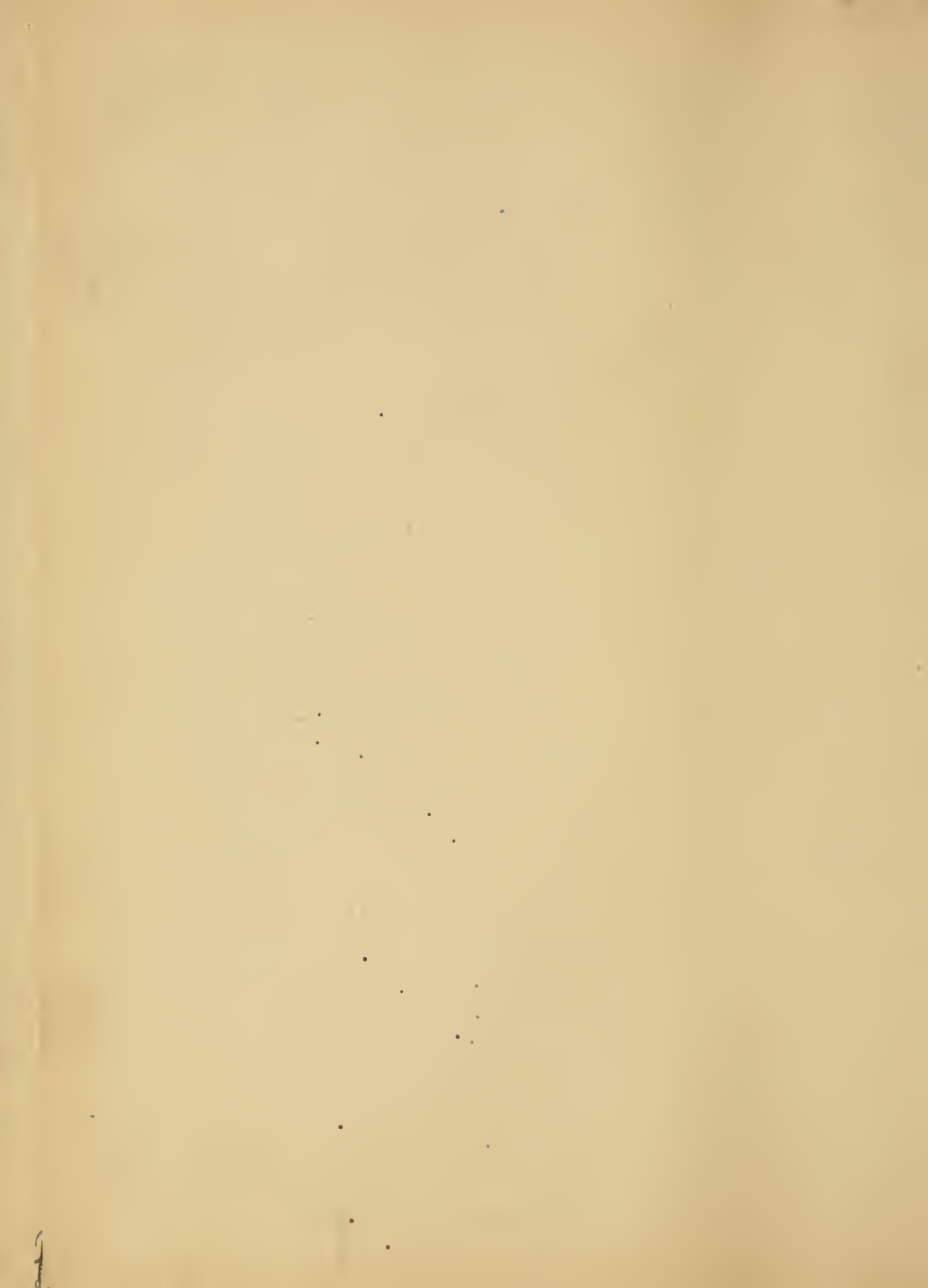
WORD EDITION.

THE SACRED TRIO



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THE SACRED TRIO:

(WORD EDITION)

COMPRISING

REDEMPTION SONGS,

SHOWERS OF BLESSING,

THE JOYFUL SOUND.

EDITORS:

JOHN R. SWENEY and WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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REDEMPTION SONGS.

(WORD EDITION.)

1-3

Key F.

WILL you go to Jesus now, dear friend?
He is calling you to-day;
Will you seek the bright and better land,
By "the true and living way?"

CHO.—I will, I will! by the grace of God,
I will go to Jesus now; [I will;
I will heed the gospel call,
For the promise is for all;
I will go to Jesus now.

2 Would you know the Saviour's bound-
And his mercy rich and free? [less love,
Will you seek the saving, cleansing blood,
That was shed for you and me?

3 Will you consecrate your life to him,
To be ever his alone?
And your loving service freely yield,
To the King upon his throne.

4 Will you follow where the Master leads,
Choosing only his renown,
Will you daily bear the cross for him
Till he bids you wear the crown?

—E. E. Hewitt.

4

Key Ab.

ETERNAL life is in God's Word
For dead and dying men;
By it alone we know the Lord,
Unseen by mortal ken.

Word,

CHO.—O blessed Word, O gracious
We'll love thee more and more;
Be thou our Life, our Strength, our
'Till earthly strife is o'er. [Sword

2 God's strength is in his Holy Word;
We need it every day:
In all our conflicts this the sword
Our spirit foes to slay.

3 By this same Word we know our task
And how it should be done;
How now to live, and how at last
Our crown is to be won.

—L. W. Munhall.

5

Key Et.

I WILL sing the wondrous story,
Of the Christ who died for me,
How he left his home in glory,
For the cross on Calvary.

CHO.—Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw his loving arms around me,
Drew me back into his way.

3 I was bruised, but Jesus healed me,
Faint was I from many-a fall, [me,
Sight was gone, and fears possessed
But he freed me from them all.

4 Days of darkness still come o'er me,
Sorrow's path I often tread,
But the Saviour still is with me,
By his hand I'm safely led.

5 He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then he'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.
—F. H. Rawley.

6

Key G.

WE shall reach the river side
Some sweet day, some sweet day;
We shall cross the stormy tide
Some sweet day, some sweet day;

We shall press the sands of gold,
While before our eyes unfold
Heaven's splendors, yet untold,
Some sweet day, some sweet day.

2 We shall pass inside the gate
Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Peace and plenty for us wait
Some sweet day, some sweet day;
We shall hear the wondrous strain,
Glory to the Lamb that's slain,
Christ was dead, but lives again,
Some sweet day, some sweet day.

3 We shall meet our loved and own
Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Gath'ring round the great white throne
Some sweet day, some sweet day;
By the tree of life so fair,
Joy and rapture ev'rywhere,
O the bliss of over there!
Some sweet day, some sweet day.

—Arthur W. French.

7

Key G.

I've a message from the Lord, hallelujah!
The message unto you I'll give,
'Tis recorded in his word, hallelujah!
It is only that you "look and live."

CHO.—Look and live, my brother, live,
Look to Jesus now and live;
'Tis recorded in his word, hallelujah!
It is only that you "look and live."

2 I've a message full of love, hallelujah!
A message, O my friend, for you,
'Tis a message from above, hallelujah!
Jesus said it, and I know 'tis true.

3 Life is offered unto thee, hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have,
If you'll only look to him, hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, hallelujah!
To Jesus, when he made me whole;
'Twas believing on his name, hallelujah!
I trusted and he saved my soul.

—W. A. Ogden.

8

Key Ab.

I WAS wandering and weary
When my Saviour came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me;
And I thought I heard him say,
As he came along his way, [me,

CHO.—O wand'ring souls, come near
||: My sheep should never fear me, :||
I am the Shepherd true.

2 At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
Still I thought I heard him say,
As he came along his way,

3 At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw his kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me.
I was sure I heard him say,
As he came along his way,

4 He took me on his shoulder,
And tenderly he kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how he had missed me;
Then I heard him sweetly say,
As he went along his way,

5 I thought his love would weaken,
As more and more he knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go thro' me.
And I ever hear him say,
As he goes along his way,

6 Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
What will best and longest please us,
Follow not the ways of others,
And trust ourselves to Jesus.
We shall ever hear him say,
As he goes along his way,

—F. W. Faber.

9

Key Bb.

STANDING on the promises of Christ my
King,
Thro' eternal ages let his praises ring;
Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing
Standing on the promises of God.

CHO.—Standing, standing, [our;
 Standing on the promises of God my Sav-
 Standing, standing,
 I'm standing on the promises of God.

2 Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
 When the howling storms of doubt and fear
 assail,
 By the living Word of God I shall prevail,
 Standing on the promises of God.

3 Standing on the promises I now can see
 Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for
 me; [free,
 Standing in the liberty where Christ makes
 Standing on the promises of God.

4 Standing on the promises of Christ the
 Lord, [cord,
 Bound to him eternally by love's strong
 Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
 Standing on the promises of God.

5 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
 Listening ev'ry moment to the Spirit's call,
 Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,
 Standing on the promises of God.

—R. Kelso Carter.

10 Key Eb.

WE are never, never weary
 Of the grand old song;
 Glory to God, hallelujah!
 We can sing it loud as ever,
 With our faith more strong:
 Glory to God, hallelujah!

CHO.—Oh, the children of the Lord
 Have a right to shout and sing,
 For the way is growing bright,
 And our souls are on the wing;
 We are going by and by
 To the palace of a King!
 Glory to God, hallelujah!

2 We are lost amid the rapture
 Of redeeming love;
 Glory to God, hallelujah!
 We are rising on its pinions
 To the hills above:
 Glory to God, hallelujah!

3 We are going to a palace
 That is built of gold;
 Glory to God, hallelujah!
 Where the King in all his splendor
 We shall soon behold:
 Glory to God, hallelujah!

4 There we'll shout redeeming mercy
 In a glad, new song;
 Glory to God, hallelujah!
 There we'll sing the praise of Jesus
 With the blood-washed throng:
 Glory to God, hallelujah!

—Fanny J. Crosby.

11 Key C.

GOOD news! good news of a soul redeemed,
 A penitent forgiven!
 Good news! good news that another friend
 Is on his way to heaven!

CHO.—Rejoice! rejoice! there's joy to-day
 In the land beyond the river;
 Another gem for his diadem,
 A star to shine forever.

2 Good news! good news that another heart
 Has learned redemption's story;
 Good news! good news that another voice
 Will sing his praise in glory.

3 Good news! good news that another life
 Will show the power of Jesus,
 Will prove the might of the saving grace
 Which daily, hourly frees us.

4 Good news! good news that another hand
 Will precious seed be sowing,
 Another guide to lead straying feet
 Where living streams are flowing.

—E. E. Hewitt.

12 Key Ab.

HERE in thy name we are gathered,
 Come and revive us, O Lord;
 "There shall be showers of blessing"
 Thou hast declared in thy word.

CHO.—Oh, graciously hear us,
 Graciously hear us, we pray:
 Pour from thy windows upon us
 Showers of blessing to-day.

REDEMPTION SONGS.

- 2 O that the showers of blessing
Now on our souls may descend,
While at the footstool of mercy,
Pleading thy promise, we bend!
- 3 There shall be showers of blessing,—
Promise that never can fail;
Thou wilt regard our petition;
Surely our faith will prevail.
- 4 Showers of blessing,—we need them.
Showers of blessing from thee;
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them;
Thine all the glory shall be.

—Jennie Garnett.

13 *Key Eb.*

Go on, ye soldiers of the cross,
With courage bold and daring,
Go on by faith in Jesus' name,
His royal standard bearing.

CHO.—Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Proclaim the gospel story! [strength,
From step to step, from strength to
Go on from grace to glory.

- 2 Though dangers lie on ev'ry side,
And coming storms alarm us,
Yet, safe within the Rifted Rock,
No earthly power can harm us.
- 3 Go on, go on, and trust in him
Whose eye is beaming o'er us,
Who gives his holy angels charge
To guard the way before us.
- 4 Go on, go on with this our aim,
And this our firm endeavor,
To gain at last the sunny shore
And praise our Lord forever.

—Geo. K. Thompson.

14 *Key Db.*

THERE'S a stranger at the door, let him in,
He has been there oft before, let him in;
Let him in ere he is gone,
Let him in, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son, let him in.

- 2 Open now to him your heart, let him in,
If you wait he will depart, let him in;
Let him in, he is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end, let him in.

- 3 Hear you now his loving voice? let him in,
Now, oh, now make him your choice, let him in
He is standing at the door, [in,
Joy to you he will restore,
And his name you will adore, let him in.

- 4 Now admit the heavenly Guest, let him in.
He will make for you a feast, let him in,
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven, let him in.
—Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

15 *Key Ab.*

COME, dear friends, and let me tell you
What the Lord has done for me;
For he saw my bitter bondage,
And his mercy set me free.

CHO.—We will sing it out in heaven.
And more sweetness shall be given
To the chords of that eternal harmony;
While the list'ning angels wonder
To our songs, like mighty thunder,
Telling what the Lord hath done for you
and me.

- 2 He has written out my pardon
In a covenant signed with blood;
And the Spirit, dwelling in me,
Sheds abroad the "peace of God."
- 3 It is sweet to tell the story
Of his kindness, day by day; [me,
How the flowers of love bloom round
And his smile illumines the way.
- 4 Hear the "new song" of rejoicing
He has taught my heart to sing;
Oh, the beauty of my Saviour!
Oh, the glory of my King!

—E. F. Hewitt.

16 *Key Db.*

WE are pilgrims looking home,
Sad and weary oft we roam,
But we know 'twill all be well
In the morning;
When, our anchor firmly cast,
Ev'ry stormy wave is past,
And we gather safe at last
In the morning.

CHO.—When we all meet again
 In the morning,
 On the sweet blooming hills
 In the morning;
 Nevermore to say good night,
 In that sunny region bright,
 When we hail the blessed light
 Of the morning.

2 O these tender broken ties,
 How they dim our aching eyes,
 But like jewels they will shine
 In the morning;
 When our victor palms we bear,
 And our robes immortal wear,
 We shall know each other there,
 In the morning.

3 When our fettered souls are free,
 Far beyond the narrow sea,
 And we hear the Saviour's voice
 In the morning;
 When our golden sheaves we bring
 To the feet of Christ our King,
 What a chorus we shall sing
 In the morning.

4 Thro' our pilgrim journey here,
 Tho' the night is sometimes drear,
 Let us watch and persevere
 Till the morning;
 Then our highest tribute raise
 For the love that crowns our days,
 And to Jesus give the praise
 In the morning. —Lizzie Edwards.

17

Key A.

REST to the weary soul
 And aching breast is given,
 Down where the living waters flow;
 Grace makes the wounded whole,
 Love fills our heart with heaven,
 Down where the living waters flow.

CHO.—Down where the living waters flow,
 Down where the tree of life doth grow,
 I'm living in the light, for Jesus and the right,
 Down where the living waters flow.

2 For thee, my soul, for thee
 These priceless joys were bought,
 Down where the living waters flow;
 Thine is the mercy free,
 That Christ to earth has brought,
 Down where the living waters flow.

3 Come, with the ransomed train,
 The Saviour's praises sing,
 Down where the living waters flow;
 Rejoice! the Lamb was slain,
 Adore! he reigns a King,
 Down where the living waters flow.

4 And soon, before his face,
 We'll praise in light above,
 Down where the living waters flow;
 Triumphant through his grace,
 Made perfect by his love,
 Down where the living waters flow.
 —Edward E. Nickerson.

18

Key D.

THERE are songs of joy that I loved to sing,
 When my heart was as blithe as a bird in
 spring;
 But the song I have learned is so full of
 cheer, [drear.
 That the dawn shines out in the darkness

CHO.—||: O, the new, new song! ||
 I can sing it now with the ransomed throng:
 Power and dominion to him that shall reign;
 Glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

2 There are strains of home that are dear
 as life,
 And I list to them oft 'mid the din of strife;
 But I know of a home that is wondrous fair,
 And I sing the psalm they are singing there.

3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
 When the gracious Master hath made me
 glad? [be,
 When he points where the many mansions
 And sweetly says, "there is one for thee?"

4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
 When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,
 For I know that the shadows, dreary and
 dim,
 Have a path of light that will lead to him.
 —Flora L. Best.

19

Key G.

HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;
 Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
 Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHO.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Holy Spirit, fill me now;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,—
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Tho' I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

—Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D.

20 *Key G.*

"NOT my own," but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by his blood,
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ the Lord.

CHO.—"Not my own!" oh, "not my
Jesus, I belong to thee!
All I have, and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity.

2 "Not my own!" to Christ my Saviour,
I believing, trust my soul;
Ev'rything to him committed,
While eternal ages roll.

3 "Not my own!" my time, my talent,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

4 "Not my own!" the Lord accepts me,
One among the ransomed throng,
Who in heaven shall see his glory,
And to Jesus Christ belong.

—Ed. Nathan.

21 *Key Eb.*

ARE you weary, sin oppressed?
Give your heart to Jesus;
From your burden would you rest?
Give your heart to Jesus.
Are you willing now to go
Where the cleansing waters flow?
You may there be white as snow,
Give your heart to Jesus.

CHO.—Give your heart to Jesus to-day,
He is waiting,—do not delay,—
Seek salvation while you may,
Give your heart to Jesus.

2 Would you find salvation free?
Give your heart to Jesus;
His forever you may be,
Give your heart to Jesus.
Would you now a blessing share?
Cast on him your weight of care;
Seek him now by faith and prayer,
Give your heart to Jesus.

3 Would you know redeeming love?
Give your heart to Jesus;
Would you find the joys above?
Give your heart to Jesus.
Now his precious word believe;
Now his offered grace receive;
Wherefore still the Spirit grieve?
Give your heart to Jesus.

—Henrietta E. Blair.

22 *Key F.*

IF any man thirst, the Saviour said,
The water of life is free;
Come unto me and drink and live;
O brother, it flows for thee.

CHO.—Will you not come to him to-day?
Will you not come to-day?
Come unto him and drink and live;
Oh, will you not come to-day?

2 Look unto me and be ye saved,
He pleadeth with loving voice;
Will you not look to Jesus now,
And make him your only choice?

3 I am the Door; by me, he said,
If any man enter in,
He shall be saved forevermore,
And fully redeemed from sin.

4 I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Oh hear our dear Saviour say;
He bids thee come with all thy sin,
Oh, come and be saved to-day.

—J. J. Lowe

23 *Key Eb.*

A RULER once came to Jesus by night,
To ask him the way of salvation and light;
The Master made answer in words true and
"Ye must be born again." [plain,

CHO.—||: Ye must be born again, :||
I verily, verily, say unto thee,
Ye must be born again.

2 Ye children of men, attend to the word
So solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord,
And let not this message to you be in vain,
"Ye must be born again."

3 O ye who would enter that glorious rest,
And sing with the ransomed the song of the
blest;

The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
"Ye must be born again." [see,

4 A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to
At the beautiful gate may be watching for
thee;

Then list to the note of this solemn refrain,
"Ye must be born again."

—W. T. Sleeper.

24

Key F.

Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Night and day they never cease;
We are wearied with their chime,
For they do not bring us peace;
And we hush our breath to hear,
And we strain our eyes to see
If thy shores are drawing near,—
Eternity! eternity!

2 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
How their changes rise and fall,
But in undertone sublime,
Sounding clearly thro' them all,
Is a voice that must be heard,
As our moments onward flee,
And it speaketh aye one word,—
Eternity! eternity!

3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line
We are marching to and fro;
And we yearn for sight or sound
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round,—
Eternity! eternity!

4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime,
We shall feel the silence come;

And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break,—
Eternity! eternity!

—Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates.

25

Key Bb.

JESUS calls thee, wand'r'er, come,
Calls to-day, calls to-day;
Longs to bid thee welcome home,
Home to-day, home to-day;
Wondrous love his heart doth feel
Wondrous love he would reveal,
For his own thy life would seal,
Seal to-day, seal to-day.

CHO.—Come to-day, come to-day,
Hear the blessed Saviour say:
I will cleanse thy sins away;
Why delay? why delay?

2 Patiently he waits for thee,
Waits to-day, waits to-day,
Offers full salvation free,
Free to-day, free to-day;
Wouldst thou know his saving grace?
Wouldst thou feel his strong embrace,
Thro' thy life his favor trace?
Yield to-day, yield to-day.

3 He will cleanse your sins away,
All away, all away;
Why delay the glorious day?
Why delay? why delay?
Oh, the joy you might receive
If on him you would believe,
Thought nor fancy can conceive:
Don't delay, don't delay.

4 Now he pleads with tender voice,
Pleads to-day, pleads to-day,
Make his love your sacred choice,
Choose to-day, choose to-day;
Shall his pleading be refused?
Shall his mercy be abused?
Come, by grace divine enthused,
Come to-day, come to-day.

—Rev. John Love, Jr.

26

Key G.

TO-DAY the Redeemer is calling,
He offers his pardon and love.
He's "able to keep you from falling,
Presenting you faultless" above.

CHO.—How long will you keep Jesus waiting?

To-day he commands you to choose;
He offers a perfect salvation,
And you must accept or refuse.

2 The world and its pleasures are plead- [ing.
The tempter is making his claim,
But Jesus is now interceding,
And longing to call you by name.

3 Why linger in Satan's dominions?
Your doubt and your waiting are vain,
Fear not to meet scorn and derision,
The Saviour will keep and sustain.

4 How soon will you make the decision?
Oh, what will you gain by delay?
While halting between two opinions,
Your life is fast passing away.

5 'Tis Jesus the Lord and Redeemer
Who asks you this moment to choose;
Be earnest, O trifler and dreamer!
A kingdom and crown you may lose.

—Julia H. Johnston.

27

Key D.

"NEARER the cross!" my heart can say,

I am coming nearer,
Nearer the cross from day to day,
I am coming nearer;
Nearer the cross where Jesus died,
Nearer the fountain's crimson tide,
Nearer my Saviour's wounded side,
||: I am coming nearer. :||

2 Nearer the Christain's mercy seat,
I am coming nearer,
Feasting my soul on manna sweet,
I am coming nearer;
Stronger in faith, more clear I see
Jesus who gave himself for me;
Nearer to him I still would be,
||: Still I'm coming nearer. :||

3 Nearer in prayer my hope aspires.
I am coming nearer,
Deeper the love my soul desires,
I am coming nearer,
Nearer the end of toil and care,
Nearer the joy I long to share,
Nearer the crown I soon shall wear:
||: I am coming nearer. :||—F. J. Crosby.

28

Key F.

THERE'S nothing like the old, old story,
Grace is free, grace is free!
Which saints and martyrs tell in glory,
Grace is free, grace is free! [flame,
It brought them thro' the flood and
By it they fought and overcame,
And now they cry thro' his dear name,
Grace is free, grace is free! [story,

CHO.—There's nothing like the old, old
Grace is free, grace is free!
Which saints and martyrs tell in glory,
Grace is free, grace is free!

2 There's only hope in trusting Jesus,
Grace is free, grace is free!
From sin that doomed he died to free us,
Grace is free, grace is free!
Who would not tell the story sweet
Of love so wondrous, so complete,
And fall in rapture at his feet,
Grace is free, grace is free!

3 From age to age the theme is telling,
Grace is free, grace is free! [swelling,
From shore to shore the strains are
Grace is free, grace is free!
And when that time shall cease to be,
And faith is crowned with victory,
'Twill sound thro' all eternity,
Grace is free, grace is free!

—Emma M. Johnston

29

Key B♭.

I HAVE found the Saviour precious,
And I love him more and more;
He has rolled away my burden,
And my mourning days are o'er;
I have found the Saviour precious,
And I find him precious still;
All my life is consecrated
To his service and his will.

CHO.—I have taken up the cross,
And will never lay it down
Till I see his face in glory,
And receive a starry crown.

2 I have found the Saviour precious,
And, wherever I may go,
I will bear the royal standard,
And its colors I will show;

I am ready, if he calls me,
In the battle front to stand;
I am ready—yes, and waiting—
To fulfil my Lord's command.

3 I have found the Saviour precious;
Hallelujah! praise his name!
To a mansion in his kingdom
Through his grace the right I claim.
I have found the Saviour precious;
He has proved my dearest friend;
And my faith can trust his promise
Of protection to the end.

—James S. Apple.

30

Key Eb.

On the happy, golden shore,
Where the faithful part no more,
When the storms of life are o'er,
Meet me there;
Where the night dissolves away
Into pure and perfect day,
I am going home to stay,
Meet me there.

CHO.—||: Meet me there, :||
Where the tree of life is blooming,
Meet me there;
When the storms of life are o'er,
On the happy, golden shore,
Where the faithful part no more,
Meet me there.

2 Here our fondest hopes are vain,
Dearest links are rent in twain;
But in heav'n no throb of pain,
Meet me there;
By the river sparkling bright,
In the city of delight,
Where our faith is lost in sight,
Meet me there.

3 Where the harps of angels ring,
And the blest forever sing,
In the palace of the King,
Meet me there;

Where in sweet communion blend
Heart with heart, and friend with friend,
In a world that ne'er shall end, [friend,
Meet me there.

—Henrietta E. Blair.

31

Key G.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have but scant supply,
Angel eyes will watch above it;—
You shall find it by and by!
He who in his righteous balance
Doth each human action weigh
Will your sacrifice remember,
Will your loving deeds repay.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Poor and weary, worn with care,—
Often sitting in the shadow,
Have you not a crumb to spare?
Can you not to those around you
Sing some little song of hope,
As you look with longing vision
Thro' faith's mighty telescope?

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have abundant store;
It may float on many-a billow,
It may strand on many-a shore;
You may think it lost forever,
But, as sure as God is true,
In this life or in the other,
It will yet return to you.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Far and wide your treasures strew
Scatter it with willing fingers,
Shout for joy to see it go!
For if you do closely keep it,
It will only drag you down;
If you love it more than Jesus,
It will keep you from your crown.

5 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Waft it on with praying breath,
In some distant, doubtful moment
It may save a soul from death;
When you sleep in solemn silence,
'Neath the morn and evening dew,
Stranger hands, which you have
strengthened,
May strew lilies over you.

32

Key F.

WEARY pilgrim on life's pathway,
Struggling on beneath thy load,
Hear these words of consolation,—
"Cast thy burden on the Lord."

REDEMPTION SONGS.

CHO.—[: Cast thy burden on the Lord, :]
And he will strengthen thee,
Sustain and comfort thee;
Cast thy burden on the Lord,

2 Are thy tired feet unsteady?
Does thy lamp no light afford?
Is thy cross too great and heavy?
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

3 Are the ties of friendship severed?
Hushed the voices fondly heard?
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish,
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?
Does thy mind forget his word?
Does thy strength succumb to weak-
Cast thy burden on the Lord. [ness?

5 He will hold thee up from falling,
He will guide thy steps aright;
He will strengthen each endeavor;
He will keep thee by his might.
—Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

33 Key G.

SAY, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely,
Some beam would fall brightly on me.
There are many and many around you,
Who follow wherever you go, [shadow,
If you thought that they walked in the
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

CHO.—Say, is your lamp burning my brother-
I pray you look quickly and see; [er?
For if it were burning, then surely,
Some beam would fall brightly on me.

1 Upon the dark mountains they stumble,
They are bruised on the rock as they lie
With white, pleading faces turned upward,
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.
There is many a lamp that is lighted—
We behold them anear and afar;
But not many among them, my brother,
Shine steadily on like a star.

3 If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!

How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mists would turn up and away!
How the earth would laugh out in her glad-
To hail the millennial day! [ness,
—Mrs. E. M. H. Gates.

34 Key F.

BROTHER for Christ's kingdom sighing,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to save the millions dying,
Help just a little. [righten!

CHO.—Oh, the wrongs that we may
Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!
Oh, the skies that we may brighten!
Helping just a little.

2 Is thy cup made sad by trial?
Help a little, help a little;
Sweeten it with self-denial,
Help just a little.

3 Though no wealth to thee is given,
Help a little, help a little;
Sacrifice is gold in heaven,
Help just a little.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

—Rev. W. A. Spencer.

35 Key E^b

OFT hast thou heard a voice that said
In tones that were soft and low, [yet
Thy Saviour has loved and loves thee
Then why wilt thou slight him so?

CHO.—[: Where is thy soul? :]
Where is thy soul to-night? [on
That voice pleads on, pleads patiently
Oh, where is thy soul to-night?

2 Oft hast thou heard a warning voice,
That urged thee to fly from sin,
To open the door you long have closed.
And welcome the Saviour in.

3 Oft hast thou heard a tender voice,
When troubled and care-oppressed,
And then, like a weary child, hast sighed
In Jesus to find a rest.

[voice,

4 Oft hast thou heard a grieved, sad
Entreating thee o'er and o'er;
And if thou refuse to hear it now,
Perhaps it will come no more.

CHO.—||: Yield to him now, :||
Give him thy soul to-night; [on,
That voice pleads on, pleads patiently
Oh, give him thy soul to-night.

—Martha J. Lankton.

36 *Key A.*

LORD, my wayward heart is broken,
May I come to thee?
In thy gentle arms of mercy
Hast thou room for me?

CHO.—Save me! save me!
Weeping at the cross I bow;
Hear my humble supplication,
Jesus, save me now.

2 Tho' I long have grieved thy Spirit,
Long refused thy grace,
Do not cast me from thy presence,
Do not hide thy face.

3 Could my faith buttouch thy garment
Healed my soul would be;
Let thy smile of sweet forgiveness
Shed one beam for me.

4 Save me now, or I must perish,
Save me, I implore;
Speak those loving words so tender,
"Go and sin no more."

—Fanny J. Crosby.

37 *Key Eb.*

'Tis the blessed hour of prayer,
When our hearts lowly bend,
And we gather to Jesus,
Our Saviour and Friend;
If we come to him in faith,
His protection to share,
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!

CHO.—||: Blessed hour of prayer; :||
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!

2 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer,
When the Saviour draws near,
With a tender compassion
His children to hear;
When he tells us we may cast
At his feet ev'ry care,
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!

3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer,
When the tempted and tried
To the Saviour who loves them
Their sorrow confide;
With a sympathizing heart
He removes ev'ry care;
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!

4 At the blessed hour of prayer,
Trusting him we believe
That the blessing we're needing
We'll surely receive,
In the fulness of this trust
We shall lose ev'ry care;
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!

—Fanny J. Crosby.

38 *Key F.*

O SAFE to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul in the conflicts and sorrows would
fly;
So sinful, so weary, thine, thine would I be;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in
thee.

CHO.—Hiding in thee, hiding in thee,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in
thee.

[lone hour,

2 In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's
In times when temptation casts o'er me its
power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving
sea, [thee.
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by
the foe, [my woe;
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out
How often, when trials like sea-billows
roll, [soul.
Have I hidden in thee, O thou Rock of my
—Rev. William O. Cushing.

REDEMPTION SONGS.

39

Key F.

WHEN Jesus shall gather the nations
Before him at last to appear,
Then how shall we stand in the judgment,
When summoned our sentence to hear?

CHO.—He will gather the wheat in his gar-
But the chaff will he scatter away; [ner,
Then how shall we stand in the judgment,
Oh, how shall it be in that day?

2 Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour,
The words, "Faithful servant, well done;"
Or, trembling with fear and with anguish,
Be banished away from his throne.

3 He will smile when he looks on his chil-
And sees on the ransomed his seal;
He will clothe them in heavenly beauty,
As low at his footstool they kneel.

4 Then let us be watching and waiting,—
Our lamps burning steady and bright.—
When the Bridegroom shall call to the wed-
Our spirits made ready for flight. [ding

5 Thus living with hearts fixed on Jesus,
In patience we wait for the time,
When, the days of our pilgrimage ended,
We'll bask in his presence divine.

—Harriet B. McKeever.

40

Key D.

WEARY with walking alone,
Long heavy-laden with sin;
Toiling all night without Christ,—
Rest for my soul shall I win.

CHO.—Leaning on Jesus,
I walk at his side;
Leaning on Jesus,

I trust him, my Shepherd and Guide.

2 Fearing to stand for my Lord,
Trembling for weakness in prayer;
Yet on the bosom divine
Losing each sorrow and fear.

3 Anxious no longer for self,
Shrinking no longer from pain;
Leaning on Jesus alone,
He all my care will sustain.

4 Leaning, I walk in "the way,"
Leaning, "the truth" I shall know;
Leaning on heart-throbs of Christ,
Safe into "life" I may go.

—Rev. W. F. Crafts.

41

Key Ab.

LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.

In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Saviour!
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

—M. A. K

42

Key A₂

GOD loved the world so tenderly
His only Son he gave,
That all who on his name believe
Its wondrous power will save.

CHO.—For God so loved the world
That he gave his only Son,
That whosoever believeth in him
Should not perish, should not perish,
That whosoever believeth in him [life,
Should not perish, but have everlasting

- 2 Oh, love that only God can feel,
And only he can show!
Its height and depth, its length and breadth
Nor heaven nor earth can know!
- 3 Why perish, then, ye ransomed ones?
Why slight the gracious call?
Why turn from him whose words pro-
Eternal life to all? [claim]
- 4 O Saviour, melt these hearts of ours,
And teach us to believe
That whosoever comes to thee
Shall endless life receive.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

43*Key F.*

- JESUS, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!
- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

—Charles Wesley.

44*Key F.*

Who is this that waiteth,
Waiteth for my call,
While the dews of morning
Gently round him fall?
Hark! I hear him knocking,
Knocking at my door,
Asking me for entrance,—
Pleading o'er and o'er!

CHO.—||: Let me in, let me in,
Patiently I wait?
Wilt thou not unbar the door
Ere it be too late?:||

- 2 Who is this that waiteth
In the storm outside,
Sad and worn and weary,
Still his wish denied?
O, such gentle patience
Must an entrance win;
Still I hear him pleading,
“Let me enter in.”
- 3 O, it is my Saviour!
Saw I not before
All that bleeding sorrow,
All that anguish sore?
Saw I not the nail-prints,
When his blood was shed?
Saw I not the thorn-crown
On his kingly head?
- 4 Thou shalt wait no longer
In the gloom outside!
Enter, O sweet Stranger,
And with me abide!
Long I sought thee, Saviour,
Thou wast at my door!
Now I bid thee welcome,
Welcome evermore!

CHO.—||: O come in, O come in,
Be my guest to-day;
Saviour, come, abide with me
Evermore, I pray.:||

—Mrs. R. N. Turner.

45*Key Eb.*

THE King bids you come and partake of
the feast;
For all there is room, even unto the least;
But, if you would enter the palace so fair,
The pure wedding garment you surely must
wear.

[brother.

CHO.—Oh, have you the garment of white,
If called to the banquet to-night,—
The beautiful garment of white, brother,
They wear in the palace of light?

- 1 Oh, will you be speechless when ques-
tioned by One
Who offered you mercy thro' Jesus his Son?

REDEMPTION SONGS.

Who opened a fountain that sinners below
Might wear a bright garment as spotless as
snow?

[great King,
3 Dear friend, are you ready to meet the
And join in the anthem the glorified sing?
Oh, will you be welcome within that pure
home, [fered to come?
Where none but the white-robed are suf-
—Harriet Jones.

46 Key G.

HERALD the tidings to ev'ry soul,
Wave on wave let the echo roll;
Strong and gladly the chorus swell,
The story grand of free grace tell.

CHO.—Free grace, free grace!
Echo the cry to a ruined race;
Free grace, free grace! [grace.
Shout, shout the story of grace, free

2 Sing of the wonderful grace, free
Given to all of our ruined race; [grace,
Shout the story afar and near,
That ev'ry burdened soul may hear.

3 Go, tell the story, so grandly true,
Praise the Lamb who was slain for you;
Shout aloud of the free grace given,
That you and I may dwell in heaven.
—Abbie C. McKeever.

47 Key G.

BEHOLD, God's wondrous love,
Wondrous love, wondrous love,
Sent Jesus from above;
Wondrous love, wondrous love!

CHO.—Oh, this is wondrous love!
That Jesus from above [live:
His life should give that we might
Oh, wondrous, wondrous love!

2 He offers you and me
Wondrous love, wondrous love!
A pardon full and free;
Wondrous love, wondrous love!

3 Oh, now this gift receive!
Wondrous love, wondrous love!
And in his name believe;
Wondrous love, wondrous love!

4 Sweet peace he brings to-day,
Wondrous love, wondrous love!
Accept it while you may;
Wondrous love, wondrous love!
—J. J. Lowe.

48 Key F.

MY Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art
thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love thee because thou hast first loved
me, [tree;
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy
brow;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in
death, [breath;
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on
my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my
brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
—"London Hymn Book."

49 Key C.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream; [vived,
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that Light of Life I'll walk
 Till trav'ling days are done.

50

Key Bb

ARE you weary, are you heavy-hearted?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
 Are you grieving over joys departed?
 Tell it to Jesus alone.

CHO.—Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
 He is a friend that's well known;
 You have no other such a friend or brother,
 Tell it to Jesus alone.

[bidden ?

2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
 Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
 Tell it to Jesus alone.

[row ?

3 Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
 Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
 Tell it to Jesus alone.

[ing ?

4 Are you troubled at the thought of dy-
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus; [ing ?
 For Christ's coming kingdom are you sigh-
 Tell it to Jesus alone.

—J. E. Rankin, D. D.

51

Key Eb

TELL me the story of Jesus,
 Write on my heart ev'ry word,
 Tell me the story most precious,
 Sweetest that ever was heard;
 Tell how the angels, in chorus,
 Sang as they welcomed his birth,—
 Glory to God in the highest!
 Peace and good tidings to earth.

CHO.—Tell me the story of Jesus,
 Write on my heart ev'ry word,
 Tell me the story most precious,
 Sweetest that ever was heard.

2 Fasting, alone in the desert,
 Tell of the days that he passed,
 How for our sins he was tempted,
 Yet was triumphant at last;

Sacred Trio-B

Tell of the years of his labor,
 Tell of the sorrow he bore,
 He was despised and afflicted,
 Homeless, rejected and poor.

3 Tell of the cross where they nailed
 Writhing in anguish and pain; [him,
 Tell of the grave where they laid him.
 Tell how he liveth again;
 Love in that story so tender,
 Clearer than ever I see;
 Stay, let me weep while you whisper,
 Love paid the ransom for me.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

52

Key Ab

WHENE'ER we meet you always say,
 What's the news? what's the news?
 Pray, what's the order of the day?
 What's the news? what's the news?
 Oh, I have glorious news to tell,—
 My Saviour hath done all things well,
 And triumphed over death and hell;
 That's the news! that's the news!

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 To set a world of sinners free;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 'Twas there his precious blood was shed,
 'Twas there he bowed his sacred head,
 But now he's risen from the dead;
 That's the news! that's the news!

3 The Lamb has pardoned all my sin;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 I feel the witness deep within;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 And since he took my sins away,
 And taught me how to watch and pray,
 I'm happy now from day to day;
 That's the news! that's the news!

4 He took my sorrows all away;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 He turned my darkness into day;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 Yes, Jesus saves me now, I know,
 His blood has washed me white as snow,
 And now I'm glad his love to show,—
 That's the news! that's the news!

5 His work's reviving all around ;
That's the news ! that's the news !
And many have redemption found ;
That's the news ! that's the news !
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout hosanna to his name,
And all around they spread his fame ;
That's the news ! that's the news !

6 O weary pilgrim, hear the call,
Blessed news ! blessed news !
Christ Jesus came to save us all ;
That's the news ! that's the news !
He died to set poor sinners free,
That we from death might ransomed be,
And with him reign eternally ;
That's the news ! that's the news !

—Arr. by Jno. R. Sweeney.

53 *Key Ab.*

THE Master is calling for you, dear
The Master is calling for you ; [friend,
You wandered away,—

Won't you come back to-day ?
Come back to the good and the true.

CHO.—: Come, the dear Master is call-
Calling, calling, [ing. :]
Is tenderly calling for you. [friend,

2 He calls by his Word unto you, dear
His Word which has come from above,
Won't you heed it to-day ?

Won't you come to him, say ?
Come back to the heart of his love.

3 He calls by his Spirit to you, dear friend,
His Spirit is moving your heart ;
Won't you yield to him now ?

Won't you here make your vow ?
For heaven at once you will start.

4 He calls by his providence, too, dear
friend,

In ways which have sorrows untold ;
Though your spirit may sigh,
Let your fond heart reply,
Dear Lord, I'll return to thy fold.

5 The Master is calling you all, dear
The Master is calling us, too ; [friends,
We have wandered away,
Let us come back to-day,
Come back to the good and the true.

—Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D.

54 *Key Bb.*

THE Saviour is my all in all,
He is my constant theme !
By simply trusting in his word
He keeps me pure and clean.

CHO.—Glory ! oh, glory !
Jesus hath redeemed me ;
Glory ! oh, glory !
He washed my sins away !

2 His Spirit gives sweet peace within,
And bids all care depart !
He fills my soul with righteousness,
And purifies the heart.

3 And whatsoever I may ask,
To glorify his name,
The Father freely gives to me,
Since Christ the Saviour came.

4 Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice,
Give thanks unto thy God !
Who took thee in thy sinfulness,
And cleansed thee by his blood !

—P. Bilhorn.

55 *Key Ab.*

ONLY a step to Jesus !
Then why not take it now ?
Come, and, thy sin confessing,
To him thy Saviour bow.

CHO.—Only a step, only a step ;
Come, he waits for thee ;
Come, and, thy sin confessing,
Thou shalt receive a blessing ;
Do not reject the mercy
He freely offers thee.

2 Only a step to Jesus !
Believe, and thou shalt live ;
Lovingly now he's waiting,
And ready to forgive.

3 Only a step to Jesus !
A step from sin to grace ;
What hast thy heart decided ?
The moments fly apace.

4 Only a step to Jesus !
Oh, why not come, and say,
Gladly to thee, my Saviour,
I give myself away ?

—Fanny J. Crosby.

56

Key C.

OUT on the desert, looking, looking,
Sinner, 'tis Jesus looking for thee;
Tenderly calling, calling, calling,
Hither, thou lost one, O come unto me.

CHO.—Jesus is looking, Jesus is calling,
Why dost thou linger, why tarry away?
Run to him quickly, say to him gladly,
Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

2 Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting,
O what compassion beams in his eye,
Hear him repeating gently, gently, [die?
Come to thy Saviour, O why wilt thou

3 Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading.
Mercy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
Thou canst be happy, happy, happy,
Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.

4 Spirits in glory, watching, watching,
Long to behold thee safe in the fold;
Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting,
When shall thy story with rapture be told?

—Fanny J. Crosby.

57

Key Ab.

SIMPLY trusting ev'ry day,
Trusting thro' a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHO.—Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting him, whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While he leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

—Rev. Edgar Page Stites.

58

Key F.

TAKE the world, but give me Jesus,—
All its joys are but a name;
But his love abideth ever,
Thro' eternal years the same. [cry!

CHO.—Oh, the height and depth of mer-
Oh, the length and breadth of love!
Oh, the fulness of redemption,
Pledge of endless life above!

2 Take the world, but give me Jesus,
Sweetest comfort of my soul;
With my Saviour watching o'er me
I can sing, though billows roll.

3 Take the world, but give me Jesus,
Let me view his constant smile;
Then throughout my pilgrim journey
Light will cheer me all the while.

4 Take the world, but give me Jesus,
In his cross my trust shall be,
Till, with clearer, brighter vision,
Face to face my Lord I see.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

59

Key Eb.

CALLED to the feast by the King are we,
Sitting, perhaps, where his people be:
How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
When the King comes in?

CHO.—When the King comes in, brother,
When the King comes in!
How will it fare with thee and me
When the King comes in?

2 Crowns on the head where the thorns
have been,
Glorified he who once died for men;
Splendid the vision before us then,
When the King comes in. [show

3 Like lightning's flash will that instant
Things hidden long from both friend and
Just what we are ev'ry one will know, [foe,
When the King comes in.

4 Joyful his eye shall on each one rest
Who is in white wedding garments dressed—
Ah! well for us if we stand the test,
When the King comes in.

—J. E. Landon.

60

Key F.

HE has come! he has come! my Redeemer
has come, [home;
He has taken my heart as his own chosen
At last I have given the welcome he sought,
He has come, and his coming all gladness
has brought.

CHO.—Joy! joy is mine, my Saviour divine
Comes to abide with me, with me,
Comes to abide, ever to abide,
My own loving Saviour abideth with me.

2 He has come! he has come! my Love
and my Lord, [his word;
Ev'ry thought of my being is swayed by
He has come, and he rules in the realm of
my soul,
And his sceptre is love, O blessed control!

3 He has come! he has come! O happiest
heart, [part;
He has given his word that he will not de-
No trouble can enter, no evil can come,
To the heart where the God of peace has
his home.

4 He has come to abide, and holy must be
The place where my Lord deigns to banquet
with me;
And this is my prayer, Lord, since thou art
come, [thy home.
Make meet for thy presence my heart as
—Mrs. J. H. Knowles

61

Key G.

Down life's dark vale we wander,
Till Jesus comes;
We watch and wait and wonder,
Till Jesus comes.

CHO.—All joy his loved ones bringing
When Jesus comes;
All praise thro' heaven ringing,
When Jesus comes;
All beauty bright and vernal,
When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal,
When Jesus comes.

2 Oh, let my lamp be burning
When Jesus comes;
For him my soul be yearning,
When Jesus comes.

3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes.

4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom his face will banish,
When Jesus comes.

5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how his arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes. —P. P. Bliss.

62

Key C.

THE home where changes never come,
Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care;
Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home;
Who would not fain be resting there?

CHO.—||: O wait, meekly wait and mur-
mur not, :|| [not.

O wait, O wait, O wait, and murmur
2 Yet when bowed down beneath the load
By heav'n allowed, thine earthly lot
Thou yearnest to reach that blest abode,
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

3 If in thy path some thorns are found,
O think who bore them on his brow;
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
It reached a holier than thou.

4 Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot;
The day of rest will dawn for thee;
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
—W. H. Bellamy.

63

Key Bb.

COME, oh, come to the ark of rest,—
Jesus will save you now; [pressed,
Come, with the weight of your guilt op-
Jesus will save you now.

CHO.—Come while your cheeks with
tears are wet,
Come ere the star of life shall set,
Come, and the step you will ne'er regret,
Jesus will save you now.

2 Come, oh, come to the ark of grace,—
Jesus will save you now;
Haste to his arms and his dear embrace,
Jesus will save you now.

3 Come, oh, come to the ark of love,—
Jesus will save you now;
Come, like the worn and weary dove,
Jesus will save you now.

4 Who'll be the first to arise for prayer?
Jesus will save you now;
Who'll be the first the cross to bear?
Jesus will save you now.

—Henrietta E. Blair.

64 *Key Db.*

GOD be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threat'ning wave before
you,

God be with you till we meet again.

—J. E. Rankin, D. D.

65 *Key Bb.*

OUR Jesus says that he will come
To gather home his own,
And at the supper of the Lamb
We shall with him sit down.

CHO.—Then we'll watch for the Bride-
Watch, watch, watch, [groom,
Then we'll watch for the bridegroom,
And with him enter in.

2 That this may be our happy lot,
Let us be on our guard,
Or else he'll say, "I know you not,"
When once the door is barred.

3 The foolish ones, with lamps gone out,
Too late their oil would buy,
For, lo, at midnight comes the shout,
Behold! the Bridegroom's nigh.

4 Oh, when we hear the Bridegroom's
At morning or at night, [cry.
May all our hopes on Christ rely,
And all our lamps be bright.

5 And when we join the blood-washed
And sing the song divine, [throng,
This strain shall burst from every
The glory, Lord, be thine. [tongue,
—James Nicholson.

66 *Key Eb.*

UP to the bountiful Giver of life,—
Gathering home! gathering home!
Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife,
The dear ones are gathering home.

CHO.—Gathering home! gathering home!
Never to sorrow more, never to roam;
Gathering home! gathering home!
God's children are gathering home,

2 Up to the city where fallèth no night,—
Gathering home! gathering home!
Up where the Saviour's own face is the
The dear ones are gathering home. [light,

3 Up to the bountiful mansions above,—
Gathering home! gathering home!
Safe in the arms of his infinite love,
The dear ones are gathering home.

—Miss Mariana B. Slade.

67 *Key E.*

THO' kindred ties around us
Like ivy branches twine,
Tho' life has many pleasures
That o'er my pathway shine,
Tho' words to friendship sacred
More sweet than music fall,
One look, one smile from Jesus
Is dearer far than all.

CHO.—Dearer, yes, dearer,
Dearer far than all,
One look, one smile from Jesus
Is dearer far than all.

2 We meet in Christian converse,
We speak of joys to come,
We lift our eyes expectant
To Eden's blissful home;
Tho' sweet and precious blessings
With ev'ry moment fall,
One look, one smile from Jesus
Is dearer far than all.

3 One look, one smile from Jesus,
For whom our souls would live,
Not heav'n's transcendent beauty
Such holy joy can give;
Beyond the silent river
Though spirit voices call,
One look, one smile from Jesus
Is dearer far than all.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

68

Key A.

In the Master's vineyard,
There is work to do;
While the hours are fleeting,
Christ hath need of you.

CHO.—Stand no longer idle,
Work begin to-day;
Christ for you is calling, calling,
Cheerfully obey.

2 Sweet the joy of service,
Let none idle prove;
Faithful toil for Jesus
Best reveals our love.

3 Feeble gifts the Saviour
Graciously will use;
Can the loyal servant
His behest refuse?

4 Hasten ye, ere the darkness
Swiftly gathers o'er,
And the day of labor
Dawn for thee no more.

—Rev. John Love, Jr.

69

Key D.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

CHO.—Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood,
Cleanse me in its purifying flood, [be
Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to
Thine, henceforth, eternally.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages for thee;
Take my silver and my gold,—
Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Ev'ry power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

70

Key Eb.

CHILD of God, be not discouraged,
Cast thy burden on the Lord;
With a cheerful, loving spirit
Read and trust his gracious word.

CHO.—Casting all your care upon him,
When your skies with clouds are dim,
You will find the promise true,
Jesus careth, Jesus careth still for you.

2 O'er the dark and troubled waters,
Tho' you oft may stem the tide,
Not alone you brave the tempest,—
He is there your Friend and Guide.

3 Child of God, no power can harm you,
Naught of ill your soul molest,
Casting all your care on Jesus,
In his arms you safely rest.

4 Soon your eyes with joy will see him,
Soon your feet will press the shore,
Where the saints redeemed are waiting,
And the storms of life are o'er.

—James L. Black.

71

Key Bb.

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, [eves;

Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, [sheaves.

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

CHO.—||: Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, [sheaves.: ||

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, [ing breeze;

Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chill—
By and by the harvest, and the laborended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master, [grieves;

Tho' the loss sustained our spirit often
When our weeping's over he will bid us welcome, [sheaves.

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

72

Key A.

INTO the tent where a gypsy boy lay,
Dying alone at the close of the day,
News of salvation we carried, said he,
"Nobody ever has told it to me!"

CHO.—Tell it again! tell it again!

Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er,
Till none can say of the children of men,
"Nobody ever has told me before."

2 "Did he so love me,—a poor little boy?
Send unto me the good tidings of joy?
Need I not perish? my hand will he hold?
Nobody ever the story has told!" [breath,

3 Bending we caught the last words of his
Just as he entered the valley of death; [he;
"God sent his Son! —whosoever?" said
"Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"

4 Smiling, he said, as his last sigh he spent,
"I am so glad that for me he was sent!"
Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

"Lord, I believe, tell it now to the rest!"

—Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

73

Key Ab.

HEAR the welcome bells of heaven
Calling weary wand'ers home,—
Come where peace and joy are given
Come to Jesus,—all may come.

CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus.—
Hark! the sweet bells call us home;
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come and welcome,—all may come

2 Come, ye sad and heavy-laden,
With the weight of sin oppressed,
At his feet cast down your burden,
Christ will give you sweetest rest.

3 Leave your doubts and fears behind
Whosoever will may come; [you,
Leave the darkness and the danger,
Christ will guide you safely home.

4 Poor way-farer, old and lonely,
Come, 'tis dark and growing late,
Enter now the door of mercy,
Kindest welcomes for you wait.

5 Little children, too, are welcome:
"Suffer them to come to me;"
Blessed Saviour, thou art calling;
Help us all to come to thee.

6 When in mansions bright we gather,
In the Palace of the King,
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,"
Sweetly shall the joy bells ring.

—Priscilla J. Owens.

74

Key Bb.

OH, this uttermost salvation!
'Tis a fountain full and free,
Pure, exhaustless, ever flowing,
Wondrous grace, it reaches me!

CHO.—It reaches me, it reaches me,
Wondrous grace, it reaches me!
Pure, exhaustless, ever flowing,
Wondrous grace, it reaches me!

2 How amazing God's compassion,
That so vile a worm should prove
This stupendous bliss of Heaven,
This unmeasured wealth of love!

3 Jesus, Saviour, I adore thee!
Now thy love I will proclaim,
I will tell the blessed story,
I will magnify thy name!

—Mary D. James.

75

Key A. 4 Lay aside the garments that are stained

BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

CHO.—Oh, let the dear Saviour come in,
He'll cleanse the heart from sin;
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Saviour come in.

2 O lovely attitude,—he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness, and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will,—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners? yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Burn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at HIS door rejected stand.

—Jos. Griggs.

76

Key Bb.

HAVE you been to Jesus for the cleansing
power?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHO.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?

Are your garments spotless? are they white
as snow?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's
side?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your
robes be white,

Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions
bright,

And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

And be washed in the blood of the Lamb;
There's a fountain flowing for the soul un-
clean,

O be washed in the blood of the Lamb.

—Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

77

Key Ab.

GOD is here, and that to bless us
With the Spirit's quick'ning power;
See, the cloud already bending
Waits to drop the grateful shower.

CHO.—Let it come, O Lord, we pray
Let the shower of blessing fall; [thee.
We are waiting, we are waiting,
Oh, revive the hearts of all.

2 God is here! we feel his presence
In this consecrated place;
But we need the soul-refreshing
Of his free, unbounded grace.

3 God is here! oh, then, believing,
Bring to him our one desire,
That his love may now be kindled,
Till its flame each heart inspire.

4 Saviour, grant the prayer we offer,
While in simple faith we bow,
From the windows of thy mercy
Pour us out a blessing now.

—James L. Black.

78

Key D.

ONCE in my boyhood's gladsome day,
My spirits light as air,

I wandered to a lonely room
Where mother knelt in prayer,
||: Where mother knelt in prayer, :||
I wandered to a lonely room
Where mother knelt in prayer.

2 Her hands were clasped in fervency,
Her lips gave forth no sound,
Yet, awe-struck, solemnly I felt
I stood on holy ground—

||: Where mother knelt in prayer, :||
I felt I stood on holy ground,
Where mother knelt in prayer.

3 My mother, all entranced in prayer,
My presence heeded not,
And reverently I turned away
In silence from the spot—

||: Where mother knelt in prayer, :||
I turned in silence from the spot
Where mother knelt in prayer.

4 An orphaned wand'rer, far from home,
In after time I strayed;
But God has kept me, and I feel
He heard her when she prayed,
||: He heard her when she prayed, :||
But God has kept me, and I feel
He heard her when she prayed.

—Thos. MacKellar.

79 *Key Bb.*

IN the harvest field there is work to do,
For the grain is ripe and the reapers few,
And the Master's voice bids the workers true
Heed the call that he gives to-day.

CHO.—Labor on, labor on,
Keep the bright reward in view;
'Tis the Saviour's command,
He will strength renew,
Labor on till the close of day.

2 Crowd the garner well with the sheaves
all bright,

Let the song be glad and the heart be light,
Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of
Take the place of the golden day. [night

3 In the gleaner's path may berich reward,
Tho' the time seems long and the labor hard;
For the Master's joy, with his chosen shared,
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.

4 Lo! the harvest home in the realms above
Shall be gained by each who has toiled and
strove, [of love,

When the Master's voice, in sweet words
Calls away to eternal day.

—C. R. Blackall.

80 *Key A.*

I HOPE to meet you all in glory,
When the storms of life are o'er;
I hope to tell the dear old story,
On the blessed shining shore.

CHO.—On the shining shore,
On the golden strand,
In our Father's home,
In the happy land:
||: I hope to meet you there, —:||
A crown of vict'ry wear, —
In glory.

2 I hope to meet you all in glory,
By the tree of life so fair;
I hope to praise our dear Redeemer
For the grace that brought me there.

3 I hope to meet you all in glory,
Round the Saviour's throne above;
I hope to join the ransomed army
Singing now redeeming love.

4 I hope to meet you all in glory,
When may work on earth is o'er;
I hope to clasp your hands rejoicing
On the bright eternal shore.

—Emma Pitt.

81 *Key A.*

THERE comes to my heart one sweet
A glad and a joyous refrain, [strain,
I sing it again and again,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHO.—Peace, peace, sweet peace!
Wonderful gift from above!
Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace!
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

2 By Christ on the cross peace was made,
My debt by his death was all paid,
No other foundation is laid
For peace, the gift of God's love.

3 When Jesus as Lord I had crowned,
My heart with this peace did abound,
In him the rich blessing I found,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love

4 In Jesus for peace I abide,
And as I keep close to his side,
There's nothing but peace doth betide,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

—P. H. Roblin.

82 *Key F.*

You have heard the gospel message,
You have heard it o'er and o'er,
He that heareth and believeth
Shall have life forever more;
Oh, then why will you refuse him,
Oh, then why will you delay
To believe and trust in Jesus,
Who will wash your sins away?

REDEMPTION SONGS.

CHO.—Are you coming, are you coming?
There's a welcome and a pardon for
Are you coming while he calls, [you all,
Are you coming while the Saviour calls?

2 Is there one will now believe him,
Is there one who'll turn from sin,
Is there one will now receive him,
And the heavenly life begin?
Is there one who knows his weakness,
Is there one who knows his need?
Will you come while he is calling,
Will you now the Spirit heed?

3 Will you give yourself to Jesus,
Will you give yourself to God,
Will you trust his love and mercy,
Will you trust his precious blood?
Will you come unto the fountain,
Which for sin was opened wide,
Will you come while he is calling,
Come unto the crimson tide?

4 Are you coming? are you coming?
You have wandered far from God,
There is pardon freely offered,
There is cleansing in the blood!
Are you coming? are you coming,
Ere the judgment on you falls?
See, the night is fast approaching,
Are you coming while he calls?

—P. Bilhorn.

83

Key Ab.

In thy cleft, O Rock of ages,
Hide thou me;
When the fitful tempest rages,
Hide thou me;
Where no mortal arm can sever
From my heart thy love forever,
Hide me, O thou Rock of ages,
Safe in thee.

2 From the snare of sinful pleasure,
Hide thou me;
Thou, my soul's eternal treasure,
Hide thou me;
When the world its power is wielding,
And my heart is almost yielding,
Hide me, O thou Rock of ages,
Safe in thee.

3 In the lonely night of sorrow,
Hide thou me;
Till in glory dawns the morrow,
Hide thou me;
In the sight of Jordan's billow,
Let thy bosom be my pillow;
Hide me, O thou Rock of ages,
Safe in thee. —Fanny J. Crosby.

84

Key Bb.

WHEN Jesus comes to reward his servants,
Whether it be noon or night,
Faithful to him will he find us watching,
With our lamps all trimm'd and bright.

CHO.—Oh, can we say we are ready, broth-
Ready for the soul's bright home? [er?
Say, will he find you and me still watching,
Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall
come?

2 If at the dawn of the early morning,
He shall call us one by one,
When to the Lord we restore our talents,
Will he answer thee—Well done?

3 Have we been true to the trust he left us?
Do we seek to do our best? [us,
If in our hearts there is naught condemn's
We shall have a glorious rest.

4 Blessed are those whom the Lord finds
In his glory they shall share; [watching,
If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,
Will he find us watching there?

—Fanny J. Crosby.

85

Key G.

WE have heard a joyful sound,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Spread the gladness all around,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Bear the news to ev'ry land, [waves,
Climb the steep and cross the
Onward, 'tis our Lord's command,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

2 Waft it on the rolling tide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Tell to sinners, far and wide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves,
Earth shall keep her jubilee,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

3 Sing above the battle's strife,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
 By his death and endless life,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
 Sing it softly thro' the gloom,
 When the heart for mercy craves,
 Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

4 Give the winds a mighty voice,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
 Let the nations now rejoice,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
 Shout salvation full and free,
 Highest hills and deepest caves,
 This our song of victory,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

—Priscilla J. Owens.

86 *Key Db.*

SWING back for one moment, fair portals
 Of that wondrous city, we pray;
 One glimpse, and the fears of these mortals
 Shall vanish forever away.

CHO.—Swing open, fair portals,
 A moment, and let us look thro';
 One glimpse, and we faltering mortals
 To enter shall press on anew.

2 One glimpse shall our courage embolden,
 And brighten the whole of our way;
 Oh, why should the sight be withholden?
 By faith we would view it to-day.

3 We've read of that city's bright glory,
 That knows not the darkness of night;
 And reading that wonderful story
 Has ravished our souls with delight.

4 We've read of the Tree and the River,
 Life's water and fruit ever fair;
 We've looked up in faith to the Giver,
 And prayed that we might enter there.

5 Those gates we're approaching, how
 cheering!

Oh, let us prove faithful alway;
 And know, as the city we're nearing,
 That they shall to us some sweet day

CHO.—Swing open, those portals,
 And we shall in triumph go in,
 Where we shall as ransom'd immortals
 Eternity blessed begin.

—F. A. Blackmer.

87 *Key Ab.*

OH, rally round the standard
 Of Christ, our royal King;
 Oh, rally round his standard,
 And hallelujahs sing.

CHO.—||: For the morning draweth nigh; ||
 We can see it in the distance, [by.
 We shall hear it, we shall hear it by and

2 Tho' long and deep the shadows
 The dreary night may bring,
 Our lamps are trimm'd and burning.
 Our hallelujahs ring.

3 To yonder golden region
 Our faith now plumes her wing;
 Our hearts with joy are bounding.
 And hallelujahs ring.

4 To him who paid our ransom,
 And took from death the sting,
 Be everlasting praises,
 Let hallelujahs ring.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

88 *Key A.*

CAN a boy forget his mother's prayer,
 When he has wandered, God knows where?
 Its down the path of death and shame,
 But mother's prayers are heard the same!

CHO.—||: Come back, my boy, come back,
 I say,
 And walk now in thy mother's way. :||

2 Can a boy forget his mother's face,
 Whose heart was kind and filled with grace?
 Her loving voice it echoes sweet;
 She waits, she longs her boy to meet!

3 Can a boy forget his mother's door,
 From which he wandered years before?
 With tears and sighs she said, "Good-bye,
 Meet me, my boy, beyond the sky!"

4 Can a boy forget that she is dead,
 Though many years have passed and fled?
 Those tears, that prayer, that sweet "Good-
 She waits to welcome thee on high! [bye;"

—Rev. J. H. Weber

89 *Key Bb.*

GLORY to Jesus who died on the tree,
 Paid the great price that my soul might be
 Now I can sing hallelujah to God, [free;
 Glory! he saves, he saves.

CHO.—||: Glory! he saves, glory! he saves,
Saves a poor sinner like me.:||

2 Once in my heart there was sin and despair, [there,
Now the dear Saviour himself dwelleth
And from his presence comes peace to my
Glory! he saves, he saves. [soul,

3 Come, then, ye weary, who long to be free,
Come to the Saviour, he waiteth for thee;
Then with the ransomed this song you can
Glory! he saves, he saves. [sing,
—P. Bilhorn.

90 *Key Eb.*

OH, glad "whosoever," the deed is done,
My sins are pardoned thro' Christ the Son,
Of love so precious I never had dreamed,
Oh, sweet is the peace of the soul redeemed.

CHO.—Oh, glory to Jesus, redeemed! re-
deemed!

Of love so precious I never had dreamed,
Oh, rapturous story, redeemed! redeemed!
Oh, glory! oh, glory, redeemed! redeemed!

2 I came to my Saviour, his word believed,
When he the sinner at once received,
And now his praises I joyfully sing,
And dwell in the love of my Lord and King.

3 Oh, glad "whosoever," the crimson tide
Is free and open, is deep and wide; [stream,
Oh, come, my brother, and bathe in the
And you shall be filled with a joy supreme.
—Harriet Jones.

91 *Key F.*

JESUS loves me, I'm his child,
Though by nature sin-defiled;
Yet he washed me, made me clean,
Dwells himself my heart within.

CHO.—Jesus loves me, praise his name,
I am cleansed from ev'ry stain;
I have plunged beneath the flood,
I'm redeemed thro' Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus all my grief doth know,
Measures well my cup of woe;
Knows, for he the path hath trod,
Bore for me the wrath of God.

3 Jesus will not send a pain
Which to me shall not be gain;

Nor in anger deal the blow;
Strength to bear it will bestow.

4 Jesus soon will call me home;
There no pain nor grief can come;
Then on Canaan's peaceful shore
I shall praise him evermore.
—P. P. Bliss.

92 *Key A.*

WHY do you wait, dear brother,
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
Your Saviour is waiting to give you
A place in his sanctified throng.

CHO.—||: Why not? why not?
Why not come to him now?:||

2 What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus,
There's no other way but his way.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?
Oh, why not accept his salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin?

4 Why do you wait, dear brother,
The harvest is passing away,
Your Saviour is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay?
—Geo. F. Root.

93 *Key G.*

JESUS, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name,
Seeking for me, for me.

||: Seeking for me, seeking for me;:||
Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name,
Seeking for me, for me.

2 Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free,
Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be?
Dying for me, for me.

||: Dying for me, dying for me;:||
Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be?
Dying for me, for me.

3 Jesus, Saviour, the same as of old,
While I did wander afar from the fold,
Gently and long he hath pleaded with my soul,
Calling for me, for me.

||: Calling for me, calling for me ; : ||
Gently and long he hath pled with my soul,
Calling for me, for me.

[high,
4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly ;
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me.

||: Coming for me, coming for me ; : ||
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me.

94

Key Bb.

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by ;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by.
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good that we might do,
While the days are going by.

CHO.—While going by, while going by,
Oh, the good we may be doing,
While the days are going by.

2 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by ;
Let our face be like the morning,
While the days are going by.
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes ;
Help your fallen brother rise
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by.
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

—Geo. Cooper. By per.

95

Key F.

THE Saviour is calling you, sinner—
Urging you now to draw nigh ;
He asks you by faith to receive him ;
Jesus will help if you try.

CHO.—||: Jesus will help you. : ||
Help you with grace from on high ;
The weakest and poorest the Saviour is
Jesus will help if you try. [calling ;

2 Thro' him there is life in believing ;
Sinner, O why will you dié ?
Accept him by faith as your Saviour ;
Jesus will help if you try.

3 There's danger in longer delaying,
Swiftly the moments pass by ;
If now you will come, there is mercy ;
Jesus will help if you try.

—Wm. Stevenson.

96

Key F.

O HAPPY day ! what a Saviour is mine !
I am redeemed, praise the Lord !
All to his pleasure I gladly resign,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord !
Jesus has taken my burden away ;
Jesus has turned all my night into day ;
Jesus has come to my heart,—come to
I am redeemed, praise the Lord ! [stay,—

CHO.—O happy day ! what a Saviour is
I am redeemed, praise the Lord ! [mine !
All to his pleasure I gladly resign,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord !

2 O clap your hands, all ye people of God,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord !
Let ev'ry tongue speak his mercy abroad,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord !
His loving-kindness is better than gold ;
He doth bestow more than my cup can hold ;
Wondrous salvation, that ne'er can be told,—
I am redeemed, praise the Lord !

3 Thanks be to God for the great vict'ry
I am redeemed, praise the Lord ! [given,
Now I am free ; ev'ry chain has been riven,—
I am redeemed, praise the Lord !
Out of the pit, and the mire, and the clay,
Jesus has borne me in triumph away ;
Safe on the rock I am standing to-day,—
I am redeemed, praise the Lord !

4 Glory to God, I would shout evermore,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord !
O for a voice that could reach ev'ry shore.
I am redeemed, praise the Lord !
Help me, ye ransomed, awake, ev'ry string,
Let earth rejoice and the whole heavens
While we the chorus unitedly sing. [ring,
I am redeemed, praise the Lord !

—Abbie Mills.

REDEMPTION SONGS.

97

Key Db.

When peace, like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to
It is well, it is well with my soul. [say,

CHO.—It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials
should come,

Let this blest assurance control, [tate,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless es-
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious
thought—

My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my
soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith
shall be sight,

The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trumpet shall resound, and the Lord shall
descend,

"Even so"—it is well with my soul.

—H. G. Spafford.

98

Key Bb.

O YE wand'ers, come to Jesus,

He is calling you to-day;

By his sovereign grace he frees us:

Come, be saved while now you may.

CHO.—||: Why don't you come to Jesus?

He's waiting to receive you,

Why don't you come to Jesus

And be saved?: ||

2 You are needy, lost, and weary;

You are sick and wounded sore;

Long have trod the way most dreary;

Can you ever need him more?

3 Do not think your works have merit,

Cast your deadly goodness down;

Not by these can you inherit

Life eternal—heaven's crown.

4 Do not wait until you're better,

For you surely will be lost;

Come, he'll break sin's ev'ry fetter;

Come, at once, at any cost.

5 He from heaven came to save you,
Hung upon th'-accursed tree,
'Rose from death to justify you,
Waits to intercede for thee.

6 Yield just now, in glad submission,
In repentance, faith, and love;
He will grant you full remission,
Take you to his home above.

—L. W. Munhall.

99

Key Bb.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord of all.

CHO.—||: Crown him, crown him Lord
of all; ||

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,

Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,

And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,

To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!

We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

—Edward Perronet.

100

Key Eb.

WEeping will not save me—

Tho' my face were bathed in tears,

That could not allay my fears,

Could not wash the sins of years—

Weeping will not save me.

CHO.—Jesus wept and died for me;

Jesus suffered on the tree;

Jesus waits to make me free;

He alone can save me.

2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thoughts and feelings too,
Can not form my soul anew—
Working will not save me.

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that he has done;
To his arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.

—Rev. R. Lowry.

101 *Key Ab.*

GIVE us light for life eternal;
Send us fire the dross to burn;
Let us know the joys supernal;
For thy love our spirits yearn.

CHO.—Give us light, give us light,
Give us light for life eternal;
Send us fire the dross to burn.

2 Take our hearts, our wills, our pas-
Naught of self would we retain;[sions,
What we yield are thy possessions,
And, by yielding, Christ we gain.

3 All in all thou art unto us,
Light and fire, and joys and love;
Flood and burn, and thrill and fill us,
Seal us for the life above.

—L. W. Munhall.

102 *Key F.*

TOGETHER let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Together let us sweetly die,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

CHO.—Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Oh, Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2 If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

3 Part of my friends the prize have won,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
And I'm resolved to follow on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

4 Then come with me, beloved friend,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
While higher still our joys shall rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

103 *Ewing-D*

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest:
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

—Bernard of Cluny.
—Tr. by J. M. Neale.

104 *Love Divine-Bb.*

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling!
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

—Charles Wesley.

105 *Guidance-A.*

JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down ev'ry idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

—George R. Prynne.

106 *Key F.*

O BLESS the Lord, what joy is mine!
What perfect peace thro' grace divine!
And now to realms of endless day,
O bless the Lord, I'm on the way.

CHO.—I'm on the way I'm on the way,
In vain the world would bid me stay.
A crown to wear in endless day,
O bless the Lord, I'm on the way.

2 O bless the Lord, he dwells with me,
The voice I hear, the hand I see
Renew my strength from day to day
While home to him I'm on the way.

3 O bless the Lord for what I know
Of heavenly bliss while here below!
My trusting heart thro' faith can say,
To mansions bright I'm on the way.

4 O bless the Lord 'twill not be long
Till I shall join the holy throng.
And shout and sing thro' endless day,
Where every tear is wiped away.

—Lizzie Edwards.

107 *Key G.*

I HAVE heard my Saviour calling,
||: I have heard my Saviour calling. :||
"Take thy cross and follow, follow me."

CHO.—Where he leads me I will follow,
||: Where he leads me I will follow. :||
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

2 Tho' he leads me thro' the valley,
||: Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, :||
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

3 Tho' he leads me thro' the garden,
||: Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, :||
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

4 Tho' the path be dark and dreary,
 ||: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :||
 I'll go with him, with him all the way.

5 Tho' he leads me to the conflict,
 ||: Tho' he leads me to the conflict, :||
 I'll go with him, with him all the way.

6 Tho' he leads through fiery trial,
 ||: Tho' he leads through fiery trial, :||
 I'll go with him, with him all the way.

7 I will follow on to know him,
 ||: I will follow on to know him. :||
 He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother,
 Friend.

8 He will give me grace and glory,
 ||: He will give me grace and glory, :||
 He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,
 ||: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :||
 And be with him, with him all the way.
 —Geo. W. Collins.

108 *Key G.*
 THE blood's applied! my soul is free,
 I'm saved, without, within;
 The blood of Jesus cleanseth me
 From ev'ry trace of sin.

CHO.—The blood's applied, I'm justi-
 It pardons ev'ry sin; [fied.
 The blood's applied, I'm sanctified,
 It makes me pure within.

2 I've bid farewell to every fear,
 By faith I claim the prize;
 Now I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies.

3 Temptations come and trials too,
 While hellish darts are hurled;
 But Jesus saves me thro' and thro',
 In spite of all the world.

4 Though cares and storms and sorrows
 About me thick and fast, [fall
 My Jesus,—he is Lord of all,—
 Will bring me home at last.

5 Then will my happy, happy soul
 Tell of his love and rest,
 While shouts of victory shall roll
 From every conquering breast.

—R. Kelso Carter.

109*Key F.*

THO' the night be dark and dreary,
 Tho' the way be long and weary,
 Morn shall bring thee light and cheer;
 Child, look up, the dawn is near.

CHO.—||: There'll be joy by and by. :||
 In the dawning of the morning,
 There'll be joy by and by.

2 Tho' thine eyes are sad with weeping,
 Tho' the night thy vigils keeping,
 God shall wipe thy tears away,
 Turn thy darkness into day.

3 Tho' thy spirit faints with fasting
 Thro' the hours so slowly wasting,
 Morn shall bring a glorious feast,
 Thou shalt sit an honored guest.

—Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

110*Key Eb.*

LEAD me, lead me,
 Lead me, precious Saviour,
 Into the narrow way,
 Into the narrow way.

CHO.—Fold me, fold me,
 Fold me to thy bosom,
 And may I never stray,
 Oh, never stray,
 ||: And I will praise thee ever more,
 Yes, evermore. :||

2 I will love thee,
 Ever, ever love thee;
 May sinful thoughts depart,
 Oh, take them from my heart.

3 Lead me, fold me,
 Guide, and ever keep me,
 And thanks my heart will give,
 Dear Saviour, while I live.

—Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp. By per.

111*Key G.*

||: THERE are angels hov'ring round :||
 There are angels, angels hov'ring round

2 They will carry the tidings home, etc.

3 To the New Jerusalem, etc.

4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.

5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.

6 There's glory all around, etc.

REDEMPTION SONGS.

112

Key G.

WE praise thee, O God!
For the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died
And is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Hallelujah! amen!
Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Revive us again.

- 2 We praise thee, O God!
For thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour
And scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise
To the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins,
And has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise
To the God of all grace,
Who has bought us and sought us,
And guided our ways.

—Wm. P. Mackay.

113

Key F.

WHILE Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own him,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to know him,
Come, sinner, come!

- 2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!
- 3 Oh, hear his tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

—Will E. Witter.

114

Mercy Bb.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

- 2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 Kindled his relents are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "how shall I give thee up?"
Let the lifted thunder drop.
- 5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his
God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

—C. Wesley.

115

Key G.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And thro' his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

—I. Watts.

116

Key G.

O JESUS, Lord, thy dying love
Hath pierced my contrite heart;
Now take my life, and let me prove
How dear to me thou art.

CHO.—At the cross, at the cross,

Where I first saw the light, [way,
And the burden of my heart rolled a-

It was there by faith

I received my sight,

And now I am happy night and day!

2 Amid the night of sin and death

Thy light hath filled my soul;

To me thy loving voice now saith,

Thy faith hath made thee whole.

3 I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand,

I touch thy bleeding side;

Oh, let me here forever stand,

Where thou wast crucified.

4 My Lord, my light, my strength, my

I count my gain but loss; [all,

Forever let thy love enthral,

And keep me at the cross.

—R. Kelso Carter.

117

Key G.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice

On thee, my Saviour and my God!

Well may this glowing heart rejoice,

And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,

When Jesus washed my sins away!

He taught me how to watch and pray,

And live rejoicing ev'ry day;

Happy day, happy day,

When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows

To him who merits all my love!

Let cheerful anthems fill his house,

While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's

I am my Lord's, and he is mine: [done!

He drew me, and I followed on,

Charmed to confess that voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;

Fixed on this blissful center, rest;

Nor ever from thy Lord depart;

With him of every good possessed.

5 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

—P. Doddridge.

118

Key A.

WHILE we bow in thy name,

Oh, meet us again,

Fill our hearts with the light of thy love;

May the Spirit of grace,

And the smiles of thy face,

Gently fall on us now from above.

CHO.—It is good to be here,

It is good to be here, [our fear,

Thy perfect love now drives away all

And light streaming down

Makes the pathway all clear,

It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

2 Our souls long for thee;

Oh, may we now see

A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;

And feel, as it rolls

In power o'er our souls,

It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;

We feel the sweet flow [tide;

Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning

We are washed from our sin,

Made all holy within,

And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

—Rev. I. N. Wilson.

119

Key A.

OH, how happy are they

Who the Saviour obey,

And have laid up their treasures above;

Tongue can never express

The sweet comfort and peace

Of a soul in its earliest love.

CHO.—It is good to be here,

It is good to be here, [our fear,

Thy perfect love now drives away all

And light streaming down

Makes the pathway all clear,

It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
Oh, that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

120 *Key G.*

- "TILL he come!" oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "till he come!"
- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on that rest above,
When the words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be ev'ry murmur dumb,
It is only "till he come!"
- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "till he come!"
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "till he come!"

—Rev. Ed. H. Bickersteth.

121 *Key F.*

TO-DAY the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'ers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

—Samuel Francis Smith.

122 *Maitland-Bh.*

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev'ry one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

—Thomas Shepherd. Alt.

123 *Key Ab.*

I WAS once far away from the Saviour,
And as vile as a sinner could be,
I wondered if Christ the Redeemer
Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see,
And the thought filled my heart with
sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

- 5 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

—Chas. J. Butler.

124 *Onward—E.*

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!

CHO.—Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

- 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

- 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

- 5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;

Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

—Sabine Baring-Gould.

125 *Key E.*

||: COME to Jesus, :||
Come to Jesus just now,
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now,

2 He will save you, etc.

3 He is able, etc.

4 He is willing, etc.

5 He is waiting, etc.

6 O believe him, etc.

7 He will bless you, etc.

126 *Eventide—Eb.*

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a-
bide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-
Change and decay in all around I see; [way;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?

Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can
be? [me!

Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
victory?

I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing
eyes; [skies;

Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

—Henry F. Lyte.

127

Garden-F.

THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,

∴ The lilies grow and thrive; ∴

Refreshing showers of grace divine
From Jesus flow to ev'ry vine.

∴ And make the dead revive. ∴

2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,—

∴ A fruitful soil become; ∴

The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,

∴ And makes his people one. ∴ [Lord,

3 Come, brethren, you that love the
Who taste the sweetness of his word,

∴ In Jesus' ways go on; ∴

Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,

∴ When we arrive at home. ∴

128

Nicea-E.

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
thee;

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea; [for thee,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down be-
Which wert and art and evermore shall be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! tho' the darkness hide
thee, [not see,
Tho' the eye of sinful man thy glory may
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth,
and sky, and sea;

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed trinity!

—Reginald Heber.

129

Key Eb.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!

Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;

Oh, let me from this day

Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread
And griefs around me spread.
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul! —Ray Palmer.

130

Kzy F.

WHEN shall we all meet again?

∴ When shall we all meet again? ∴

If not on earth, in heaven
Shall we all meet again?

2 Soon we shall all meet again,
∴ Soon we shall all meet again. ∴
If not on earth, in heaven
We shall all meet again.

3 There we shall all Jesus see,
∴ There we shall all Jesus see. ∴
If not on earth, in heaven
We shall all Jesus see.

4 There we may wear starry crowns,
∴ There we may wear starry crowns. ∴
Tho' not on earth, in heaven
We may all wear bright crowns.

5 There we shall meet friends we love,
∴ There we shall meet friends we love. ∴
When we get home to heaven
We shall meet friends we love.

6 There we shall *never* part again,
∴ There we shall *never* part again. ∴
When we get home to heaven
We shall *never* part again.

7 There we shall *never* say good-by,
 ¶: There we shall *never* say good-by, :¶
 When we get home to heaven
 We shall *never* say good-by.
 —Arr. by L. H. Edmunds.

131 *Key E.*

PRAYER is the key
 For the bending knee
 To open the morn's first hours ;
 See the incense rise
 To the starry skies,
 Like perfume from the flow'rs.

2 Not a soul so sad,
 Nor a heart so glad,
 When cometh the shades of night,
 But the day-break song
 Will the joy prolong,
 And some darkness turn to light.

3 Take the golden key
 In your hand and see,
 As the night tide drifts away,
 How its blessed hold
 Is a crown of gold,
 Thro' the weary hours of day.

4 When the shadows fall,
 And the vesper call
 Is sobbing its low refrain,
 'Tis a garland sweet
 To the toil dent feet,
 And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door
 Shall be shut no more :
 Life's tears shall be wiped away,
 As the pearl gates swing,
 And the gold harps ring,
 And the sun unsheathes for aye.

132 *Key G.*

JESUS, I come to thee,
 Longing for rest ;
 Fold thou thy weary child
 Safe to thy breast.

CHO.—Rocked on a stormy sea,
 Oh, be not far from me,
 Lord, let me cling to thee,
 Only to thee.

2 Jesus, I come to thee,
 Hear thou my cry ;
 Save, or I perish, Lord,
 Save, or I die.

3 Now let the rolling waves
 Bend to thy will,
 Say to the troubled deep,
 Peace, peace, be still.

4 Swiftly the parting clouds
 Fade from my sight ;
 Yonder thy bow appears,
 Lovely and bright.

—Fanny J. Crosby

133 *Key D.*

COME to Calv'ry's mount to-day,
 Jesus will meet you there ;
 Look and live without delay,
 Jesus will meet you there.

CHO.—Come to Jesus,
 Don't stay away, my friend ;
 Come to Jesus,
 Don't stay away.

2 Rest beneath the hallowed cross,
 Jesus will meet you there ;
 Saving mercy gained for loss,
 Jesus will meet you there.

3 Come and join his faithful band,
 Jesus will meet you there ;
 Take his mighty, helping hand,
 Jesus will meet you there.

4 At the blessed mercy seat,
 Jesus will meet you there ;
 Come with this assurance sweet,
 Jesus will meet you there.

5 You'll find rest in heaven at last,
 Jesus will meet you there ;
 And be happy with the blest,
 Jesus will meet you there.

—W. Lewis Kane

134 *Key A*

THERE is a fountain ¶: filled with blood, :¶
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plunged ¶: beneath that
 Lose all their guilty stains. [flood, :¶]

CHO.—Oh, glorious fountain!
Here will I stay,
And in thee ever
Wash my sins away.

1 The dying thief ||: rejoiced to see: ||
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, ||: though vile as he, : ||
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood: ||
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God: ||
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream: ||
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, : ||
And shall be till I die. —Cowper.

135 *Key Ab.*

DOWN at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

CHO.—||: Glory to his name; : ||
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within;
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to his name.

3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin!
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to his name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

—Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

136 *Key Eb.*

FADE, fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!

Break, ev'ry tender tie,
Jesus is mine! →

Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

—Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar.

137 *Key F.*

My life, my love I give to thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be,
My Saviour and my God!

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for him who died for me,
My Saviour and my God!

2 I now believe thou dost receive,
For thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee,
My Saviour and my God!

3 Oh, thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I consecrate my life to thee,
My Saviour and my God!

138 *Key F.*

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer!

O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

—H. Bonar.

139 *Key Eb.*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

CHO.—||: I'll be there, I'll be there,
When the first trumpet sounds I'll be
there.:||

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling
Stand dressed in living green; [flood
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

—Isaac Watts.

140 *Key Bb.*

ON the desert mountain straying,
Far, far from home,
Heard I there a sweet voice, saying,
Why wilt thou roam?

CHO.—'Twas my blessed Lord that
sought me,
Out of sin to grace he brought me,
Oh, the glad, new song he taught me,—
Praise, praise his name!

2 At a throne of mercy kneeling,
Sad and oppressed,
Came that voice, to me revealing
Hope, life, and rest.

3 Oft I heard that voice repeating,
"I am the way,
Tarry not, the hours are fleeting,
Come, come to-day."

4 When from glory unto glory
My flight shall be,
Still I'll sing the precious story,
Saviour, of thee.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

141 *Hamburg-F.*

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

—Charlotte Elliott.

142

Key D.

HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

CHO.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

143

Key Eb.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

144

Key F.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

145

Key G.

NEARER, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

146

Key D.

||: SWEET hour of prayer, :||
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 ||: Sweet hour of prayer, :||
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:

And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

147 *Ariel-Eb.*

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst; I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

148 *Ariel-Eb.*

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise.
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

149 *Forest-A.*

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed
The labor of thy dying love. [blood,

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

—Chas. Wesley.

150 *Forest-A.*

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

REDEMPTION SONGS.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new-Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

—Samuel Davies.

151 *Forest-A.*

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O wondrous love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

—Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf.

152 *Key G.*

WE are marching onward to the heavenly
To meet each other in the morning; [land,
We are pressing forward to the golden
strand,

Where joy will crown us in the morning.

CHO.—In the morning, in the morning,
We will gather with the faithful in the
morning; [away,

Where the night of sorrow shall be rolled
And joy will crown us in the morning.

2 We are trav'ling onward from a world
of care,

'To meet each other in the morning;
Oh, the time is coming, we shall soon be
there,

And joy will crown us in the morning.

3 We are trav'ling onward, and the way
grows bright,

We'll meet each other in the morning,
Where our friends are waiting, at the gate
of life,

And joy will crown us in the morning.

4 Where the hills are blooming on the
other shore,

We'll meet each other in the morning!
Where the heart's deep longing will be felt
no more,

And joy will crown us in the morning.

5 In boundless rapture of a Saviour's love
We'll meet each other in the morning;

Then we'll sing his glory in the realms a-
bove,

And joy will crown us in the morning.

—H. E. Blair.

153 *Key D♭.*

You ask what makes me happy,

My heart so free from care,

It is because my Saviour

In mercy heard my prayer;

He brought me out of darkness

And now the light I see;

O blessed, loving Saviour!

To him the praise shall be.

CHO.—||: I will shout his praise in glory,

And we'll all sing hallelujah

In heaven by and by: ||

2 I was a friendless wand'rer
Till Jesus took me in,

My life was full of sorrow,

My heart was full of sin;

But when the blood so precious

Spoke pardon to my soul;

Oh, blissful, blissful moment!

'Twas joy beyond control.

3 I wish that ev'ry sinner
Before his throne would bow;

He waits to bid them welcome,

He longs to bless them now;

If they but knew the rapture
That in his love I see,
They'd come and shout salvation,
And sing his praise with me.

- 4 I mean to live for Jesus
While here on earth I stay,
And when his voice shall call me
To realms of endless day,
As one by one we gather,
Rejoicing on the shore,
We'll shout his praise in glory,
And sing forevermore.

—P. H. Dingman.

154 *Key Eb.*

I AM praying, blessed Saviour,
To be more and more like thee;
I am praying that thy Spirit
Like a dove may rest on me.

CHO.—Thou who knowest all my weak-
Thou who knowest all my care, [ness,
While I plead each precious promise,
Hear, oh, hear and answer prayer.

- 2 I am praying, blessed Saviour,
For a faith so clear and bright
That its eye will see thy glory
Thro' the deepest, darkest night.

- 3 I am praying to be humbled
By the power of grace divine,
To be clothed upon with meekness,
And to have no will but thine.

- 4 I am praying, blessed Saviour,
And my constant prayer shall be
For a perfect consecration,
That shall make me more like thee.
—Fanny J. Crosby.

155 *Key Ab.*

IN the good old way where the saints have
And the King leads on before us, [gone,
We are trav'ling home to the heav'nly hills,
With the day-star shining o'er us.

CHO.—Trav'ling home to the mansions
Crowns of rejoicing and life to wear; [fair,
O what a shout when we all get there,
Safe in the glory land!

- 2 In the good old way like the ransomed
Unto Zion now returning, [throng,
We are trav'ling home at the King's com-
mand,

And our lamps are trimm'd and burning.

- 3 In the good old way with a steadfast
In the bonds of love and union, [faith,
What a joy is ours for the King we see,
And with him we hold communion.

- 4 Tho' our feet must stand on the cold,
Of the Jordan's stormy river, [cold brink
With the King we'll cross to the other side,
And we'll sing his praise forever.

—James L. Black.

156 *Key D.*

ANYWHERE with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere he leads me in this world below.
Anywhere without him dearest joys would
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid. [fade,

CHO.—Anywhere! anywhere!

Fear I cannot know,

Anywhere with Jesus

I can safely go.

- 2 Anywhere with Jesus I am ~~not~~ alone,
Other friends may fail me, he is all my own.
Tho' his hand may lead me over drearest
ways,

Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.

- 3 Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
When the darkling shadows round about
me creep; [roam,
Knowing I shall waken never more to
Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet
home.

—Jessie H. Brown.

157 *Key Ab.*

I FOLLOW the footsteps of Jesus, my Lord,
His Spirit doth lead me along; [word,
I walk in the pathway made plain by his
And he fills all my soul with this song.

CHO.—Glory to God, my spirit is free,
Glory to God, he purifies me; [be
I'm walking the thorn-path, but joyful I'll
While following Jesus, my Lord.

- 2 A leper he found me, polluted by sin,
From which he alone can set free;
He spake, in his mercy, "I will, be thou
And he instantly purified me. [clean,"

REDEMPTION SONGS.

3 A captive in woe to my prison of night,
The Master hath opened the door; [light,
Shout aloud of deliv'rance, ye angels of
Praise his name, O my soul, evermore.

4 Proclaim it, 'tis done, full salvation is
wrought

For sinners from sorrow and woe;
Sing aloud of his grace who my pardon has
bought,

For his blood washes whiter than snow.

—Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D.

158

Key Db.

I'RYING to walk in the steps of the Saviour,
Trying to follow our Saviour and King;
Shaping our lives by his blessed example,
Happy, how happy, the songs that we
bring.

CHO.—How beautiful to walk in the steps
Stepping in the light, [of the Saviour,
Stepping in the light;

How beautiful to walk in the steps of the
Led in paths of light. [Saviour,

2 Pressing more closely to him who is lead-
ing, [way;

When we are tempted to turn from the
Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
Happy, how happy, our praises each day.

3 Walking in footsteps of gentle forbear-
ance, [love,

Footsteps of faithfulness, mercy and
Looking to him for the grace freely prom-
ised,

Happy, how happy, our journey above.

4 Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour,
Upward, still upward we'll follow our
Guide, [beauty,"

When we shall see him, "the King in his
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.

—L. H. Edmunds.

159

Portuguese—G.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath
said,

To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
mayed,

For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,

Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand

3 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee
to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall
lie,

My grace all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only de-
sign [fine.

Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-

5 "E'en down to old age all my people
shall prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn, [borne.

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,

I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to
shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

—George Keith.

160

Key Ab.

MY soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,
So burdened with sin, and distressed,

Till I heard a sweet voice saying, make me
your choice;

And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"

CHO.—I've anchored my soul in the haven
I'll sail the wide seas no more; [of rest,

The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy
In Jesus I'm safe evermore. [deep,

2 I yielded myself to his tender embrace,
And faith taking hold of the word,

My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
The haven of rest is my Lord.

3 The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole,
Has been the OLD STORY so blest
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have
A home in the "Haven of Rest!"

4 How precious the thought that we all may
Like John the beloved and blest, [recline,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can
Secure in the "Haven of Rest!" [harm,

5 Oh, come to the Saviour, he patiently
To save by his power divine; [waits
Come, anchor your soul in the haven of rest,
And say, "my Beloved is mine."

—H. L. Gilmour.

161

Key Ab.

ARE you happy in the Lord,
Tell it out with gladness;
Are you trusting in his word?
Tell it out with gladness;
If a Saviour's love you feel,
Can your soul its power conceal?
To the world your joy reveal,
Tell it out with gladness.

CHO.—||: Tell it out, tell it out with gladness, :||

Tell the world the joy you feel,
Tell it out, tell it out with gladness.

2 Are you walking in the light,
Tell it out with gladness;
Is your hope of glory bright?
Tell it out with gladness:
Have you perfect peace within,
Are you trying still to win
Constant victory over sin?
Tell it out with gladness.

3 Do you love the place of prayer,
Tell it out with gladness;
Do you find a blessing there?
Tell it out with gladness;
While your thoughts on Jesus dwell,
Does your soul with rapture swell?
Can you say that all is well?
Tell it out with gladness.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

162

Key F.

ALL for Jesus! all for Jesus!

All my being's ransomed powers:
All my thoughts, and words, and doings,
All my days, and all my hours.

CHO.—All for Jesus! blessed Jesus!
All for Jesus gladly I resign;
All for Jesus! blessed Jesus!
I am his, and he is mine.

2 Let my hands perform his bidding,
Let my feet run in his ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth his praise.

3 Worldlings prize their gems of beau
Cling to gilded toys of dust, [ty;
Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleas-
Only Jesus will I trust. [ure.

4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus:
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.

5 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
—Mary D. James.

163

Key Ab.

I'm happy, so happy! no words can ex-
The joy and the comfort I see, [press
For Jesus hath purchased, thro' infinite
A perfect salvation for me. [grace,

CHO.—Saved, saved, oh, glory to God!
I feel the assurance divine;
Saved, saved, oh, glory to God!
His Spirit bears witness with mine.

2 I'm happy, so happy! while trusting in him
Whose presence o'ershadows my way;
Who leadeth my soul by the river of peace,
And giveth me strength as my day.

3 My love may be tested, my faith may be
The depth of its fervor to prove, [tried,
But welcome each trial, my Saviour designs
The gold from the dross to remove.

4 O blessed Redeemer, some day I shall
stand
O'erwhelmed with the light of thy face,
Adoring forever, and shouting thy praise,
Because thou hast saved me by grace.
—Lizzie Edwards.

164

Key G.

COME, sinners, to the Living One,
He's just the same Jesus
As when he raised the widow's son,
The very same Jesus.

CHO.—The very same Jesus,
The wonder working Jesus;
Oh praise his name, he's just the same,
The very same Jesus.

2 Come, feast upon the "living bread,"
He's just the same Jesus
As when the multitudes he fed,
The very same Jesus.

3 Come, tell him all your griefs and
He's just the same Jesus [fears,
As when he shed those moving tears,
The very same Jesus.

4 Come unto him for clearer light,
He's just the same Jesus
As when he gave the blind their sight,
The very same Jesus.

5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when he hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
He's just the same Jesus;
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

—L. H. Edmunds.

165

Key A.

ALL praise to him who reigns above,
In majesty supreme,
Who gave his Son for man to die,
That he might man redeem.

CHO.—||: Blessed be the name, blessed
be the name,

Blessed be the name of the Lord. :||

2 His name above all names shall stand,
Exalted more and more,
At God the Father's own right hand,
Where angel hosts adore.

3 Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of man
Once ruined by the fall.
Thou hast devised salvation's plan,
For thou hast died for all.

4 His name shall be the Counsellor;
The mighty Prince of Peace,
Of all earth's kingdoms conqueror,
Whose reign shall never cease.

5 The ransom'd hosts to thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at his feet.

6 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.

—W. H. Clark.

166

Key Eb.

THERE is joy within when faith is bright,
Looking away to Jesus; [night,
When the heart toils on from morn till
Looking away to Jesus.

CHO.—Looking away, looking away,
O work till the end we see; [name
Every soul we reclaim in the Saviour's
A star in our crown will be.

2 Tho' our seed is sown in weakness here,
Looking away to Jesus;
We can sing our song of happy cheer,
Looking away to Jesus.

3 There is joy within when love is warm,
Looking away to Jesus; [storm,
We can meet the wave and brave the
Looking away to Jesus.

4 There's a bright reward for us in store,
Looking away to Jesus;
We shall meet with him and part no more,
Looking away to Jesus.

—Lizzie Edwards.

167

Key F.

THERE's a hand held out in pity,
There's a hand held out in love;
It will pilot to the city,
Where our Father dwells above.

CHO.—There's a hand held out to you,
There's a hand held out to me,
There's a hand that will prove true,
Whatever our lot shall be.

- 2 Oh, how gently will it lead us!
Oh, how tender is its touch!
Tis the blessed hand of Jesus;
We all need it, oh, so much!
- 3 Yes, 'tis love to me, a sinner,
Prompts this hand to reach so low,
Striving thus to be the winner,
Ere I reap what I shall sow.
- 4 Shall I, to this hand extended,
Pay no heed as it invites?
Shall my Saviour be offended,
Give I not to him his rights?

5 Nay, I would this proffered hand take,
Knowing that it leads aright;
Yes, I would this loving choice make;
Trusting in his love and might.

6 Then, as hand in hand together
With my Saviour, with my Friend,
With my Christ, my Elder Brother,
Let him lead till life shall end.

—M. W. Morse.

168 *Key A.*

OH, why should we wrestle with fears
And doubts, which the Spirit must grieve?
And why should we languish in sorrow and
tears,

When there's nothing to do but believe.

CHO.—Believe, believe.

Only on Jesus believe;

Salvation is waiting for you and for me,
There is nothing to do but believe.

2 His word is assurance complete;
Thy sins and thine idols now leave;
Come, pleading his promise, and fall at his
feet,
Then you've nothing to do but believe.

3 How easy the terms of his grace:
'Tis only to ask and receive;
The seal of his favor, the smile of his face,
Are for those who will only believe.

—Emma M. Johnston.

169 *Key E.*

HOLY, holy, holy;
Angel voices singing;
Holy, holy, holy,
Thro' high heaven ringing.

Sacred Trio—D

From that temple, pure and bright,
Bathed in streams of crystal light,
Hear the everlasting hymn,
Holy, holy, holy.

2 Holy, holy, holy;
Grandest music swelling;
Holy, holy, holy,
All sweet notes excelling.
Those who conquered by his might
Wearing now their crowns of light,
Join the everlasting hymn,
Holy, holy, holy.

3 Holy, holy, holy;
Come, let us adore him;
Holy, holy, holy,
Humbly bow before him.
Wisdom, glory, love and might,
With the seraphim unite
In the everlasting hymn,
Holy, holy, holy.

—E. E. Hewitt.

170 *Key D.*

SAVIOUR, lead me, lest I stray,
Gently lead me all the way;
I am safe when by thy side,
I would in thy love abide.

CHO.—Lead me, lead me,
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray;
Gently down the stream of time,
Lead me, Saviour, all the way.

2 Thou the refuge of my soul
When life's stormy billows roll,
I am safe when thou art nigh,
All my hopes on thee rely.

3 Saviour, lead me, then at last,
When the storm of life is past,
To the land of endless day,
Where all tears are wiped away.

—Frank M. Davis.

171 *Key F.*

WHEN we walk with the Lord
In the light of his word,
What a glory he sheds on our way!
While we do his good will,
He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.

CHO.—Trust and obey,
For there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus
But to trust and obey.

2 Not a shadow can rise,
Not a cloud in the skies,
But his smile quickly drives it away;
Not a doubt nor a fear,
Not a sigh nor a tear
Can abide while we trust and obey.

3 Not a burden we bear,
Not a sorrow we share,
But our toil he doth richly repay;
Not a grief nor a loss,
Not a frown nor a cross,
But is blest if we trust and obey.

4 But we never can prove
The delights of his love
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favor he shows,
And the joy he bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at his feet,
Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
What he says we will do,
Where he sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

—Rev. J. H. Sammis.

172 *Key G.*

WILL you come, will you come,
With your poor, broken heart,
Burdened and sin-oppressed?
Lay it down at the feet
Of your Saviour and Lord,
Jesus will give you rest.

CHO.—Oh, happy rest! sweet, happy
Jesus will give you rest, [rest!
Oh! why won't you come in simple,
trusting faith,
Jesus will give you rest.

2 Will you come, will you come?
There is mercy for you,
Balm for your aching breast;
Only come as you are,
And believe on his name,
Jesus will give you rest.

3 Will you come, will you come?
You have nothing to pay;
Jesus, who loves you best,
By his death on the cross
Purchased life for your soul,
Jesus will give you rest.

4 Will you come, will you come?
How he pleads with you now!
Fly to his loving breast;
And whatever your sin
Or your sorrow may be,
Jesus will give you rest.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

173 *Key Bb.*

OUR friends on earth we meet with
pleasure,
While swift the moments fly,
Yet ever comes the thought of sadness
That we must say good by.

CHO.—We'll never say good by in
We'll never say good by, [heaven,
For in that land of joy and song
We'll never say good by.

2 How joyful is the thought that lingers,
When loved ones cross death's sea,
That when our labors here are ended,
With them we'll ever be.

3 No parting words shall e'er be spo-
In that bright land of flowers, [ken
But songs of joy, and peace, and glad-
Shall evermore be ours. [ness,

—Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

174 *Key G.*

We are singing on the way,
To a blessed land of day, [cease;
Where the raptured hallelujahs never
Soon we'll see its shining towers,
Rest within its lovely bowers,
In that Eden-land of everlasting peace.

CHO.—Blessed home! blessed home!
In the house of "many mansions," bright
For we'll be like Jesus there, [and fair;
And his glory we shall share, [and fair.
In the house of "many mansions," bright

2 What though trials here we meet?
 Soon we'll walk the golden street,
 Where we'll look upon the beauty of our
 Tears of sorrow here may flow, [King;
 But "hereafter we shall know," [sing.
 And redeeming love thro' endless ages

3 We are pressing on the way,
 Let us work, and watch, and pray,
 Winning stars to sparkle in our crowns of
 Let us tell the Saviour's love, [light;
 Till he bids us come above, [bright.
 Where no shadow ever mars the radiance
 —L. H. Edmunds.

175 *Key A.*

WHAT a fellowship, what a joy divine,
 Leaning on the everlasting arms;
 What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
 Leaning on the everlasting arms.

CHO.—Leaning, leaning,
 Safe and secure from all alarms;
 Leaning, leaning,
 Leaning on the everlasting arms.

2 Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim
 Leaning on the everlasting arms; [way,
 Oh, how bright the path grows from day to
 Leaning on the everlasting arms. [day,

3 What have I to dread, what have I to
 Leaning on the everlasting arms? [fear,
 I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
 Leaning on the everlasting arms.
 —Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

176 *Key Bb.*

WE walk by faith, and oh, how sweet
 The flow'rs that grow beneath our feet,
 And fragrance breathe along the way
 That leads the soul to endless day.

CHO.—We walk by faith, but not alone,
 Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,
 And feel his hand within our own,
 And know that he is always near.

2 We walk by faith, he wills it so,
 And marks the path that we should go;
 And when at times our sky is dim,
 He gently draws us close to him

3 We walk by faith, divinely blest,
 On him we lean, in him we rest;
 The more we trust our Shepherd's care,
 The more his love 'tis ours to share.

4 And thus by faith, till life shall end,
 We'll walk with him, our dearest Friend,
 Till safe we tread the fields of light,
 Where faith is lost in perfect sight.
 —Fanny J. Crosby.

177 *Key Eb.*

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
 It is for you, it is for me;
 Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest:
 It is for you, it is for me.

CHO.—Salvation full, salvation free,
 The price was paid on Calvary;
 O weary wand'rer, come and see,
 It is for you, it is for me.

2 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
 The invitation is to all:

4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
 All things in Christ are ready now.

5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
 Ye restless wanderers after rest;

6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive;
 Ye all may come to Christ and live:

8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain.

9 See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice:

10 His offered benefits embrace,
 And freely now be saved by grace.

—Charles Wesley.
 —Cho. by H. L. Gilmour.

178 *Key C.*

THERE's a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea:
 There's a kindness in his justice
 Which is more than liberty.

REDEMPTION SONGS.

CHO.—He is calling, "come to me!"
Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

179

Key C.

I AM passing down the valley that
they say is so lone,
But I find that all the pathway is
with flow'rs overgrown;
'Tis to me the vale of Beulah, 'tis a
beautiful way,
For the Saviour walks beside me, my
companion all day.

CHO.—Vale of Beulah! Vale of Beu-
Thou art precious to me, [lah!
For the lovely land of Canaan
In the distance I see.

2 Not a shadow, not a shadow ever
darkens the way,
For a radiance of rare glory shines
upon it all day:
And the music, sweetly chanted by
the heavenly throng,
Floats in cadence down the valley,
and it cheers me along.

3 So I journey with rejoicing toward
the City of Light,
While each day my joy is deeper, and
the path grows more bright;
And I near the open portals of the
kingdom above,
For this highway leads to Canaan,
to the Kingdom of Love.

—E. A. Hoffman.

180

Key Bb.

WAND'RER, come to the only refuge
Heaven or earth can give to thee;
Come, and trust in a loving Saviour,
Ask of him thy friend to be.

CHO.—No other refuge when the wild
winds blow, [flow;
No other refuge when the dark waves
No other refuge for the soul but he,
Who purchased salvation for the world
and thee.

2 Cast thyself at the feet of Jesus,
Weak and helpless tho' thou art;
There is joy for a troubled spirit,
Balm to heal thy broken heart.

3 Dost thou long for the bliss of pardon?
Is thy burden hard to bear?
Look to him who alone can save thee;
He will hear and grant thy prayer.

4 Take the yoke of the meek and lowly,
Make him now thy welcome guest;
Thou art weary and heavy-laden,—
Come to him and find thy rest.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

THE JOYFUL SOUND.

(WORD EDITION.)

181

Key Ab.

O BLESSED Jesus, O Saviour divine,
Joy! what a joy! I feel thou art mine;
Flowers are bright, but fairer art thou,
Fairer than all things, blessed just now.

CHO.—Praise him, O praise him, praise
him with song,
Praise him with gladness all the day long;
Praise him, O praise him, Saviour divine,
Praise him with gladness, dear Saviour
mine.

[when lost,
2 Praise him, O praise him, he found me
Out on the sea by rude tempests tossed;
O bless his name! he brought me to shore;
Praise him, O praise him, praise evermore.

3 Rob'd in the garments of sin and of shame,
Now clothed in white, oh, bless ye his name;
Jesus himself my spirit has crowned,
All things rejoice, the lost one is found.

4 Oh, I rejoice, and I sing, and I pray,
Jesus has turned my nights into day,
Sweetens my cup and hushes the strife,
Helps me to bear the sorrows of life.

—Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D.

182

Key C.

AWAKE, O Zion's daughter,
Awake from sorrow's night;
Come forth in all thy beauty,
Arrayed in garments bright;
Why should thy vales be silent?
Why should thy harps be still,
When he, the Lord, is coming
Thy soul with joy to fill?

CHO.—Awake, awake, O Zion's daugh-
Awake from sorrow's night; [ter,
Come forth in all thy beauty,
Arrayed in garments bright.

2 Thou hast not been forsaken,
Tho' long by foes oppressed;
Thy tears were not unheeded
By him who loves thee best;
Oh, look above the shadows
For him who yet shall reign;
Look up with eyes expectant,
Thy trust is not in vain.

3 His arm thy foes shall conquer,
His power their strength shall bind.
And they shall fly in terror,
Like chaff before the wind,
While thou thyself triumphant
Upon the earth shall stand,
The light of every nation,
The pride of every land.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

183

Key Eb.

I WILL praise the Lord to-day,
For the Lord is good to me: [gift,
And his love appears as the sweetest
'Mid the blessings that I see.

CHO.—||: Therefore my heart greatly re-
joiceth, :||

Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth.
And with my song will I praise him.

2 I will praise the Lord to-day,
For his name is more than sweet;
And I gather strength for the toils of life
As I worship at his feet.

3 I will praise the Lord to-day,
For his word is life and love:
And the hope he gives is a blessed hope,
For it lifts my soul above.

4 I will praise the Lord to-day,
For the Lord has ransomed me;
He has set his seal on this soul of mine,
That his glory I may see.

—E. A. Barnes

184

Key Eb.

SHE hath done what she could, and the lovely perfume

So meekly poured out at his feet
Is lingering still, till it fills the whole world
With fragrance enduring and sweet.

CHO.—||: "She hath done what she could," :||
How precious these words of the Lord!
Unending the honor the Master conferred,
And royal the praise of his word.

2 She hath done what she could, all unheeding the scorn

Of those who her act would deride;
But precious the blessing the Master be-
And happy her place at his side. [stows,

3 She hath done what she could, for she gave not alone

The ointment, tho' costly and rare,
Her heart's adoration, the wealth of its love,
Flowed freely and measureless there.

4 Let us do what we can; we can bring him our hearts,

Our best, willing service to-day; [ours,
Then Mary's sweet blessing will also be
And his be the glory for aye.

—E. E. Hewitt.

185

Key C.

THE gospel word, so freely given,

Is full of life and love;
It shows the way that all must follow
To enter life above.

[Lord,

CHO.—Then stand in the house of the
With the wonderful words of this life.
And speak to the people waiting to hear
All the wonderful words of this life.

2 It tells to all with faithful sayings,
The story of the Lord;

It tells his grace and all its riches,
With life in ev'ry word.

3 It bids us seek the waiting Saviour
With true, repentant hearts;
It bids us take the Gift of Heaven,
The life that he imparts.

4 It bears to all the name of Jesus,
Who suffered to redeem;

It bears the plan of free salvation,
And life is all its theme.

—E. A. Barnes.

186

Key C.

JESUS the meek and lowly
Dwellet in light on high;
Blessed is he and holy,
Ruler of earth and sky.

CHO.—Ev'ry knee to him shall bow,
Ev'ry creature and tongue confess
That he is the Lord, the mighty Lord,
Bearing the sceptre of righteousness.

2 He who, despised, afflicted,
Carried our weight of sin,
Opens the gates of glory,
Welcomes the faithful in.

3 He who, alone, in sorrow,
Prayed at the midnight hour,
Weareth a crown eternal
Won by his conq'ring power.

4 He is the Rock of Ages,
Rock where the soul may hide,
Safe from the storm and tempest,
Over life's rolling tide.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

187

Key G.

CHILDREN in the temple cry,
Hosanna! hosanna!
Angels carol from the sky,
Hosanna! hosanna!

Heav'n and earth declare his glory,—
Day and night repeat the story,
||: Of our God the Wonderful! :||
Hosanna! hosanna!

2 To his side the lonely press;
Hosanna! hosanna!
Kings of earth his sway confess;
Hosanna! hosanna!

Prophets have foretold his glory,—
Infant voices sung the story
||: Of our God the Counselor! :||
Hosanna! hosanna!

3 All his works o'er land and sea,—
Hosanna! hosanna!
Own his sovereign majesty,
Hosanna! hosanna!

Nations have beheld the wonders,
Since the Day of Horeb's thunders,
||: Of our mighty, mighty God! :||
Hosanna! hosanna!

4 Once again the anthem swell,
 Hosanna! hosanna!
 Jesus hath done all things well,
 Hosanna! hosanna!
 He—the everlasting Father,
 Saviour, Friend, and Elder Brother,—
 ¶: Is our lowly Prince of Peace! :
 Hosanna! hosanna!

—F. G. Burroughs.

188 *Key Bb.*

Do they know we've been with Jesus,
 With him in the silent prayer,
 In the heart's sweet meditation,
 With him as his work we share?

CHO.—More and more to be like Jesus,
 Oh, be this our heart's desire;
 With him now, in work and watching,
 With him when he calls us higher.

2 Do they know we've been with Jesus?
 Tho' the likeness may be dim,
 Can they trace the Master's image?
 Do they say, we've learned of him?

3 Do they know we've been with Jesus?
 Does our language ever prove
 That we "seek a better country,"
 That our treasure is above?

4 Do they know we've been with Jesus,
 Living daily by his grace?
 Can they catch some faint reflection
 Of the light upon his face?

—E. E. Hewitt.

189 *Key F.*

LAND of bliss, where the fields are bright,
 And green are the hills so fair,
 Where faith is lost in the joy of sight,—
 My heart and my home are there.

CHO.—Home, sweet home, where the
 friends above
 Are waving their hands to me,
 My soul has flown on the wings of love,—
 In dreams I have been with thee.

2 Land of bliss, where they weep no more,
 And toil with its care shall cease,
 Where life is pure, for its storms are o'er
 And hushed in the calm of peace.

3 Land of bliss, where my Lord and King
 Will call me from earth away
 To see his face, and his praise to sing,
 And bask in eternal day.

4 Land of bliss, I must watch and wait,
 And long for thy vales so fair,
 Till clothed in white I shall pass thy gate,
 And walk with my Saviour there.

—Chas. H. Elliott.

190 *Key Ab.*

THERE'S a mansion for me, and its gleams I
 see

In the visions of faith bright and clear;
 This my title shall be, Jesus died for me,
 And his word of assurance I hear.

CHO.—All glory to the Lamb!
 Hear the ransomed sweetly sing
 On earth and in heaven above;
 'This my theme shall ever be,
 Jesus died for you and me; [love!
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord for his

2 I will cling to his hand till I reach that
 land,—
 He will never forsake me, I know,—
 Till with him I shall stand on the golden
 strand, [flow.
 Where the bright, crystal streams ever

3 They are waiting up there, happy saints
 who wear [white;
 Linen robes, washed in blood, pure and
 To that home blest and fair, far beyond
 compare,
 I am hasting to share their delight.

4 While I walk here below, he is saying
 now,
 Be thou faithful, my child, for awhile;
 Oh, what joy I shall know with the saved
 to bow,
 When I rest evermore in his smile.

5 At the sight of my King a new song I'll
 There I nevermore silent will be; [sing;
 Close to joy's blessed spring I will fold my
 wing,
 For he saved, yes, he saved even me.

—Abbie Mills.

191

Key Bb.

BEHOLD the army of the Lord,
How bright its host appears;
Its ranks are marshalled, ev'ry one,
And filled with volunteers.

CHO.—There is no place for coward
Who from their colors fly; [hearts,
The gospel calls for loyal ones
Who do not fear to die.

2 The trump of war is sounding now,
Its signal well we know:
It bids the soldiers of the cross
Take arms against the foe.

3 The battle storm may do its worst,
Our ardor still shall rise;
We'll never lay our armor down
Till faith presents the prize.

4 And when by grace our vict'ry won,
Like stars in heaven we shine,
We'll shout and sing thro' endless years
The praise, O Lord, be thine.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

192

Key Db.

OPPRESSED by countless foes without,
And lurking foes within,
We search creation's bounds in vain
For rest from toil and sin.
The voice of him whose name is Truth,
Invites the weary breast:
"Come unto me, come unto me,
And I will give you rest."

2 For God—our God!—so loved the
He gave his Son to save; [world,
To bear each sad infirmity;

4 And weep beside a grave.
Our great High Priest in glory now
Invites the laden breast:
"Come unto me, come unto me,
And I will give you rest."

3 Dear Lord, we come: a contrite heart
Thou wilt not turn away;
Help us to learn thy holy will,
And follow in thy way.

We hear thy voice,—it charms the soul,
And calms the troubled breast,—
"Come unto me, come unto me,
And I will give you rest."

4 Safe sheltered from the tempter's
The inward life shall grow [wiles
In grace and knowledge of our Lord,
So heaven shall dawn below.

Toil ends in triumph when these words
Shall thrill the anxious breast:—
"Well done, thou good and faithful one,
Now enter into rest."

—Mrs. Thos. May Peirce.

193

Key Ab.

God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

CHO.—||: Calling, oh, hear him.:||
God is calling yet, oh, hear him call-
ing, calling,

||: Calling, oh, hear him.:|| [ing yet.
God is calling yet, oh, hear him call-

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve;

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God has reach'd my heart.

—Gerhard Tersteegen.

194

Key Eb.

LISTEN to the "still, small voice,"
Soft as moonbeams falling,
'Tis the Holy Spirit speaks,
Gently, gently calling.

CHO.—Hark! from heaven falling,
To thy soul now calling,
'Tis a voice of mercy
Calls in love to thee.

2 Calling thee from self and sin,
And false, worldly pleasures,
To the life that's "hid with Christ,"
To eternal treasures.

3 Calling thee to nobler aims,
And a true endeavor,
To a blessed fellowship
With thy Lord forever.

4 Turn not from this voice away,
Yield to its entreating;
Come to Jesus, come to-day,—
Haste, the hours are fleeting.
—E. E. Hewitt.

195 *Key G.*

DARK are the waters before me,—
Loud is the voice of the gale;
Storm-cloud and tempest are o'er me,
Boatman! oh, list to my hail.

CHO.—Carry me over the tide, [wide;
Dark are the waters, and deep and
Yonder, just over the sea,
My mansion is waiting for me.

2 Onward I move o'er the waters,
Lurid the light'ning's fierce glare,
Angry the surges beneath me,—
Boatman! lo, danger is there.

3 Peril is in the dark waters,—
Safety beyond the deep wave;
Father! oh, let me not perish—
Thou who art mighty to save.

4 Ah, when the voyage is over,
There, on that beautiful shore,
Safely beyond the dark waters,
Joy shall be mine evermore.
—Francis A. Simkins.

196 *Key Db.*

JESUS all my grief is sharing,
He my mansion is preparing,
When I'm trembling and despairing,
He will ever hear my call;
When the storms around me sweeping,
Tho' in helplessness I'm sleeping,
I am safe in his own keeping,
This to me is best of all:
Best of all, best of all,
I am safe in his own keeping,
This to me is best of all.

2 Jesus loves and watches o'er me,
When astray he will restore me;
Angel guards he sends before me,
Lest in fatal snares I fall;
With his friends he hath enrolled me,
By his might he will uphold me,
In his arms he will unfold me,
This to me is best of all:
Best of all, best of all,
In his arms he will enfold me,
This to me is best of all.

3 Jesus loves and he will guide me,
All I need he will provide me,
In his bosom he will hide me,
When the woes of life appal;
He will hear my feeblest sighing,
Needful grace to me supplying,
He'll be with me when I'm dying,
This to me is best of all:
Best of all, best of all,
He'll be with me when I'm dying,
This to me is best of all.
—Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D.

197 *Key Ab.*

I AM singing all the day,
Hallelujah to the Lord!
I am feasting, ever feasting
On the goodness of his word;
I am singing at the cross,
Where he washed my sins away;
Of his precious, pard'ning mercy
I am singing all the day.

CHO.—||: Singing all the day, ||
Praising the Rock of my salvation;
I am singing at the cross,
Where he washed my sins away, [Lord!
Hallelujah! hallelujah! praise the

2 I am singing all the day,
And my song is ever new,
For I sing of him who loves me
As no other one can do;
He has paid the debt of sin
That my heart could never pay;
Of my Saviour and Redeemer
I am singing all the day.

3 I am singing all the day,
And my song shall never cease;
I am singing how he leads me,
And he gives me perfect peace:

THE JOYFUL SOUND.

To the house not made with hands,
When my spirit flies away,
I will sing of my Redeemer
Thro' an everlasting day.

—James L. Black.

198 *Key Bb.*

Wonderful, Lord, thy lowly birth,
Wonderful all thy years on earth;
Gratefully we thy pure life trace,—
Deeds of compassion, words of grace.

CHO.—Wonderful, wonderful Saviour,
Love without measure is thine;
Oh, it is wonderful! glorious and won-
derful! This loving Saviour is mine.

2 Wonderful night of agony!
Wonderful cross of Calvary!
Praying for those who nailed thee there;
Wonderful sorrow, conflict, prayer.

3 Wonderful all thy life above,
Pleading for us in thy great love;
Wonderful, though exalted there
Sweet name of Brother thou dost bear.

4 Wonderful heart, that throbs for all,
Sinful and weak, who on thee call;
How can I praise thee! joy divine,
Wonderful Saviour, thou art mine!

—E. E. Hewitt.

199 *Key Ab.*

WHENE'ER I think of Jesus,
The sinner's Friend indeed,
Who at heaven's court is standing
For even me to plead;
When I think he died to save me,
When wandering in sin,
How in softest tones he called me
To come and follow him.

CHO.—Oh, let me into nothing fall,—
Jesus is my all in all;
Yes, let me into nothing fall,—
Jesus is my all in all.

2 Whene'er I think of Jesus,
And his great love to me,
My soul can't keep from singing,—
His foll'wer I would be;
His grace to me has promised
To help me on my way,
As on thro' life I journey
And press to endless day.

3 Whene'er I think of Jesus,
Oh, wondrous thought to me!
With him I'll live forever,
His glory I may see;
Then I'll sing of his great goodness
His name will I adore;
I am so glad he saves me
Just now and evermore.

—M. W. Morse.

200 *Key Eb.*

WHEN life is full of toil and care,
When on our way the shadows fall,
That we may trust, and journey on,
God speaketh to us all:

CHO.—||: Be still, be still,
Be still and know that I am God.:||

2 When heavy is the given cross,
When strength is ready to depart,
That we may trust, and murmur not,
God whispers to the heart:

3 When rugged is the sea of life,
When storms abide and billows roll,
That we may trust, and never fear,
God whispers to the soul:

4 In all the days that are to come,
In all the griefs that may befall,
That we may trust his guiding hand,
God speaketh to us all:

—E. A. Barnes.

201 *Key Ab.*

I AM trusting thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only thee!
Trusting thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

CHO.—I am trusting, trusting,
Trusting only thee;
Saviour, Saviour,
Trusting only thee.

2 I am trusting thee for pardon,
At thy feet I bow;
In thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting thee to make me holy
By thy blood.

- 4 I am trusting thee to guide me ;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Ev'ry day and hour supplying
All my need.
- 5 I am trusting thee for power,
These can never fail ;
Words that thou thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.
- 6 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus ;
Never let me fall ;
I am trusting thee for ever,
And for all.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

202*Key G.*

COME, O Holy Spirit,
While we meet for prayer,
Breathe thy life within us,—
Banish ev'ry care.

CHO.—Come, Spirit, come,
Fill us now, we pray ;
Shed thy beams around us,—
Beams of perfect day.

- 2 Come, O Holy Spirit,
Gifts of grace impart,
Comfort ev'ry mourner,—
Bind each broken heart.
- 3 Some perhaps have wandered
From the path of right ;
Blessed Holy Spirit,
Bring them home to-night.
- 4 Come, O Holy Spirit,
From our Saviour's throne ;
With the blood he offered
Seal us all his own.

—Lizzie Edwards.

203*Key Eb.*

OH, why thus stand with reluctant feet
Just on the verge of this rest so sweet ?
While God invites, and your steps will
Will you come to Jesus now ? [greet,
CHO.—||: Will you come to Jesus ? :||
Will you come to Jesus ?
Will you come to Jesus now ?

- 2 The Spirit strives, and yet there you
stand
In sight of bliss and the glory-land ;
Retreat is death in the sinking sand,
Will you come to Jesus now ?

3 Your loved ones gone to the other shore ;
With unseen hands seem to beckon o'er ;
Their voices hushed, yet they still implore,
Will you come to Jesus now ?

4 The touch of death is upon your frame,
The marble slab soon will bear your name—
Lest you should suffer eternal shame,
Will you come to Jesus now !

—J. M. Whyte.

204*Key Ab.*

WITH trembling contrition I sought for
the gate, [weight :
Oppressed with the burden of sin's heavy
How happy, how blessed to hear Jesus
say, [way."

"Come, I am the door of the heavenward

CHO.—Let us trust and pray, and his word
obey ; [way ;
With Jesus we'll walk the heavenward
'Tis the blood-sprinkled way, the King's
highway ;

It leads up to glory, the heavenward way.

2 So, turning to Jesus with heart and with
will, [still,
Beginning with trusting, and trusting him
I entered the path where I sing as I pray ;
I'm walking by faith in the heavenward way.

3 His arm will uphold me, his counsel will
guide ; [side,
No evil can harm me while close at his
His peace is my comfort, his strength is my
stay ; [way.

I'm kept by his grace in the heavenward

4 The City of Gold, like a beautiful star,
Is sending its radiance down from afar ;
His love shines around me so brightly each
day ; [way.

I'm nearing my home by the heavenward

—E. E. Hewitt.

205*Key G.*

O NORTH, with all thy vales of green !
O south, with all thy palms !

Fine, peopled towns and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms ;

||: Raise, ancient east, the anthem high,
And let the youthful west reply. :||

2 Lo, in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years,
His kingdom is begun;
¶: He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness. :||

3 O Father, haste the promised hour,
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
¶: When he shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of ev'ry human soul. :||

4 When all shall heed the words he said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led,
Shall seek to pattern theirs;
¶: And he who conquered death shall
The noble conquest over sin. :|| [win
—Wm. Cullen Bryant.

206

Key C.

WE are going forth to conquer
In the army of the Lord,
We are under marching orders
That he left us in his word;
In the cause of our Redeemer
We will count the world but dross,
And we'll sound aloud our watchword,
'Tis the banner of the cross.

CHO.—O the banner of the cross,
For the sake of him who gave it,
We will count the world but dross;
We'll defend it with our lives,
And we'll gladly suffer loss,
For the honor and protection
Of the banner of the cross.

2 Though our many foes may rally
Like a host on ev'ry side,
Yet for ev'ry coming danger
Our Redeemer will provide;
With his blessed name engraven
On our banner waving bright,
We will hail it as our signal
In the thickest of the fight.

3 When our warfare is accomplished,
What a shouting there will be;
In the kingdom of our Father,
When each other's face we see,

What a joy for ev'ry trial!
What a gain for ev'ry loss!
And we'll praise our Lord and Saviour
For the banner of the cross.

—Harrison M. Chester.

207

Key E♭.

Oh, wake, for the day is passing.
And swiftly approacheth night!
The grain in its ripened beauty
Bends low in the valley bright!

CHO.—Haste to the field of labor,
Bring the glad harvest home;
The kingdom of God is waiting,
Come, all ye reapers, come.

2 Come now with your sickles sharp—
Make ready the shining blade; [ened,
The Master himself is working,
And calling for earnest aid.

3 Oh, come to the work rejoicing,
And gladly do well your part;
The Lord needeth earnest workers,
And faithful and true of heart.

4 Oh, wake, for the day advances!
Toil not o'er the falling leaves;
But now, for the final harvest,
Bear homeward the golden sheaves.
—Mrs. R. N. Turner.

208

Key A♭.

CARRY me tenderly, Jesus, my Saviour,
Gather me safe in thine arms so strong;
Carry me tenderly over life's billows,
Carry me tenderly all the day long.

CHO.—All the day long, all the day long.
Comfort my spirit, and fill me with song;
Carry me tenderly over life's billows,
Tenderly, lovingly, all the day long.

2 Speak to me lovingly, Jesus, my Saviour,
Whisper thy name in my careworn heart;
Grant me thy beautiful sunlight of glory,
Then shall my fear like a dream depart.

3 Speak to me lovingly, Jesus, my Saviour,
Sweeter than music thy words that fall;
Thou art my hiding-place, O my Redeem—
Thou art my portion, my life, my all, [er,

4 Carry me tenderly thro' the dark valley,
 Carry me tenderly o'er the sea;
 Then shall my conflicts and trials be ended,
 Then shall I anchor, O Lord, with thee.
 —James L. Black.

209 *Key Ab.*

WE shall walk the realms of glory,
 Where eternal beauty reigns,
 There with seraph hosts unnumbered
 Join the grand immortal strains.

CHO.—We shall walk the realms of glo-
 With the loved ones gone before, [ry,
 We shall sing the sweet old story,
 Over on the other shore.

2 We shall walk the realms of glory
 With the blood-washed, mighty throng,
 We shall join the angel harpers
 In their everlasting song.

3 We shall walk the realms of glory,
 And by Jesus' side sit down;
 Clad no more in robes of sorrow,
 We shall wear a fadeless crown.

4 We shall walk the realms of glory,
 Where no tears can ever come,
 Where the sunlight is not needed,
 In that sweet, eternal home.
 —Emma Pitt.

210 *Key F.*

CHILDREN of the kingdom, while we jour-
 Only for a time abiding; [ney here,
 Looking unto Jesus, banish ev'ry fear,
 For his eye our path is guiding.

CHO.—From the land of song, the bright
 land of song,
 Listen to the music gently falling; [come
 Children of the kingdom, tarry not, but
 Where the pure in heart are calling.

2 Children of the kingdom, pressing on
 Never let us falter, never; [our way,
 Bear the cross for Jesus, bear it ev'ry day,
 In his mercy trusting ever.

3 Children of the kingdom, while we watch
 Never be discouraged, never; [and wait,
 Soon our feet will enter thro' the palace
 And go out no more forever. [gate,

4 Children of the kingdom, joyful let us be,
 Yonder is the shining river; [see,
 There in all his beauty we the King shall
 And behold his face forever.
 —Fanny J. Crosby.

211 *Key Ab.*

TAKE the hand thy Saviour gives thee,
 Hold it fast within thine own;
 It will lead thee to the river
 That proceedeth from his throne.

CHO.—River of Life that sparkles free,
 River of Life that flows for thee,
 River of Life that all may see,
 And dwell on its banks forever.

2 Take the love that ne'er deceivest thee,
 Love that makes thee all its own,
 Take it freely, like the waters
 From the river near the throne.

3 Take the peace none else can give
 Hide it deep within thy breast; [thee,
 Like the river clear as crystal
 It will soothe thy care to rest.

4 Take thy all-sufficient Saviour,
 Thou wilt find no friend so dear;
 He will crown thee at the river,
 Only be thou faithful here.
 —Fanny J. Crosby.

212 *Key C.*

SOLDIERS for Jesus, rise and away,
 Hark! 'tis the war-cry sounding to-day;
 Lo! our Commander calls from the skies:
 Forward to conquest, lose not the prize!

CHO.—Now like an army marching along,
 Fearless and faithful, valiant and strong.
 Up with our banners, brightly they shine;
 March on together, keep in the line.

2 Soldiers for Jesus, happy are we;
 He our protector, near us will be,
 Trust in his mercy, changeless, divine;
 March on with firmness, keep in the line.

3 Soldiers for Jesus, gladly we go,
 Smiling at danger, braving the foe, [shine;
 Bright are our landmarks, brightly they
 March on rejoicing, keep in the line.

4 Soldiers for Jesus, vict'ry is nigh,
Work till we gain it, rest by and by;
Oh, let our courage never decline;
March on with boldness, keep in the line.
—Fanny J. Crosby.

213 *Key D*

OUTSIDE the gate, and yet so near the foun-
tain [ing brow;

Where thou dost yearn to cool thy ach-
Outside the gate, thy only hope of mercy,
O weary heart, say, why not enter now?

CHO.—Oh, enter now! say, why not enter
now?

Believe on him who gave his life for thee;
Believe on him, and at his hand receive
The precious gift of pardon full and free.

2 Outside the gate, amid a thousand dan-
gers, [meet,

A thousand ills thou hast no strength to
And yet a step would change thy lost con-
dition

And bring thy soul to rest at Jesus' feet.

3 Outside the gate, thy only place of ref-
uge; [day;

Oh, think how soon may end thy fleeting
The sun that rose upon its cloudless morn-
ing

May set in gloom and pass in tears away.

4 Outside the gate, and yet the Saviour
tarries

And waits to hear thy penitential prayer;
He opens wide the portals of his mercy:
Delay no more, but haste to enter there.

—Lizzie Edwards.

214 *Key G.*

No other now but Jesus.

My Saviour and my King,

No other now but Jesus,

Of him I love to sing;

And ever shall his praises

My noblest songs employ;

Rejoicing in his glory

Shall be my greatest joy.

CHO.—No other now but Jesus,
Of him I love to sing;

No other now but Jesus,

My Saviour and my King.

2 No other now but Jesus
Such peace can ever give,
No other now but Jesus,
Who died that I might live;
Relying on his promise,
Whatever be my lot,
I have the sweet assurance
I shall not be forgot.

3 No other now but Jesus;
He'll take me by the hand,
And guide me o'er the rugged way
Unto the better land;
And when the evening cometh,
And earthly hopes decline,
Then gladly I shall enter
Into the joys divine.

—Violet E. King.

215 *Key F.*

How oft in holy converse
With Christ, my Lord, alone,
I seem to hear the millions
That sing around his throne:—

CHO.—||: Hallelujah, amen; :||
Hallelujah, amen,
Amen, amen.

2 They passed thro' toils and trials,
And tho' the strife was long,
They share the victor's conquest,
And sing the victor's song.

3 My soul takes up the chorus,
And pressing on my way,
Communing still with Jesus,
I sing from day to day:

4 Thro' grace I soon shall conquer,
And reach my home on high;
And thro' eternal ages
I'll shout beyond the sky:

—Henrietta E. Blair.

216 *Key Ab.*

THOU art a Rock in a thirsty land
Whose shadow by faith I see; [heat
And oh, how sweet, from the noontide
When weary, to rest in thee.

CHO.—Under thy shadow what joy to rest;
Under thy shadow when toil-oppressed;
Under thy shadow, supremely blest,
O Rock in a thirsty land.

2 Thou art a Rock in a thirsty land,
Where peaceful my soul may dwell;
And cool and clear are the streams I hear
That flow from the wayside well.

3 Thou art a Rock in a thirsty land,
A Rock of defence for me;
No thought of ill can my spirit fill,
While firm is my trust in thee.

4 Thou art a Rock in a thirsty land,
Where safely thou bidst me hide,
Till angels come from my Father's
And carry me o'er the tide. [throne,
—James L. Black.

217 *Key G.*

As we believe in the gospel way,
As we are safe in the fold to-day,
We're here to show, as we work and
The saving grace of Jesus. [pray,
CHO.—Glory to God for the saving
The saving grace of Jesus; [grace,
Oh, glory to God for the saving grace,
The saving grace of Jesus.

2 As peace is found at his loving feet,
As pardon waits at the mercy-seat,
We're here to show, as a message sweet,
The saving grace of Jesus.

3 As we rejoice that he came to save,
As we have life by the life he gave,
We're here to show, with a spirit brave,
The saving grace of Jesus.

4 As all may rest in the better land,
As all may yet in his presence stand,
We're here to show, as a faithful band,
The saving grace of Jesus.

—E. A. Barnes.

218 *Key G.*

My soul for the Saviour is waiting,—
Ah! long has he waited for me:
Yea, stood in the night dews unheeded,
While I was unmoved by his plea.
Then is it to show me his anguish
My soul is kept waiting for him?
So long have I doubted his mercy,
The eyes of my faith became dim.

2 My soul for the Saviour is waiting,
In grief I am bowed at his cross;
My sins are a burden too heavy,
Beneath them I sink in remorse.

Oh, is he but waiting to test me.
Or is he e'en now at my side?
Dear Saviour, I pray thee to enter,
The door of my heart opens wide.

3 My soul for the Saviour is waiting,—
But truly his word cannot fail;
The cry of a penitent sinner [vail.
Must reach him, and reaching, pre-
Now will I confide in his promise,
That coming I am not cast out,—
And tho' I may wait for the vision,
His pardon no longer I doubt.

—F. G. Burroughs.

219 *Key Bb.*

ALL is ready, the Master said,
All is ready, the feast is spread;
Sweet his message of love to all.
Yet how many will slight the call!

CHO.—Why, why, why will ye die?
Ask, and the Saviour will freely forgive;
Why, why, why will ye die?
Only a look, and your soul shall live.

2 All is ready, he calleth still;
Come, and welcome, whoever will;
Bring your burden of doubts and fears,
Bring your sorrow, your cares, and tears.

3 Tho' his mercy prolongs your day,
Time is precious, no more delay;
Now he listens to hear your prayer,
Haste the garment of praise to wear.

4 Take the pardon his love bestows,
Take the water of life that flows;
Lo, he standeth beside the door:
Hear the Spirit your hearts implore.

—Sallie L. Smith.

220 *Key Eb.*

HERE in the house of the Lord
I find the narrow way,
And here I find the blessed light
That shines for all, to-day;
Here I see his lifted cross,
To which in faith I cling.
And thus, believing in his name,
My heart will ever sing.

CHO.—I was glad, I was glad,
I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go, let us go,
Let us go into the house of the Lord!

2 Here in the house of the Lord
I find the hope divine,
And with my sins all blotted out,
I know this hope is mine;
Here I find this safe retreat,
The shelter of his wing,
And thus, rejoicing in his love,
My heart will ever sing.

3 Here in the house of the Lord
I'm always glad to be,
For here I find the sinner's friend,
Who died to ransom me;
Here I gave my earthly life
To serve the Lord and King,
And thus, with faith to guide me on,
My heart will ever sing.

—E. A. Barnes.

221 *Key C.*

WORTHY to be praised is God my Father;
He is my Deliverer, my High Tower;
He my Strength and Buckler, Horn of my
Blessing for his mighty power, [salvation,

CHO.—||: Worthy to be praised, :||
Worthy to be praised forevermore;
Thanks and adoration for his great salva-
Praise his name forevermore. [tion;

2 Worthy to be praised is God my Saviour;
Praise him for his mercy,—boundless
grace; [waters,"
"Twashis strong arm drew me out of "many
Brought me to a "wealthy place."

3 Worthy to be praised! the chant unend-
ing [throne;
Rings from angel chorus round the
Yet for his redemption human voices praise
Glory to our God alone! [him:

—E. E. Hewitt.

222 *Key A.*

My faith, inspired with rapture, sings
Thy grace, O Lord, to me;
Thy grace, that saves from ev'ry sin,
And makes me one in thee.

CHO.—'Tis all of grace, thy gift so free,
That I am one, O Lord, in thee.

2 The path of life and perfect peace
Thy grace unfolds to me;
No fear can harm, no care alarm,
For I am one in thee.

3 I look beyond the swelling tide,
Where soon my rest will be;
My hope is bright, my anchor sure,
For I am one in thee.

4 And calm as now, without a storm,
My closing hour will be;
Thy grace will bring me safely home,
For I am one in thee.

—Lizzie Edwards

223 *Key Ab.*

JESUS, Saviour, comfort me,
Draw thy weary child to thee;
Thou,—my Rock, my Strength my All,—
Loving Saviour, hear my call.

CHO.—Hear my call, oh, hear my call,
Let thy dew of mercy fall;
Thou,—my Rock, my Strength my All,—
Loving Saviour, hear my call.

2 Consecrate this heart of mine
Thro' thy precious blood divine;
Ever faithful may I be,
Only trusting, Lord, in thee.

3 When the stormy billows roll,
Let thy glory fill my soul,
Let the bow of promise then
Shed its welcome light again.

4 Leave me not, my life, my own,
In this dreary world alone;
Lead me gently by thy hand
To the golden summer land.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

224 *Key C.*

PRAISE God on the throne of his power,
For great and eternal he reigns!
Praise him from the valleys of earth,
And praise him from mountains and
plains.

CHO.—Praise him who liveth forever,
With glory enthroned in the sky;
Praise him, ye living creation,
While nature's glad voices reply.

2 Praise God, O ye depths and ye heights!
Praise him, O ye winds of the sea!
Praise him, O ye clouds of the air,
For great and almighty is he.

3 Ye worlds that, revolving afar,
Are yet but the work of his hands,
Give praise that, pursuing your course,
Ye follow eternal commands.

4 Praise God, O ye children of men,
Ye humble and holy of heart;
Take thou in creation's great song
The noblest and worthiest part.

5 This earth that is mortal will fail,
But years everlasting are thine!
Praise God for this holiest gift,
This mercy, this blessing divine.
—Mrs. R. N. Turner.

225 *Key Db*

LORD, with all my heart I praise thee
For thy boundless love to me;
On the Rock my faith is anchored,
Only there my trust shall be.

CHO —Trusting on, thy grace adoring,
Trusting on thro' life I'll go;
Trusting on, my hope aspiring
More and more thy love to know.

2 Lord, with all my heart I bless thee
For the light that cheers my way,
For the peace that calmly flowing
Fills my soul from day to day.

3 Lord, with all my heart I thank thee
For the bliss of answered prayer,
For its power that still upholds me,
When my cross is hard to bear.

4 I will praise thee, bless, and thank
Trusting on while here I roam, [thee,
Till within our Father's kingdom
Thou shalt bid me welcome home.
—James L. Black.

226 *Key G.*

THERE is joy among the angels,
There's a mighty shout of rapture;
Far beyond the pearly gates the news has
Of a sinner now repenting, [come
To the gospel-word consenting,—
Of a contrite soul that seeks its better home.

CHO.—Joy, joy, joy, joy in heaven,
Souls are seeking now the living way;
There is joy, joy, joy, joy among the angels;
Join their hallelujah songs to-day.

2 There is joy among the angels
By the shining, crystal river,
For a wand'ring one is safe within the fold;
For the Shepherd sought and found him,
And the arms of love are round him;
Hear the music gladly ring from harps of [gold.

3 There is holy joy in heaven
Higher, purer than the angels';
'Tis the Father's heart rejoicing in its love;
'Tis the Saviour-Shepherd singing
O'er the lost one he is bringing.
Bringing to the everlasting home above.
—E. E. Hewitt.

227 *Key G.*

OH, the time is flying fast,
It will surely end at last, [dom;
Then sweetly we'll be resting in the king-
When the toil of life is o'er,
We'll meet on the other shore, [dom.
Then sweetly we'll be resting in the king-
In the kingdom, in the kingdom, [dom;
Then sweetly we'll be resting in the king-
When the toil of life is o'er,
We'll meet on the other shore, [dom.
Then sweetly we'll be resting in the king-

2 Our kind Saviour calls us on,
On to join that happy throng
That now is sweetly resting in the kingdom;
Bright and fair their faces shine,
They have crossed the bound'ry line,
And now are sweetly resting in the kingdom.
In the kingdom, in the kingdom, [dom;
And now are sweetly resting in the king-
Bright and fair their faces shine,
They have crossed the bound'ry line,
And now are sweetly resting in the kingdom.

3 When this earth shall pass away,
As the mists before the day, [dom;
Then sweetly we'll be resting in the king-
Then how happy we shall be
When our Saviour's face we see, [dom.
When bright and fair we see him in the king-
In the kingdom, in the kingdom, [dom;
When bright and fair we see him in the king-
Then how happy we shall be
When our Saviour's face we see, [dom.
When bright and fair we see him in the king-
—D. Y. Stephens.

228

Key Ab.

I WILL not doubt my Saviour's love,
Who gave his life for me;
But in his all-atoning power
My joy, my boast shall be.

CHO.—Oh, no, I will not doubt his love,
But still keep trusting on;
For there I find the only rock
My faith can rest upon.

2 I will not doubt my Saviour's hand,
That all my life has led,
And o'er my path in darkest hour
The light of mercy shed.

3 I will not doubt my Saviour's care,
That follows all my days;
I know that he is good and just,
And kind are all his ways.

4 I will not doubt that by and by
My soul shall dwell in peace
With him, my Saviour and my Lord,
Where ev'ry doubt shall cease.

—James L. Black.

229

Key G.

COME to Jesus, trembling sinner,
With your load of guilt oppressed;
Come to Jesus, he will save you,
Come, and he will give you rest.

CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Weary sinner, come to Jesus while
you may;

He will save you, he will save you,
Weary sinner, he will save you, come

2 He is waiting, he is ready, [to-day.
Tender, loving words to say;
Will you not accept his blessing?
Give your heart to him to-day?

3 Time is flying, do not tarry,
Haste, while it is called to-day!
Can you spurn his tender pleading?
Can you turn this friend away?

4 Do not linger, do not trifle,
Heed your loving Saviour's call;
In his tender heart there's mercy,
In his arms there's room for all.

—Mrs. C. N. Pickop.

230

Key G.

HAVE you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on, pass it on!
'Twas not given for thee alone,
Pass it on, pass it on!
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears;
Till in heaven the deed appears
Pass it on, pass it on!

CHO.—Pass it on, pass it on! [on,
Cheerful word or loving deed, pass it
Live for self, you live in vain;
Live for Christ, you live again,
Live for him, with him you reign,
Pass it on, pass it on!

2 Did you hear the loving word?
Pass it on, pass it on!
Like the singing of a bird?
Pass it on, pass it on!
Let its music live and grow,
Let it cheer another's woe;
You have reaped what others sow,
Pass it on, pass it on!

3 Have you found the heavenly light?
Pass it on, pass it on!
Souls are groping in the night,
Daylight gone, daylight gone!
Hold your lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in some one's sky,
He may live who else would die,
Pass it on, pass it on!

—Rev. Henry Burton, A. M.

231

Key Ab.

FAR, far from home, an exile on the deep,
Thou hast no chart thy vessel's course to
keep;

Dark is the path, and darker yet may be,—
Dream as thou wilt, there is no rest for thee.

CHO.—No rest for thee, no rest for thee,
O wand'rer lost upon a treach'rous sea;
Away from God, where will thy anchor be?
Without his love there is no rest for thee.

2 Far, far from home, where storms relent-
less sweep,
Where billows roll and surges never sleep,
Tossed to and fro on danger's reckless wave,
Oh, turn to him whose power alone can save.

Far, far from home, and wilder grows the
night;

Thou hast refused the true and only light;
It look again where first its beams were
shed [fled.

Look and be saved ere hope's last spark has

O trembling heart, behold thy Saviour
near,— [ear;

Thy pleading cry has reached his gracious
With guides thee now, and o'er the ocean's
foam

Thy steady ray will bring thee safely home.

IO.—Rest, rest for thee, sweet rest for
thee, [free;

Just now in him whose mercy makes thee
Right is thy path and brighter yet will be;
Soul redeemed, there is a rest for thee.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

232

Key Bb.

PRaise him for his glory,

Praise him for his grace,

For his help adapted

To each time and place,

For his promised presence

All the pilgrim way,

For the flaming pillar,

And the cloud by day.

IO.—Praise him, shining angels,

On your harps of gold,

All his hosts adore him

Who his face behold,

Thro' his great dominion,

While the ages roll,

||: All his works shall praise him, :||

Bless the Lord, my soul.

2 Praise for free forgiveness,

Power which makes us whole,

For his touch of healing,

Strengthening the soul,

For his gifts of kindness

And his loving care,

For the blest assurance

That he answers prayer.

3 Praise him for the trials

Sent as cords of love,

Binding us more closely

To the things above,

For the faith that conquers,

Hope that naught can dim,

For the land where loved ones

Gather home to him.

—E. E. Hewitt.

233

Key G.

STEPS are before me, dear Saviour,

Marking the path thou hast trod;

So would my feet be progressing

Upward and onward to God.

CHO.—More of thy likeness, dear Sav-

Less of myself I would see; [Iour,

Born in thine image, and growing

More and more like unto thee.

2 Daily thy work was appointed,

Wrought by no hand but thine own;

So in my field I would labor,

Tho' it be small and unknown.

3 Burdens were laid on thy shoulders,

Meekly thou suffered the cross;

So would I take up my trials,

Counting them gain and not loss.

4 Not for thyself, but for others,

Living and dying for love;

So would I daily be spending,

Till I shall meet thee above.

—Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

234

Key Eb.

OUR Fatherland, thy name so dear

Our souls repeat while strangers here;

And oh, how oft we sigh for thee,

Our Fatherland beyond the sea. [land,

CHO.—Our Fatherland, dear Father-

We long to press thy golden strand,

And hail the bright and shining band,

In thy sweet vales, dear Fatherland.

2 Above the stars, above the skies,

Thy tow'ring hills majestic rise;

Thy sunny fields with verdure glow,

And fadeless flowers in beauty grow.

3 There Jesus reigns, our Saviour-King.

And one by one his own will bring,

Thy songs to join, thy bliss to share,

O Fatherland, our Zion fair.

4 No tears shall dim, no pain destroy
The light of peace, the smile of joy;
No more we'll clasp the parting hand
Within thy gates, our Fatherland.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

235 *Key D.*

FRESH springs so holy, all needed power
Find we in Jesus, new for each hour.
Fresh springs of mercy, blessing our days
With glist'ning joy-drops, bright rills of
praise.

2 Fresh springs of comfort in deserts dry.
Till spring-time verdure gladdens the eye.
Wells of salvation, rivers of peace,
Pure, living waters, flow and increase.

3 Fresh springs in Jesus, source of all
grace;
Where fruits are richest, his life we trace.
Fresh springs in glory, filling the soul,
When waves of rapture endlessly roll.

—E. E. Hewitt.

236 *Key Ab.*

THE heavenly Father calls for thee,
O wayward, sinful child,
And asks thee in his gracious Word
To come,—be reconciled.

CHO.—He is calling thee, calling thee,
Home to a Father's love;
He is calling thee to a "title clear,"
To a mansion built above.

2 His voice is speaking to thy soul;
The Spirit strives within;
He bids thee turn to him this hour;
He'll pardon all thy sin.

3 O wondrous love that calls us home!
O height and depth of grace!
O sweet, constraining power that draws
Our hearts to seek his face!

4 The blessed home-light shines be-
And open is the way; [yond.
'Tis sprinkled with the Saviour's blood
Come, enter it to-day.

—E. E. Hewitt.

237 *Key C.*

OH, how blessed is the service
We may render to the Lord
When all duty glows with pleasure,
And our wills with his accord.

CHO.—I'm a child, and not a servant,
Of the God whose grace I sing!
I'm an heir of life eternal,—
I'm the friend of Christ my King!

2 Oh, how blessed to be trusted
With the secret of the Lord,
As the Holy Spirit guides us
Through the pathways of his Word.

3 Oh, how blessed to be able
All his promises to claim,
And to bear the royal likeness
'Mid our service In His Name.

4 Oh, how blessed to be granted
Fellowship with him we love,
Now to share his night of sorrow,—
Then to reign with him above.

5 Oh, how blessed to be growing
Daily in his grace divine,
Sitting at the King's own table,
Nourished by his bread and wine.
—F. G. Burroughs.

238 *Key D.*

THERE's a place for me at the Saviour's
When in sorrow bending low; [cross.
There is cleansing power in the precious
There's salvation in its flow. [blood;

CHO.—There's a place for me, blessed place
for me,
At the cross where my Saviour died;
There's a place for me in his loving breast;
Ever there may I abide.

2 There's a place for me at the mercy seat,
When in Jesus' name I plead,
When I lift my eyes to the throne above,
Where he lives to intercede.

3 There's a place for me in the harvest field,
And a work for me to do,
If I love the Lord who redeemed my soul,
Let me serve him truly, too. [house,

4 There's a place for me in the Father's
There are mansions bright and fair,
With my robes made white thro' his saving
There's a crown for me to wear. [blood,
—E. E. Hewitt.

239

Key Bb.

OH, what utter weakness fills this soul of mine! [heart divine!

How my frequent stumblings wound thy
Count me not unworthy, Jesus, keep me
Jesus, love me still. [thine;

CHO.—Oh, what tender mercy! oh, what
wondrous love! [above;

Oh, what rich compassion hails me from
How can I but love thee, and thy grace
Oh, to love thee more! [adore!

2 Many are the failures in my life I see;
Many are the frailties clinging unto me;
Yet, O precious Saviour, smile complacent-
Love and bless me still. [ly,

3 Pity me, dear Jesus, if I sometimes fall;
I among thy servants am the least of all;
Weakest of the weak ones who upon thee
Jesus, love me still. [call;
—Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

240

Key D.

FROM yonder cross what beams divine
Of peace, and hope, and mercy shine,
Oh, be each blessed promise mine;
I come, dear Lord, to thee.

CHO.—I come to thee, I come to thee;
Thine outstretched arms I see;
I come to thee, I come to thee,
Dear Lord, who died for me.

2 Thy kind, inviting voice I know;
Thy wounded hands new life bestow:
Those hands will never let me go;
I come, dear Lord, to thee.

3 As seeks the weary bird its nest
When sunset lingers in the west,
So now, for pardon, healing, rest,
I come, dear Lord, to thee.

4 'Midst pressing care and daily need
Thy overruling love I read,
For help, thy "present help," I plead;
I come, dear Lord, to thee.

5 In weakness be my mighty Tower,
My Refuge in temptation's hour;
My brightest joy when blessings show'r;
I come, dear Lord, to thee.

—E. E. Hewitt.

241

Key C.

JESUS loves me, fondly loves me,
With a love broad as the sky;
Jesus loves me, fondly loves me,
With a love which cannot die.

CHO.—Jesus loves my soul immortal,
O my soul, immortal soul!
Jesus loves my soul immortal,
Fondly loves thee, O my soul.

2 Shall I give my soul to Jesus?
Answer quickly, O my soul!
Shall I give my soul to Jesus
Long as endless ages roll?

3 Oh, how freely Jesus suffered,
Suffered deep and suffered long;
And shall I not suffer for him,
Tho' like him I suffer wrong?

4 Yes, at once, now and forever,
All I am and hope to be;
Wholly thine, O blessed Jesus,
Thine for all eternity.

—Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D.

242

Key F.

UNFOLD in beauty, flowers of spring,
Unto your Maker's praise,
Whose breath is in the soft, south wind,
Who sends the sunny days,
And let the sparkling, rippling rill
Tell, as it onward flows,
Our God is great, our God is good;
His hand all good bestows.

CHO.—The Lord is good, is good to all;
His tender mercies see;
In all his works, in all his ways,
Praise him eternally!

2 Oh, sing his praise, dear, happy birds,
And warble to his love, [green,
Who clothes the trees with summer
Who lights the skies above;
The orchard bloom, the pasture's smile,
The riches of the field,
Show forth the glory of our God,
And glad thanksgiving yield.

3 The mighty waves, the wintry gale,
The snow-flakes pure and white,
All bear their part in that grand hymn
In which his works unite;

Much more, dear Lord, shall human lips
And ransomed lives agree,
Ascribing wisdom, power, and might,
And glory unto thee.

—E. E. Hewitt.

243 *Key G.*

THE world was like a stormy night,
My heart a troubled sea,
I cried in anguish and affright,
O Jesus, Lord, save me.

[the sea.

CHO.—He heard my prayer, he calmed
He sought the depths to rescue me;
And ev'ry day with joy I say,
My Jesus still saves me.

2 He holds me in a loving clasp
While billows onward roll;
They cannot break that mighty grasp;
His peace is in my soul.

3 Now all my sins are backward cast,
All hidden in the sea;
His mercy cancels all the past
And keeps me pure and free.

[love

4 O praise the Lord whose wondrous
Searched thro' the depths for me;
And I shall scale the heights above
His glorious face to see.

—Priscilla J. Owens.

244 *Key Bb.*

OH, praise his name forever!
The wondrous story tell,
He laid aside his glory
In human form to dwell;
Upon the world's redemption
The angels gaze in vain,
But to repentant sinners
The Spirit makes it plain.

CHO.—Oh, praise his name forever,
Praise his holy name;
His goodness faileth never,
Praise his holy name.

2 Oh, praise his name forever!
His life and death behold!
Of all his love and pity
How little can be told!
Oh, sinner, will you own him,
That he may ransom thee?
Or will you still deny him,
And lost forever be?

3 Oh, praise his name forever!
My glad, triumphant soul,
By him set free from bondage,
By him from sin made whole;
When I have earth forsaken,
And gained the further shore,
I'll tell the story better,
I'll praise him evermore.

—E. R. Latt

245 *Key C*

STEPPING-STONES to Jesus
All our joys may be,
Used with glad thanksgiving
For his love so free.
Many, many blessings
In our pathway fall,
Stepping-stones to Jesus
We may find them all.

CHO.—Looking for the stepping-stone
Placed along life's way;
Looking for the stepping-stone
We find them ev'ry day;
[: Stepping-stones to Jesus, :]
Looking for the stepping-stone
We find them ev'ry day.

2 Stepping-stones to Jesus,
Leading to his feet,
Are the little trials,
Which we daily meet;
Ev'ry need that presses,
Ev'ry vexing care,
Ev'ry disappointment,
Ev'ry cross we bear.

3 Stepping-stones to Jesus,
All the pure delight
In his works of beauty,
All things fair and bright.
Ev'ry sweet affection,
Tender human love,
Brought in consecration
To the Friend above.

4 Stepping-stones to Jesus,
Blessed means of grace;
Prayer and sweet communion
In the sacred place;
Ev'ry self-denial
For the Master's cause,
Each renewed obeying
Of his holy laws. —E. E. Hewitt

246

Key Eb.

I ENTERED once a home of care,
 For age and penury were there,
 Yet peace and joy withal;
 I asked the lonely mother whence
 Her helpless widowhood's defense,
 She told me "Christ was all."

CHO.—[: Christ is all, all in all,
 Yes, Christ is all in all.:]

2 I stood beside a dying bed,
 Where lay a child with aching head,
 Waiting for Jesus' call;
 I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May,
 And as his spirit passed away,
 He whispered, "Christ is all."

3 I saw the martyr at the stake, [shake,
 The flames could not his courage
 Nor death his soul appal, [given,
 I asked him whence his strength was
 He looked triumphantly to heaven,
 And answered, "Christ is all."

4 I saw the gospel herald go,—
 To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
 To save from Satan's thrall,
 Nor home nor life he counted dear,
 'Midst wants and perils owned no fear,
 He felt that "Christ is all."

5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
 And earth and sea gave up their dead,
 A fire dissolved this ball,
 I saw the church's ransomed throng,
 I heard the burden of their song,
 'Twas "Christ is all in all."

5 Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
 The Bride repeats the call,
 For he will cleanse your guilty stains,
 His love will soothe your weary pains,
 For "Christ is all in all."

247

Key Ab.

DEAR Saviour, each trial but brings me
 to thee; [be;
 Thy tender compassion my comfort must
 I feel with weakness, but thou art so
 strong; [my song;
 Oh, help me, dear Saviour, my strength and

CHO.—Draw me to thee, draw me to thee;
 Saviour, who suffered the thorn-crown for
 me,

All must be blessing that leads me to thee,

2 Dear Saviour, each trial but brings me
 to thee, [canst see;
 Thou knowest my sorrow, my heart thou
 Thy power is almighty, thy love is my
 rest, [are best,
 I know thou wilt help me in ways which

3 Dear Saviour, each trial but brings me
 to thee, [for me;
 "In all points like tempted" thou feelest
 Oh, light are the burdens, dear Lord, that
 I bear, [wilt share.
 While walking beside thee the load thou

4 Dear Saviour, each trial but brings me
 to thee; [flee;
 How soon at thy bidding all trouble will
 No cloud but will brighten when beams thy
 kind smile, [while.
 No grief can last longer than earth's little
 —E. E. Hewitt.

248

Key G.

I HAVE heard of a land, of a beautiful land,
 That is over the dark rolling sea,
 And I know there are joys that are waiting
 me there,—

But what will the first greeting be?

CHO.—There'll be music, there'll be sing-
 And throughout all heaven ringing [ing,
 There'll be shouts of hallelujah o'er and
 But I know the first to meet me, [o'er;
 And with welcome smile to greet me, [shore,
 Will be Jesus when I reach the golden

2 Oh, I know that my Saviour has gone
 to prepare
 In his kingdom a mansion for me,
 And I know there's a crown and a robe
 and a song,—

But what will the first greeting be?

3 Many loved ones have gone to that bright,
 happy land,
 But their faces again I shall see,
 And we'll clasp their glad hands on that
 beautiful strand,—

But what will the first greeting be?

4 When I pass thro' the vale of the shadow
of death
To that land where the weary are free,
I shall join in the song of the purified
throng.—

But what will the first greeting be?

—P. H. Dingman.

249 *Key Eb.*

HOLY Spirit, Teacher thou!
In humility we bow;
Come, perform thine office now,
Teach us alway.

CHO.—Holy Spirit, teach us alway;
Comfort, guide, and help us alway.

2 Comforter indeed thou art,
Speak to ev'ry aching heart;
Let us never from thee part,
Comfort alway.

3 Sent to be our Guide to-day,
Walking in the narrow way;
From it may we never stray,
Guide us alway.

4 Teacher, Comforter, and Guide,
Ever in our hearts abide;
And, whatever may betide,
Help us alway.

—L. W. Munhall

250 *Key Eb.*

THE past we never can undo,
Tho' with thrice bitter tears,
And deepest gloom we it review,—
'Tis sealed up with the years.

CHO.—O Lord, forgive, O Lord, receive,
And bless thy erring child;
I do repent and now believe
That thou art reconciled.

2 Could we but live it o'er again,
How different it should be;
We would not have this awful pain
Which gnaws so constantly.

3 But it is gone beyond our reach,
With all its weight of sin; [speech,
And tho' we mourn too deep for
'Twill never come again.

4 But God has given us the now,—
The past himself will take;
And if to him in faith we go
He'll save, for Jesus' sake.

5 No matter what thy past may be,
Just leave that all with Christ;
He knows it all, yet calleth thee,
And bids thee dare to trust.

—Bessie Q. Jordan.

251 *Key Bb.*

FOR the blessings that we share,
Give thanks to the Lord;
For the tokens of his love and care,
Give thanks to the Lord.

CHO.—||: Give thanks to him, :|| [joy,
Who giveth us richly all things to en-
Give thanks to him.

2 For the Gospel and its call,
Give thanks to the Lord;
For the Spirit as it comes to all,
Give thanks to the Lord.

3 For the anchor of the soul,
Give thanks to the Lord;
For the refuge when the billows roll,
Give thanks to the Lord.

4 For his saving grace and love,
Give thanks to the Lord;
For the glory of our home above,
Give thanks to the Lord.

—E. A. Barnes.

252 *Key Eb.*

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord,
Give thanks, give thanks!
Swell the full, triumphant chord,
Give thanks!

For his wonderful creation,
For his glorious salvation,
Give all praise and adoration,
O give thanks, give thanks.

CHO.—||: O give thanks unto the Lord,
for he is good,
For his mercy endureth forever, :||
O give thanks O give thanks.

2 For the way in which he leads,
Give thanks, give thanks!
Timely care in all our needs,
Give thanks!

Daily bread his hand providing,
Pathway thro' the seas dividing,
Thro' the desert safely guiding,
O give thanks, give thanks.

3 For the greatness of his might,
Give thanks, give thanks!
All in vain his foes unite,
Give thanks!
For his banner o'er us streaming,
For his love upon us beaming,
For his grace our souls redeeming,
O give thanks, give thanks.
—E. E. Hewitt.

253*Key F.*

WORK, oh, work for Jesus;
In his blessed service
There is room for all;
Something for the youngest,
Something for the oldest;
Who will heed his call?

CHO.—Work, work for Jesus,
Heed the Master's cry;
Work, work for Jesus,
The hours are flitting by;
Broad the fields of harvest,
See how white they lie:
Work, go work to-day.

2 Work, oh, work for Jesus;
Though it be in weakness,
Claim his mighty power;
He can give us counsel,
Give us faith and courage,
For each trying hour.

3 Work, oh, work for Jesus,
Though thy field of labor
Small and humble be;
There, until the Master
Bids thee "come up higher,"
Serve him patiently.

4 Work, oh, work for Jesus,
For each faithful servant
His reward shall share;
Happy, happy entrance
To the Royal Palace,
Crowns of glory there!

—E. E. Hewitt.

254*Key Eb.*

OH, why do you linger yet longer?
O sinner, to Jesus draw nigh;
The Saviour is lovingly calling,
"Dear sinner, oh, why will ye die?"

CHO.—Why linger, why linger,
While mercy is nigh?
Why linger, why linger?
Oh, why will ye die?

2 The pleasures of earth are deluding,
They soon, ah, they soon pass away,
Thy grasp they are often eluding,
And then, yes, ah, then they decay.

3 The darkness of death will o'ertake you,
And life with its pleasures be gone;
The hopes that have cheered will forsake you,
And leave you in darkness forlorn.

4 Then look to the Saviour for mercy,
You've only to look and believe;
His arms are extended to save you;
He lovingly waits to receive.

—Mrs. W. L. Brown.

255*Key Ab.*

THERE'S sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light.

[sunshine,

CHO.—Oh, there's sunshine, blessed!
When the peaceful, happy moments
When Jesus shows his smiling face [roll;
There is sunshine in the soul.

2 There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing.

3 There's springtime in my soul to-day,
For when the Lord is near
The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flowers of grace appear.

4 There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love.
For blessings which he gives me now,
For joys "laid up" above.

—E. E. Hewitt.

256*Key E.*

I WILL go, I will go,
To the Saviour I'll go,
Burdened with sin and fear;
He'll forgiveness impart,—
He will speak to my heart
Comforting words of cheer.

CHO.—||: Saviour, receive me, :||
Here at thy feet I bow;
||: Saviour, receive me, :||
Saviour, receive me now.

2 I will go, I will go,
To the Saviour I'll go,
Pleading his own dear love;
With the blood shed for sin
He will cleanse me within,
Fit me to dwell above.

3 I will go, I will go,
To the Saviour I'll go,
Seeking my souls true home;
My atonement is made
And my ransom is paid;
Now to his arms I come.

4 I will go, I will go,
To the Saviour I'll go.
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
I am seeking his face,
For I know that his grace
Waits now to welcome me.

—E. E. Hewitt.

257

Key Eb.

COME and sit at Jesus' feet,
Come and learn of him;
Words of comfort, pure and sweet,
Come and learn of him.

CHO.—Learn of him, O toil-oppressed;
Lean thy head upon his breast;
He will give thee perfect rest,—
Come and learn of him.

2 Take his yoke upon thee now,
Come and learn of him;
Ask, and he will teach thee how,
Come and learn of him.

3 How to trust for ev'ry day,
Come and learn of him;
How to watch, as well as pray,
Come and learn of him.

4 For his glory wouldst thou live?
Come and learn of him;
He the grace will freely give,
Come and learn of him.

—John Franklin.

258

Key Bb.

In the way cast up for the ransomed
By countless millions trod,
In the way of life everlasting,
We're marching home to God.

CHO.—Marching, marching,
Marching in the King's highway
Marching, marching
Onward to the realms of day.

2 In the way cast up for the ransomed
What constant joy we know;
For the King himself, our Redeemer
Is with us while we go.

3 In the way cast up for the ransomed
By fountains cool and sweet,
We are gently led by the Saviour
To rest our weary feet.

4 In the way cast up for the ransomed
Our pilgrim journey past,
We shall see the King in his beauty,
And dwell with him at last.

—Sallie A. Smith.

259

Key A

THE Bible was given
That lost men may know
The way into heaven,
And shun hell below.
It does not deceive us;
Is faithful to tell
Of sin, death, and judgement,
And torments of hell.

CHO.—No word ever spoken
By God to his own
Was ever yet broken;
'Tis firm as his throne.

2 It then points to Jesus,
Redeemer of all,
The mighty who frees us
From curse of the fall.
It shows us our duty
To God and to man
In words of great beauty,
And know them all can.

3 It tells us of heaven,
The home of the soul,
And crowns to be given,
While ages shall roll.

Oh, heaven-born treasure!
We would have the more
In fulness of measure
And richness of store.

—L. W. Munhall.

260 *Azy G.*

RICHES unsearchable, riches untold,—
Purer and brighter than silver or gold,—
Riches unsearchable, priceless, divine,
Blessed Creator and Saviour, are thine.

CHO.—O for a harp and a voice to pro-
claim,
Glory and praise to thy excellent name.

2 Riches unsearchable thou wilt bestow
When to thy throne in thy Spirit we go;
When in thy promise we trust and believe,
Riches unsearchable we shall receive.

3 Riches unsearchable, dropp'd from above
Into our souls from thy store-house of love,
What will they be when our race we have
run? [won?
What will they be when our crown we have

4 Riches unsearchable, not for a day,—
Not for the years that shall circle away,—
Riches eternal, exhaustless, divine,
Blessed Creator and Saviour, are thine.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

261 *Azy D.*

THERE is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's
There is favor now at the mercy seat, [feet,
For atoning blood has been sprinkled there;
There is always a blessing, a blessing in
prayer.

CHO.—There's a blessing in prayer, in be-
lieving prayer; [bear,
When our Saviour's name to the throne we
Then a Father's love will receive us there;
There is always a blessing, a blessing in
prayer.

2 There is grace to help in our time of need,
For our friend above is a friend indeed,
We may cast on him ev'ry grief and care;
There is always a blessing, a blessing in
prayer.

2 When our songs are glad with the joy of
life, [strife,
When our hearts are sad with its ills and

When the powers of sin would the soul
ensnare, [prayer.
There is always a blessing, a blessing in

4 There is perfect peace tho' the wild waves
roll;

There are gifts of love for the seeking soul;
Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair,
There is always a blessing, a blessing in
prayer.

—E. E. Hewitt.

262 *Azy E.*

OH, let us love our brothers
With the zeal of Christian love.
Thus to keep this holy precept
That is given from above,—

CHO.—Let brotherly love continue,
Brotherly love, brotherly love,
Let brotherly love continue
Evermore.

2 Whene'er a brother wrongs us
We must love him just the same,
And in love forgive and bless him
In the Saviour's loving name:

3 And as we help each other,
In the time of want and need,
Let the Saviour's love and spirit
Be in ev'ry word and deed:

4 Then let us walk as brothers,
To the better home above,
Still abiding and rejoicing
In the brotherhood of love.
—E. A. Barnes.

263 *Azy C.*

MY soul shouts glory to the Son of God,
For the work free grace has done;
My faith looks upward with a steadfast eye
That is clear as the noonday sun.

CHO.—Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah to the Saviour I adore;
I will praise him, I will praise him,
Hallelujah! I will praise him evermore.

2 My soul shouts glory to the Son of God,
Not a cloud nor care I see;
My hope is clinging with a perfect trust
To the cross he has borne for me.

THE JOYFUL SOUND

- 3 My soul shouts glory to the Son of God,
In his secret place I dwell; [there,
His constant presence overshades me
And my joy there is none can tell.
- 4 My soul shouts glory to the Son of God,
And I know it-will not be long [gone,
Till o'er the river, where the saints have
I shall join their eternal song.
—Fanny J. Crosby.
- 2 Have you something good to tell us
Of Jesus kind and true?
Of hopes that reach to heaven?
Of mercies ever new?
- 3 We are waiting now to hear you
Proclaim his grace so free;
Speak out and tell each sinner
"His love has pardoned me."
—Priscilla J. Owens.

264 *Key Ab.*

'Tis mine to walk in the narrow way,
With Jesus for a guide; [day,
'Tis mine to stand in his strength to-
Whatever may betide;
'Tis mine to have in my daily life,
His Spirit sweet and free:
Yes, freely mine are these gifts divine,
Thro' Christ who died for me.

CHO.—All things are mine, hallelujah!
Freely mine, freely mine; [sing!
All things are mine! oh, rejoice and
Now and forever all are mine.

2 'Tis mine to know, in its rich supply,
The fulness of his love;
'Tis mine to hold as the days pass by
The faith that looks above; [life,
'Tis mine to have, 'mid the storms of
A Refuge near and strong:
Yes, freely mine are these gifts divine,
Thro' Christ my shield and song.

3 'Tis mine to watch for the coming
While waiting in this vale [Lord,
'Tis mine to rest in the promised word,
And know it will not fail;
'Tis mine to rise at the final day,
Eternal things to see:
Yes, freely mine are these gifts divine,
Thro' Christ who died for me.

—E. A. Barnes.

265 *Key D.*

HAVE you something good to tell us,
My Christian friend, to-day?
Tell how the Lord has met you,
And helped you on your way.

CHO.—Tell of the loving Saviour
Who keeps us day by day;
Oh, tell of the precious Saviour,—
'Twill help us on our way.

266 *Key F*

LITTLE sunbeams in their brightness
Wondrous stories oft repeat;
Little snow-flakes in their whiteness
Clothe the hills and barren street;
Little rills of hope and beauty
Sweetly singing thro' the dell,
Whisper both of love and duty,
And of future triumphs tell.

CHO.—¶: Little sunbeams are we, :¶
Little sunbeams, merry sunbeams,
Happy sunbeams are we.

2 Little sunbeams on the mountain
Melt away the winter's snow;
Little raindrops swell the fountain,
And the streamlet's gentle flow,
Little rills, the brooklets swelling,
Sing of gladness all the day,
And of wonders new seem telling,
As they hasten on their way.

3 Little sunbeams lift the curtain
Of the dark and cheerless night;
Little sunbeams, it is certain,
Help to make the world more bright.
Little sunbeams never weary
Noblest service to perform;
Tho' the earth grows dark and dreary,
And they face the howling storm.

4 Little sunbeams bring the showers
And the spring-time's early bloom,
Little sunbeams paint the flowers
And dispel earth's deepest gloom;
Little children, if they ever
Like the sunbeams do their part,
May by ev'ry true endeavor
Lift some burden from the heart.

—Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D.

267 *Key Ab.*

TRUST not the path before thee,
O wand'rer, cease to roam!
The veil of night hangs o'er thee,
Oh, thou art far from home.

CHO.—Turn unto me, turn unto me!
Hark! 'tis the blessed One pleading
with thee;

Turn unto me, turn unto me,
Turn thou, my child, unto me.

2 Was ever love so tender?

Was ever love so free?

Then give thy heart to Jesus,
Who gave his life for thee.

3 Oh, come, thou heavy-laden,
With all thy guilt oppressed;

Now take his yoke upon thee,
And find in him thy rest.

4 A step, and he will meet thee;

A word, and he'll forgive;

Believe, and faith will save thee;

Oh, look! and thou shalt live.

—Frank Gould.

268 *Key F.*

ARE you building your foundation
Strong and sure, strong and sure,
On the Rock that through all ages
Shall endure, shall endure?

For the floods will soon be coming
Here and there, here and there,
Storm and tempest wildly beating
Ev'rywhere, ev'rywhere.

[dation:

CHO.—Jesus Christ is the Sure Foun-
Built on him you never can fail;
Jesus Christ is the Sure Foundation,
Mighty, Everlasting Rock for all.

2 Build not thou thy precious dwelling
On the sand, on the sand,

For when sweeps the raging torrent
Thro' the land, thro' the land,

Then shall come thy swift destruction,
And thy fall and thy fall;

And no stone be left in honor
On thy wall, on thy wall.

3 What a blessed, sure foundation,
Christ our Lord! Christ our Lord!

May we build our full salvation
On his word! on his word!

Then in glorious strength and beauty
Shall it last, shall it last
All the waves of time enduring,
Strong and fast, strong and fast.

—Mrs. R. N. Turner.

269 *Key F.*

IN the storm of life, in the waves of sin,
While the maddened billows rush wildly in;
Losing, alas! his manhood's crown,
Many-a bright, young life goes down, down,
An immortal soul goes down. [down,

2 In temptation's whirl, in the blinding
glare

Of the light'ning flashes through the air;
Losing the bright, eternal crown, [down,
Many-a precious life goes down, down,
An immortal soul goes down.

—E. E. Hewitt.

270 *Key G.*

OH, be joyful in the Lord
For his love like sunshine poured,
For the arms of might that compass us
around;

For the "present help" so sure,
For the mercies that endure.
Let the cheerful notes of praise resound.

CHO.—Oh, be joyful in the Lord,
And the welcome tidings tell,
Like a gladly ringing chorus,
Like a sweetly chiming bell;
That he makes his people happy,
That he "doeth all things well,"
Oh, be joyful in the Lord.

2 Oh, be joyful in the Lord;
Swell the grand thanksgiving chord.
For the uttermost salvation bless his
For the privilege of prayer, [name!
For the blessings all may share,
Sing his goodness, and his grace proclaim

3 Oh, be joyful in the Lord
For the promise-bearing Word,
Like a beacon-light that shines across
It will guide us till we come [the sea;
To the everlasting home,
Till we join the endless jubilee.

—E. E. Hewitt.

THE JOYFUL SOUND.

271

Key Ab.

JESUS saves me; blest assurance,
Whispering within;
Oh, the precious "blood of sprinkling,"
Cleansing from all sin.

CHO.—Jesus saves me; praise his name
forever!

Jesus saves me, saves me even now;
Jesus saves me; his shall be the glory;
Hallelujah! he saves me now.

2 Jesus keeps me; ever watchful
Lest my feet should stray;
Safe upholding while I follow
In the narrow way.

3 Jesus guides me, and his presence
Cheering help bestows,
For he went this way before me,
Ev'ry step he knows.

4 Jesus saves me, keeps me, guides me;
Glory to his name!
Oh, this wonderful salvation,
Kindling love's pure flame!

—E. E. Hewitt.

272

Key G.

I HAVE a song I love to sing,
Since I have been redeemed,
Of my Redeemer, Saviour, King,
Since I have been redeemed.

CHO —||: Since I have been redeemed, :||
I will glory in his name,
Since I have been redeemed,
I will glory in the Saviour's name.

2 I have a Christ that satisfies,
Since I have been redeemed,
To do his will my highest prize,
Since I have been redeemed.

3 I have a Witness bright and clear,
Since I have been redeemed,
Dispelling every doubt and fear,
Since I have been redeemed.

4 I have a joy I can't express,
Since I have been redeemed,
All thro' his blood and righteousness,
Since I have been redeemed

5 I have a home prepared for me,
Since I have been redeemed,
Where I shall dwell eternally,
Since I have been redeemed.

—E. O. Excell.

273

Key Db.

I KNOW not what a day may bring
Of joy or pain to me;
But from the past my soul has learned
To trust, O Lord, in thee.

CHO.—And so, whate'er my spirit fill,
I trust and wait thy sovereign will;
Believing this, that thou, my Friend,
Wilt guide me safely to the end.

2 I know not what a day may bring,
Or where my path may lead;
But ev'ry promise in thy word
My soul delights to plead.

3 I know not what a day may bring,
It matters naught to me;
Since like a child by faith I rest,
Confiding, Lord, in thee.

4 I know not if my waking eyes
Another day may see;
But angel wings will quickly bear
My raptured soul to thee.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

274

Key Eb.

O SING the power of love divine,
The precious love of Jesus,
That bids the light in darkness shine,
And wins the lost to Jesus.

CHO.—O precious, pure, unchanging
The boundless love of Jesus; [love,
It binds our hearts in union sweet,
And make us one in Jesus.

2 'Tis love that conquers ev'ry fear,
The precious love of Jesus,
And now by faith has brought us near
The bleeding side of Jesus.

3 'Tis love that fills the joyful heart,
And draws it up to Jesus,
Where neither life nor death can part
The sacred bonds from Jesus.

When faith and hope have ceased to
and we are safe with Jesus, [shine,
e'll praise the power of love divine
That brought us home to Jesus.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

275

Key Ab.

More about Jesus would I know,
More of his grace to others show;
More of his saving fulness see,
More of his love who died for me.

CHO.—More, more about Jesus; :||

More of his saving fulness see,
More of his love who died for me.

More about Jesus let me learn,
More of his holy will discern;
Spirit of God, my teacher be,
Showing the things of Christ to me.

More about Jesus; in his word,
Holding communion with my Lord;
Hearing his voice in ev'ry line,
Making each faithful saying mine.

More about Jesus; on his throne,
Riches in glory all his own;
More of his kingdom's sure increase;
More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

—E. E. Hewitt.

276

Key Eb.

THY will to me, O God,
Is always wise and good:

I love thy will.

I have no earthly bliss
That can compare with this,
Thy loving hand I kiss,—
I love thy will.

CHO.—Amen, amen to all thy will,
Amen to all thy word,
Whate'er thy will, I love it still;
Amen, amen, my Lord.

Thou hast enlarged my heart,
Taught me this better part,
To know thy will.

The mists have fled away,
And each more blissful day
I run thy will to-obey,—
I love thy will.

3 My life of doubt is past,
My fears are gone at last,
I love thy will.
Mine is a life of joy,
No fears my soul annoy,
Thy will gives blest employ,—
I love thy will.

4 My ev'ry hour be spent,
My life a sweet consent
To all thy will.
I want no other way,
Mine only to obey
Thy will from day to day,
Thy perfect will.

5 I love it more than life,
With it I have no strife,
I love thy will.
I shall forevermore,
On yonder blissful shore,
With all the saints adore
Thy blessed will.

—Rev. John Parker.

277

Key G.

We praise thee, our Father,
We worship in gladness;
Thou rulest the waves of the sea;
The light of thy count'nance
Dispelling our sadness,
We yield our allegiance to thee.

CHO.—For thine is the kingdom,
The power, and the glory,
Forever and ever, forever, amen;
For thine is the kingdom,
The power, and the glory,
Forever and ever, amen.

2 We praise thee, our Father,
How safe our confiding,
For mercy upholdeth thy throne;
All goodness and blessing
Thy love is providing,
Thy strong arm defending thine own.

3 We praise thee, our Father,
We bless and adore thee,
With bright, gleaming hosts of the sky;
With reverent spirits
We bow down before thee;
Thy name is exalted most high.

4 We praise thee, our Father,
Our God everlasting;
The ages thy glories repeat;
The saints in thy mansions
With rapture are casting [feet.
Their starry-gemmed crowns at thy
—E. E. Hewitt.

278 *Key G.*

ALAS! how long have I refused
To hear the Saviour's call?
And yet I cannot let him go,—
My life, my hope, my all!

CHO.—O Saviour, stay, I will obey
Thy voice of love divine;
O Saviour stay go not away,
But take this heart of mine.

2 I come, a poor, unworthy soul,
And cast myself on thee;
Here, at the cross where thou hast died,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

3 Faith points to thy extended form,
And whispers, look and live;
I lift mine eyes, confess my sins,
And thou dost all forgive.

CHO.—O Saviour, stay, I now obey
Thy voice of love divine;
O Saviour, stay, and seal to-day
My heart forever thine.

4 Oh, blessed hour of hallowed peace
I ne'er before have known!
Thy smile my rainbow of delight,
Shines brightly from thy throne.
—James L. Black.

279 *Key G.*

DRAW me, O Lord, with the cords of thy
Draw me still closer to thee; [love,
What is the world to the mansion above
Thou art preparing for me?

CHO.—There is my home, my beautiful
Over the wave-girded sea; [home,
There in thy likeness my soul shall awake,
Happy, dear Saviour, in thee.

2 Draw me, O Lord, to the arms of thy
Open to welcome me there; [rest,
Soon shall I fly like a bird to its nest,
Ever thy glory to share.

3 Draw me, O Lord, where the friends of
the past
Roam on that bright, sunny plain;
O that my spirit may join them at last,
Never to lose them again.

4 Draw me, O Lord, where the faithful and
Labor and sorrow no more; [tried
Draw me away where I hope to abide,
Anchored and safe on the shore.
—Fanny J. Crosby.

280 *Key D.*

COME, oh, come to Jesus,
Seek the grace that frees us.
From the heavy bondage of our sin;
Guilt and need confessing,
Ask the promised blessing, [in.
Come, and let him make you pure with-

CHO.—Come, oh, come to Jesus,
At his altar bow;
Not a moment waiting,
Come to Jesus now!
||: Come, oh, come to Jesus.:||
Come, oh, come to Jesus and be saved.

2 See the fountain flowing,
Life and peace bestowing: [gave;
'Twas for you his precious blood he
Sweet old gospel story!
'Tis his highest glory
Ev'ry trusting soul to fully save.

3 Come, oh, come to Jesus,
Take the grace that frees us,
Take the great salvation for your own;
Making full surrender,
Drawn by love so tender,
Learn the joy of being his alone.
—E. E. Hewitt.

281 *Key Ab.*

SCATTERING the seed, the precious, pre-
cious seed,
Seeds of love and faith and duty;
Hear, oh, hear the word, the harvest will
Glorious in wealth and beauty. [appear,

CHO.—Let us not be weary, weary in well-
doing, [not die;
Praying while we sow the seed that can
Sowing by all waters, sowing to the Spirit,
We shall reap with rapture by and by.

2 Scattering the seed, wherever we may be,
Finding there a field of labor;
Sowing seeds of love which, springing up,
shall bear
Blessing to a needy neighbor.

3 Scattering the seed thro' weary, dark-
some hours,
Long may seem the night of weeping;
But the day will dawn of happy harvest
Time of everlasting reaping. [time,

4 Scattering the seed with willing heart and
Joyful is the harvest story; [hand,
Bringing home the sheaves, we'll shout the
To our Lord be all the glory! [jubilee,
—E. E. Hewitt

282 *Key Bb.*

How can we fall if the Saviour uphold us?
How can we fail if his banner we see?
Where is the faith that must arm for the
conquest

All that for Jesus true soldiers would be?

CHO.—On like the armies that have con-
quered before us, [track;
Leaving their footprints, we follow their
On with a courage that cannot be shaken,
Press our way forward, and never go back.

2 How can we fall when the Saviour is
leading
Steadily forth thro' the warfare of life?
How can we doubt when his arm has de-
feated

Many a foeman of peril and strife?

3 How can we fall tho' our foes may sur-
round us?
What tho' a legion against us may rise!
He is at hand who will surely defend us;
Truth and its forces they cannot surprise

4 On, for the day of rejoicing draws nearer,
Soon the bright standard of triumph shall
wave;
On, till the storm of the battle is over,
Look unto Jesus the Mighty to Save.
—James L. Black.

283 *Key Eb.*

WHEN our Saviour in his glory
With the angel host shall come, [ing
When in clouds from heaven descend-
He shall call his children home,

When before him shall be gathered
All the nations far and near,
What a shout of joy will greet him,
When the welcome words we hear:

CHO—Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Inherit the kingdom prepared for you
From the foundation of the world.

2 To the well of living water
If the thirsty we have led,
If the stranger we have sheltered,
And the hungry we have fed,
If a weary, fainting brother
We have tried to help and cheer,
Oh the rest that we shall enter,
When the welcome words we hear:

3 If we give our lives to Jesus
And delight to do his will,
If we follow out his teaching,
And his great commands fulfil,
If our light is seen by others,
Like the noonday bright and clear,
What a joyful, joyful meeting.
When the welcome words we hear:
—Fanny J. Crosby.

284 *Key G.*

THERE's a great day coming, a great day
coming,
There's a great day coming by and by,
When the saints and the sinners shall be
parted right and left,
Are you ready for that day to come?

CHO.—Are you ready? are you ready?
Are you ready for the judgement day?
Are you ready? are you ready
For the judgement day? [coming,

2 There's a bright day coming, a bright day
There's a bright day coming by and by,
But its brightness shall only come to them
that love the Lord,
Are you ready for that day to come?

3 There's a sad day coming, a sad day com-
There's a sad day coming by and by, [ing,
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De-
part, I know ye not,"
Are you ready for that day to come?
—W. L. Thompson.

285

Key Ab.

RETURN, O ye lost ones, for why will ye
stray [is the way,
Where cold winds are blowing, and dark
Perhaps but a footfall 'twixt you and the
grave?

Return unto Jesus the Mighty to Save.

CHO.—Return, return, ye lost ones, return,
Haste from the darkness into the light;
Let there be joy in the presence of the an-
Over your new-born souls to-night. [gels

2 Return, O ye lost ones, self-exiled from
home, [come;
The voice of the Spirit entreats you to
He calls, but you heed not; he speaks to
your heart;

Beware, lest in sorrow from you he depart.

3 Return, O ye lost ones, and wander no
more, [o'er;
For soon will the summer and harvest be
The sheaves will be gathered, and what
will you do

If there is no welcome in glory for you?

4 Return, O ye lost ones; this moment
arise, [eyes;
To him who redeemed you now lift up your
The light star is shining all lovely and
bright,

Return unto Jesus, he'll save you to-night.

—James L. Black.

286

Key C.

OUR Sunday-school, how sweet, how
To meet and learn of Jesus here; [dear
To read his word, whose ev'ry line
Is full of hope and joy divine.

CHO—Our blessed Sunday-school,
Our bright and happy home,
Within thy peaceful dome
We love, we love to come;
Our thoughts will cling to thee,
And still our prayer will be,
That God may bless and keep our
Sunday-school.

[sing
2 Our Sunday-school, where all may
Glad songs of praise to God our King.
And youthful hearts may find the way
To perfect peace and endless day.

3 Our school is like a garden fair, [care
Where plants are trained with tender
To bloom for him, the Lord of all,
Whose loving smiles like sunbeams fall.

4 Our Sunday-school, whose golden hours
From Eden bring refreshing showers,
In thee on earth we learn to live,
For thee our thanks to God we give.

—James R. Smith.

287

Key G.

PRaise the Lord! ye heav'ns, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

CHO.—Hallelujah! hallelujah! [name!
Praise the Lord and magnify his
Hallelujah! hallelujah! [proclaim.
Praise the Lord! his mighty power

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God has made his saints victorious:
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

—John Kemphorne.

288

Key Eb.

WAITING by the wayside
For the coming Master,
List'ning for his footsteps drawing nigh:
All is dark and dreary,
Waiting, sad and weary, [my cry.
Help me, Jesus, Master; hear, oh, hear

CHO.—[: Open thou mine eyes, :]
To thy rays of healing streaming from
the skies;
[: Open thou mine eyes, :] [lit skies,
Mercy now is streaming from the sun-

2 Waiting now no longer,
Faith is growing stronger, [near;
With the gracious Master standing
What is this glad greeting?
Hasten to the meeting! [lit skies.
Mercy now is streaming from the sun-

3 In my sin and sorrow
Courage I will borrow
From this sweet old story of his grace;
Looking on my Saviour,
Trusting in his favor, [smiling face.
Now my eyes, long darkened, see his
—E. E. Hewitt.

289 *Key D.*

THERE is healing at the fountain,
Come, behold the crimson tide, [ain,
Flowing down from Calvary's mount-
Where the Prince of Glory died.

CHO —O the fountain! blessed, healing
I am glad 'tis flowing free, [fountain!
O the fountain! precious, cleansing fount-
Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me. [ain!

2 There is healing at the fountain,
Come and find it, weary soul,
There your sins may all be covered;
Jesus waits to make you whole.

3 There is healing at the fountain,
Look to Jesus now and live,
At the cross lay down your burden;
All your wanderings he'll forgive.

4 There is healing at the fountain,
Precious fountain filled with blood,
Come, O come, the Saviour calls you,
Come and plunge beneath its flood.
—Fanny J. Crosby

290 *Key Db.*

OH, the Lord is rich in mercy.
As his word will sweetly show,
And the fount will never fail us
In its free and blessed flow;
We have grieved the Holy Spirit,
Heeding not his loving call,
Yet, in bringing true contrition
There is mercy for us all.

CHO.—Oh, there is mercy for all,
Mercy for you, mercy for me;
Oh, there is mercy for all,
Mercy for you and me.

2 Oh, the Lord is rich in mercy,
As he reigns in life above,
And we know 'tis sweetly blended
With his holy name of love;
As we all are weak and sinful,
He will prove a friend indeed,
And his mercy, ever flowing,
Meets our ev'ry want and need.

3 Oh, the Lord is rich in mercy,
As we all may see and know,
And he waits to hear us calling,
Tender mercy to bestow;
We are prone to sin and error,
We are prone to go astray,
Yet his mercy it will reach us,
And will bring us home to-day.

—E. A. Barnes.

291 *Key D.*

OPEN your heart to Jesus,
He's calling, "come home to-day;"
You will but wander farther
The longer you stay away.

CHO.—Open your heart to Jesus;
Oh, give him a welcome there;
Open your heart to Jesus,
And richest of treasures share.

2 Open your heart to Jesus,
Oh, open it *now* and wide;
Jesus is ever ready
To enter and there abide.

3 Open your heart to Jesus,
From wells of salvation drink;
Mercy's to you extended,
Tho' standing on ruin's brink.

4 Open your heart to Jesus,
He's waiting with open hand;
Fly for your life to Jesus,
The "Rock in a weary land."

—A. A. Armen.

292 *Key Bb.*

JESUS is the light, the way,
[: We are walking in the light; :]
Shining brighter day by day, [God.
We are walking in the beautiful light of

CHO.—[: We are walking in the light, :]
We are walking in the light, [God.
We are walking in the beautiful light of

THE JOYFUL SOUND.

2 We who know our sins forgiven,
 ¶: We are walking in the light;:¶
 Find on earth the joy of heaven, [God.
 We are walking in the beautiful light of

3 As we journey here below,
 ¶: We are walking in the light;:¶
 Oh, what joy and peace we know, [God.
 We are walking in the beautiful light of

4 We will sing his power to save,
 ¶: We are walking in the light;:¶
 We will triumph o'er the grave, [God.
 We are walking in the beautiful light of
 —R. Kelso Carter.

293 *Key Ab.*

OH, the deep, unfathomed ocean
 Of Jehovah's mighty love!
 How it bears me on its bosom
 To the mountain heights above!

CHO.—Oh, there's glory in my soul!
 And my joy I cannot tell,
 For I know that with my Saviour
 I am going home to dwell.

2 On that deep, unfathomed ocean,
 While I gaze with raptured eyes,
 I am lost amid the grandeur,
 Overwhelmed with glad surprise.

3 On that deep, unfathomed ocean
 I can hear the echoes ring
 Through the jasper gates that open
 To the palace of the King.

4 On that deep, unfathomed ocean
 Into life I soon shall glide,
 Floating still in bliss eternal
 O'er its calm and peaceful tide.
 —Sallie Martin.

294 *Key Ab.*

A SINNER lost, and yet I came,
 With all my guilt oppressed,
 And, kneeling down at Jesus' feet,
 I prayed to him for rest.

CHO.—I prayed in faith: he heard my
 My weight of guilt he bore; [prayer,
 He saved me then,—he saves me now,
 And saves me evermore.

2 A sinner lost,—O fearful state!
 But this my only plea.
 Dear Saviour, thou hast died for all,
 Have mercy, Lord, on me.

3 A sinner bound in captive chains,
 But Jesus set me free,
 And taught my heart with joy to sing
 His precious love to me.

4 A sinner lost, redeemed by grace,
 My latest song shall be,
 All praise to him who shed his blood
 To purchase life for me.
 —Sallie Smith.

295 *Key D.*

At the cross I've laid my burden;
 I have passed the narrow gate;
 Seeking for the holy city;
 On the King's command I wait.

CHO.—I would follow on to know him,
 Christ, the loveliest and best;
 In the paths of his own choosing,
 Knowing Jesus, oh, how blest!

2 Ah! so little do I know him,
 But I long to know him more;
 He has given me his promise;
 Let me plead it o'er and o'er.

3 Foll'wing him, my blest example,
 Walking where his feet have trod,
 Guided by his word and Spirit,
 Pleasing not myself, but God.

4 Here, as in a glass but dimly,
 I behold his matchless grace;
 Soon, beyond the silent river,
 I shall see him face to face.
 —E. E. Hewitt.

296 *Key Bb.*

LAND ahead! a light is gleaming
 O'er the dark and sullen waves,
 While the world at large is dreaming,
 Thinking not of him who saves.

Land ahead! sweet words so cheering
 To the tempest-tossed and tried,
 For the heavenly port we're nearing,
 Land for which we oft have sighed.

CHO.—But amid the tempest's roar,
Zion's ship is nearing shore;
Get the anchor o'er the rail,
Soon we'll cast within the vail.

2 Land ahead! "the night of weeping"
Yields to dawn of endless day;
Jesus comes to wake the sleeping
Jewels that are laid away.
Land ahead! our home in glory,
Pilgrims soon its shores will throng;
Then we'll sing "the old, old story,"
And will shout redemption's song.
—J. G. T. Cruse.

297 *Key Et.*

LOOKING to Jesus, bright Star of the day,
Looking to Jesus, the Truth and the Way,
Looking, believing, 'tis life evermore,
Praise him, my soul, and adore.

CHO.—Praise him, my soul, and adore,
Praise him, my soul, and adore;
Looking to Jesus, 'tis life evermore,
Praise him, my soul, and adore.

2 Looking to Jesus with faith in his name,
Seeing the cross where he suffer'd our
shame,
Humbly receiving his pardon and grace,
Patiently running the race.

3 Looking to Jesus, 'tis comfort and peace,
Help ever present when trials increase;
All fulness dwells in our Saviour and King;
Victory, victory sing.

—E. E. Hewitt.

298 *Key Db.*

THE temperance cause is moving on,
Our State and nation shall be free;
A better day begins to dawn:
We're marching on to victory!

CHO.—We're marching on, we're march-
ing on,

We're marching on to victory;
A better day begins to dawn, [victory.
We are marching, marching on to

2 Thy kingdom come, O Lord, we pray;
'Tis coming soon, the world shall see;
God save our homes, we cry to-day,
While marching on to victory.

3 The temperance banner soon shall wave
From north to south, from sea to sea:
With earnest step, ye true and brave,
We're marching on to victory!

4 We soon shall join the glad refrain:
"The land we love at last is free!
Hosanna! swell the joyful strain!"
We're marching on to victory!

5 The crowning work will soon be done:
God speed the coming jubilee!
Behold, the day is almost won!
We're marching on to victory!

—Nathan Dun, B. D.

299 *Key A.*

SHOULDER to shoulder, pressing on with
prayer; [bear.
One the road we journey, one the name we
One great foe confronts us, 'tis the host of
sin; [win.
One great faith unites us; only thus we

CHO.—Marching, marching, marching on
together, [hand;
Working, working, working hand in
Marching, marching on to holy warfare,
On to brightest glory in Immanuel's land.

2 Shoulder to shoulder, in the work of life;
Never room for envy, never time for strife.
Faithful, true, and earnest, on the whiten-
ing field, [yield.
So shall Christian labor golden harvests

3 Shoulder to shoulder, one in blest ac-
cord, [Lord.
Following one Master, worshipping one
Closer grows our union; oh, the mighty
bond! [home beyond.
One sweet love constraining, one bright
—E. E. Hewitt.

300 *Key C.*

A BUGLE note of triumph
Is sounding thro' the land,
A note that stirs the nation
To help the temp'rance band;
And loyal, faithful workers,
Who toiled 'mid hope and fear,
Proclaim with glad thanksgiving
That victory is near.

CHO.—||: Pray on, and work together,
And fight without a fear;
We'll give to God the glory,
That victory is near. :||

2 There once was but a handful
Who dared to strike a blow
But now a mighty army
Is fighting with the foe.
New reinforcements daily
Are greeted with a cheer,
For fresh recruits tell plainly
That victory is near.

3 The prayers of wives and mothers,
The life-blood of the brave,
The ceaseless toil of thousands
Unite the lost to save.
There is no gift too precious
To aid a cause so dear;
No sacrifice too costly
When victory is near.

—Lanta Wilson Smith.

301 *Key Bb.*

OH, we are young soldiers for Jesus,
And he, our Commander and Friend,
Will help us each one to be faithful,
And lead us safe on to the end;
Wherever the post of our duty
Let none of us falter nor fear;
Remember no danger can harm us
When Jesus our Saviour is near.

CHO.—Oh, we are young soldiers for Je-
And he, our Commander and Friend,
Will help us each one to be faithful,
And lead us safe on the end.

2 Oh, we are young soldiers for Jesus,
And promise to follow him still;
A place in the Sunday-school army
To-day we are happy to fill;
Yes, we are young soldiers for Jesus,
And proudly our colors we show;
Our watchword is RIGHT and PRESS ON-
WARD;

We dread not the field nor the foe.

3 Our pathway may sometimes be rugged,
Our marching may sometimes belong,
But gladly our footsteps shall ever
Keep time to the voice of our song;

And oh, when the warfare is over,
And Jesus our Saviour shall come,
How sweetly we'll rest on his bosom,
In Eden, dear Eden, our home.

—Jennie E. Johnson.

302 *Key Db.*

JESUS is waiting his grace to bestow; [snow;
Sin "red like crimson" he makes white as
Loving us freely, his life-blood he gave;
Blessed Redeemer! he's mighty to save.

CHO.—||: Mighty to save, mighty to save,
Jesus is mighty to save. :||

2 Standing alone in the strife we shall fail;
Close to our Leader his might will prevail;
Or if a blessing for others we crave,
Pray on, believing,—he's mighty to save.

3 Take him the burden that weighs on your
heart,
Take him the trouble, he'll comfort impart;
Held by his hand we can walk on the wave;
Look up to Jesus, he's mighty to save.

4 Up from the valley the darkness is gone
When Jesus brings there the beauty of
dawn;
Vict'ry, glad vict'ry, we sing o'er the grave!
Glory to Jesus! he's mighty to save.

—E. E. Hewitt.

303 *Key D.*

AWAKE, awake, with cheerful heart and
voice, [raise;
To Zion's God our sweetest anthem
Awake, awake, let heav'n and earth rejoice,
||: And shout aloud in tuneful strain Je-
hovah's praise. :||

He crowns the year with mercy,
He fills our cup with joy,
His love is everlasting,
Let praise our tongues employ;
His blessings fall around us
Like dew and summer showers,
||: He cheers the path before us,
And makes it bright with flowers. :||

Awake, awake, with cheerful heart and
voice, [raise;
To Zion's God our sweetest anthem
Awake, awake, let heav'n and earth rejoice,
||: And shout aloud in tuneful strain Je-
hovah's praise. :||

He is watching kindly o'er us,
 Bending low our song to hear,
 ¶: And we know with ev'ry moment,
 Guardian angels hover near. :||

Joyful, joyful, glorify his name,
 Now in his temple grateful homage pay.
 Hail him, hail him, join the loud acclaim,
 Sing hallelujah, worship him to-day;
 Shout, shout aloud, come with one accord,
 ¶: Sing hallelujah, praise ye the Lord. :||

—Geo. K. Thompson

304 *Key Bb.*

WHEN in the tempest he'll hide us,
 When in the storm he'll be near;
 All the way 'long he will carry us on,—
 Now we have nothing to fear.

CHO.—Jesus is strong to deliver,
 Mighty to save, mighty to save!
 Jesus is strong to deliver,
 Jesus is mighty to save!

2 When in my sorrow he found me,
 Found me, and bade me be whole,
 Turned all my night into heavenly light,
 And from me my burden did roll.

3 Why are you doubting and fearing,
 Why are you still undersin? [abound,
 Have you not found that his grace doth
 He's mighty to save, let him in!

4 You say, "I-am weak, I am helpless.
 I've tried again and again;" [you do.
 Well, this may be true, but its not what
 'Tis *he* who's the "mighty to save"

305 *Key Ab.*

OH, blessed fellowship divine!

Oh, joy supremely sweet!

Companionship with Jesus here

Makes life with bliss replete.

In union with the purest one

I find my heav'n on earth begun.

CHO.—¶: Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy
 sublime!

I've Jesus with me all the time. :||

2 I'm walking close to Jesus' side,
 So close that I can hear
 The softest whispers of his love,
 In fellowship so dear,
 And feel his great, almighty hand
 Protects me in this hostile land.

3 I'm leaning on his loving breast,
 Along life's weary way;
 My path illumined by his smiles,
 Grows brighter day by day.
 No foes, no woes my heart can fear,
 With my almighty Friend so near.

4 I know his shelt'ring wings of love
 Are always o'er me spread,
 And tho' the storms may fiercely rage,
 All calm and free from dread,
 My peaceful spirit ever sings,
 "I'll trust the covert of thy wings."
 —Mary D. James.

306 *Key G.*

CONSECRATE me now, Jesus, my Redeem-
 er, [would be;
 Thine alone, and thine forever, Lord, I
 Purify my heart, all its dross removing, [me.
 Let thine own Eternal Spirit dwell with

CHO.—O my Saviour, come and bless me,
 Come in the fulness of love divine;
 Consecrate me now, Jesus, my Redeemer,
 All I have is on the altar, all is thine.

2 Nearer would I live; nearer, ev'ry mo-
 ment, [up to thee;
 Let my faith with cloudless vision mount
 Passive in thy hand, by thy will directed,
 Still in perfect, calm submission hold
 thou me.

3 When my work is done, when its cares
 are over, [see,
 When the gates of yonder city joyful I
 Then before the throne, shouting hallelujah,
 I will give the praise and glory, Lord,
 to thee. —Fanny J Crosby.

307 *Key Eb.*

ALL my life long I had panted
 For a draught from some cool spring,
 That I hoped would quench the burn-
 Of the thirst I felt within. [ing

CHO.—Hallelujah! I have found it—
 What my soul so long has craved!
 Jesus satisfies my longings;
 Through his blood I now am saved.

2 Feeding on the husks around me,
 Till my strength was almost gone,
 Longed my soul for something better,
 Only still to hunger on.

- 3 Poor I was, and sought for riches,
Something that would satisfy,
But the dust I gathered round me
Only mocked my soul's sad cry.
- 4 Well of water ever springing,
Bread of life so rich and free,
Untold wealth that never faileth,
My Redeemer is to me. —Clara Teare.

308 *Key Ab.*

I'VE found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain.

CHO.—'Tis Jesus, my portion forever,
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last;

A help very present in trouble,
A shelter from ev'ry blast.

2 I've found a branch for healing
Near ev'ry bitter spring,
A whispered promise stealing
O'er ev'ry broken string.

3 I've found a glad hosanna
For ev'ry woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna,
When grapes of Eschol fail.

4 I've found the Rock of Ages,
When desert wells are dry;
And after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh.

5 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade;
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.

6 O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.

—Mrs. J. F. Crewdson

309 *Key Ab.*

THERE is perfect cleansing in the precious
That flows for all so free, [blood
There is full salvation in its crimson flood;
There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

CHO.—||: There's a blessing for me. :||
A blessing from the Lord for me;
There is full salvation in the crimson flood;
There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

2 I am saved each moment through the
cleansing blood
That now by faith I see;
I am sweetly resting at the cross I love;
There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

3 O the blood that keeps me from the pow'r
My constant theme shall be, [of sin
I have laid my burden at the Saviour's feet;
There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

4 There is life eternal in the precious blood
That still is flowing free, [cross;
And my soul shall glory in the Saviour's
There's a blessing from the Lord for me.
—Hemietta E Blair.

310 *Key Bb.*

WHEN lost among the wild, dark mount-
Far, far from thee, [ains,
I heard thy gentle voice my Saviour,
Calling in love to me.

CHO.—Safe within thy arms of mercy,
Never more to roam;
Oh, let me rest in peace forever,
Safe in my heart's dear home.

2 When lost among the wild, dark
Sad was my cry, [mountains,
Till softly came the words so tender,
"Fear not, for here am I."

3 O teach me to adore and praise thee,
Saviour divine;
Now I have made a full surrender,
All that I am is thine.

4 Wherever thou wilt lead, I'll follow
Close, close to thee;
One prayer alone my soul is breathing,
Saviour, abide with me.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

311 *Key Bb.*

LONG, weary years in sin I wandered,
Far from the fold: [me.
Till Christ, the loving Shepherd, found
Out in the midnight cold.

Hungry and thirsty then he led me
Where waters flow,
And with refreshing manna fed me,
He washed me white as snow.

CHO.—Vain, delusive world, forever,
Now I sing farewell,
Jesus, my loving Saviour, keeps me,
His love I'll gladly tell.

2 O for a heart to praise my Saviour!
For he has died,
And my exulting soul finds favor
Close to his bleeding side;
There may I cling thro' life, and never
Grieve him away,
And in those heavenly mansions ever
Spend an eternal day.

3 Salvation thrills my soul with glad-
Praise ye the Lord! [ness;
No more I'll yield again to sadness,
But trust in the blessed Word.
To Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
All three in one,
Be glory through a Saviour's merit,
Ever thy will be done.

—Dr. H. L. Gilmour.

312 *Key Bb.*

If you want pardon, if you want peace,
If you want sighing and sorrow to cease,
Look up to Jesus who died on the tree
To purchase a full salvation.

[cross,

CHO.—Living beneath the shade of the
Counting the jewels of earth but as dross;
Washed in the blood that flowed from his
Enjoying a full salvation. [side,

2 I am so glad that Jesus saved me,
Purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree!
I am washed in th'-blood he shed for me
Enjoying a full salvation. [there,

3 If you want Jesus to reign in your soul.
Plunge in the fountain and you shall be
whole;
Look up to Jesus, who died on the tree,
To purchase a full salvation.

4 There's peace in believing, sweet peace
to the soul.

To know that he maketh me perfectly whole;
There's joy everlasting to feel his blood
'Tis life my Redeemer to know. [flow,

5 There's peace in believing, sweet peace
to the soul,

To know that he maketh me perfectly whole;
Oh, come to the fountain, oh, come at his
There's healing and cleansing for all. [call.

—F. H. Steele.

313 *Key G.*

Oh, spotless Lamb, I come to thee,
No longer can I from thee stay;
Break ev'ry chain, now set me free,
Take all my sins away.

CHO.—||: Take all my sins away. :||
My precious Saviour full of love,
Take all my sins away.

2 My hungry soul cries out for thee,
Come, and forever seal my breast;
To thy dear arms at last I flee,
There only can I rest.

3 Weary I am of inbred sin,
Oh, wilt thou not my soul release?
Enter, and speak me pure within,
Give me thy perfect peace.

—Marchale Booth.

314 *Seymour-F.*

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast; [tain.
There thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my Spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

—John Newton.

315 *Key D.*

THE Christ is found, we've waited long,
The Holy One, the Promised One;
Our fears are gone, our hopes are strong
In God's victorious Son.

CHO.—Oh, look and believe, oh, come
and receive

The Christ who died for thee;
The Son of Man is the Son of God;
Come, doubting heart, and see.

2 The Man of Grief shall dry thy tears,
His hands were bound to set thee free,
His blood shall cleanse the sin of years,
Come, trembling heart, and see.

3 He calms the storm to give thee peace.
He dies thine endless life to be,
He lives to bid thy sorrow cease,
Now come to him and see.

—Priscilla J. Owens.

316 *Key D.*

JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come. [and receive

CHO.—Oh, look and believe, oh, come
The Christ who died for thee;

The Son of Man is the Son of God;
Come, doubting heart, and see.

2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be
blest?

Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
Christ brings relief to hearts oppress—
O weary sinner, come.

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
His grace o'er pays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, come.

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come.

5 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come; [come;
Who thirsts, who faints, who will, may
Thy Saviour calls thee, come!

317 *Key Ab.*

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping, |
I shall be soon; |

Beyond the waking and the sleeping, |
Beyond the sowing and the reaping, |
I shall be soon. |

Love, rest, and home! sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading, |
I shall be soon; |

Beyond the shining and the shading, |
Beyond the hoping and the dreading, |
I shall be soon. | Love, rest, etc.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting, |
I shall be soon; |

Beyond the calming and the fretting, |
Beyond remembering and forgetting, |
I shall be soon. | Love, rest, etc.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting, |
I shall be soon; |

Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, |
I shall be soon. | Love, rest, etc.

—H. Bonar.

318 *Key A.*

GLORY be to the Father, | and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost; [ever shall be,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and |
World without end. Amen.

319 *Key Ab.*

WHEN we come with burdened souls
And before our Father bow,
Shall we pray for you dear friend?
Shall we plead for you just now?

CHO.—Shall we pray for you?

While our heart-petitions blend,
Coming in the Saviour's name,
Shall we pray for you, dear friend?

2 Shall we ask a living faith,
And a new and better heart?

That the Holy Spirit now
May renewing grace impart?

3 Are you willing we should know
That you long for peace within?

Do you seek the Lord indeed,
And the power that saves from sin?

4 Come and join us in our prayer;
Low before the Saviour bow;

While he waits to hear your voice,
Give yourself to Jesus now.

—E. E. Hewitt.

320 *Key Ab.*

WHEN doubt and conflict weigh me
And clouds before me rise, [down,
Whose gath'ring gloom and deep'ning
With sorrow fills mine eyes, [shade

'Tis then I lift my fainting soul
In prayer that I may be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 When joys that once I thought so true
Have lost each balmy sweet, [ers,
And withered hopes, like summer flow-
Lie crushed beneath my feet,
With quivering lip and yearning heart
I pray on bended knee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 While day by day I journey on
To reach that world sublime,
That stands in perfect loveliness
Beyond the shore of time;
My faith looks up and softly breathes
The prayer so dear to me,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

—Martha J. Lankton.

321 *Key Ab.*

OFT I hear hope sweetly singing,
Softly in an undertone;
Singing as if God had taught her—
“It is better farther on.” [song—
Night and day she sings this same
Sings it while I sit alone,
Sings it so my heart may hear it—
“It is better farther on.”

2 When my faith took hold on Jesus,
Light divine within me shone,
And I know since that glad moment,
“It is better farther on.”
Daily coming to the fountain,
Flowing free for ev’ry one,
I am saved, and hope is singing—
“It is better farther on.”

3 Farther on! but how much farther?
Count the milestones one by one;
No, no counting, only trusting—
“It is better farther on.”
Hope, my soul, hope on forever,
All thy doubts and fears be gone,
Jesus will forsake thee never—
“It is better farther on.”

—Arr. by James Nicholson.

322 *Pleyel's Hymn-G.*

GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,
Let thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.
3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

323 *Pleyel's Hymn-G.*

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o’er my soul.
3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

324 *Boyleston-C.*

LORD, God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.
3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe:

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above; [fire,
And give us hearts and tongues of
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

—James Montgomery.

325 *Boyleston-C.*

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine,

2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 O melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

—Benjamin Beddome.

326 *Rockingham-G.*

COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of that day,
When, with thy fiery, cloven tongues
Thou didst such glorious scenes display.

2 Lord, we believe to us and ours,
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heav'n.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

4 If every one that asks, may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty, rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

5 O leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

327 *Rockingham-G.*

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path; [might;
Souls without strength, inspire with
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify.
Till every kindred call him Lord.

328 *Fountain-Eb.*

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
But all their joys are one. [tongues,

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
"To be exalted thus!" [cry,
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

329 *Key F.*

THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee;
The Lord make his face shine upon thee
And be gracious unto thee: [thee,
The Lord lift up his countenance upon
And give thee peace. Amen.

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

(WORD EDITION.)

330

Key C.

O LORD, in thy Zion praise waiteth for thee;
Thy glories are seen on the land, on the sea;
We come to thy courts with thanksgiving
to-day.

With grateful affection our homage we pay.

CHO.—We come with thanksgiving,—O
service of joy! [ploy;

Thy goodness and mercy our lips shall em-
We come with thanksgiving, thy love to
proclaim, [thy name.
We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship

2 "The earth is the Lord's;" yea, its ful-
ness is thine: [mine;

The field and the forest, the wealth of the
Thine all the years' bounty, its harvests of
gold, [ings untold.

Thy kindness hath crowned us with bless-

3 Ten thousand the dangers that lurk in
our way, [stay;

But thou hast been with us, our shelter and
Thine arm hath encompassed thy people
For Israel's God is Deliverer still. [from ill,

4 Thy hand hath been open our needs to
supply, [cry;

Thine ear been attentive to each humble
Thy grace all-abounding, O wonderful gift!
Again with rejoicing our souls we uplift.

—E. E. Hewitt.

331

Key C.

SOUND the trumpet loud and long,
The temple gates fling wide,

Lo! he comes, the Great, the Strong,
In Zion to abide;

Not as in the former days

A man of sorrows he,

Nations join to give him praise,

And bow th' adoring knee.

CHO.—Sound the trumpet loud and
The temple gates fling wide, [long,
Lo! he comes, the Great, the Strong,
In Zion to abide.

2 Blow the trumpet's joyful blast,
Return, ye wanderers, home;
Your oppressor's power is past,
The Jubilee is come:
David's Son and Lord shall reign,
His throne secure shall be;
Speed the news o'er land and main,
His people all are free.

3 Blow the trumpet, shout and sing,
Let all the vales rejoice,
Let the hills and mountains ring,
And utter forth their voice:
Zion's bulwarks firmly stand,
Her walls in beauty shine;
Strong her great Deliverer's hand,
His majesty divine.

—Mrs. Kate Sumner Burr.

332

Key D.

THE Lord is my banner
And the Lord is my King;
We'll shout in his presence
And his praises we'll sing:
My Rock of Salvation,
He is mighty to save
From sin and temptation
And from death and the grave.

CHO.—Then we'll sing of his mercy
And we'll trust in his word,
And shout hallelujah
To the praise of the Lord.

2 The Lord is my Saviour,
My Redeemer from sin,
The light of his presence
Makes me joyful within;

- The sunlight of glory
Has illumined my soul,
And the gift of his Spirit
Makes me perfectly whole.
- 3 The Lord is my refuge
When temptations arise,
When clouds of thick darkness
Overshadow the skies;
When tempests are blowing
And the dark billows roll;
I'm hiding in Jesus,
And have peace in my soul.
- 4 From the Rock that was smitten,
"That is higher than I,"
Come streams of salvation
From the throne in the sky:
We'll honor the Saviour
For his infinite love,
And work till he calls us
To his praises above.
- Rev. John O. Foster, A. M.

333 *Key C.*

- THINE forever, gracious King!
Safe I rest beneath thy wing,
While I hear thy voice divine
Whisper softly, I am thine.
- CHO.—Thine, because thy word has said
That for me thy blood was shed;
Thine, because to thee I came,
Asking mercy in thy name.
- 2 Thine forever, gracious King!
Now my trusting heart can sing:
Thine forever, praise to thee!
Thou hast paid the debt for me.
- 3 When the waves like mountains rise,
When the clouds o'erspread the skies,
Still I hear thy voice divine
Whisper softly, I am thine.
- 4 Thine forever, owned and blest,
Sweetly there my faith I rest;
Thine forever, born of thee,
Heir of immortality.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

334 *Key D.*

- WEARY, oh, yes, thou art weary,
Bearing thy burden of sin;
Clouds of the night are above thee,
Fear and temptation within:

- CHO.—Hear the sweet voice that is
pleading with thee,
Pleading with thee, pleading with thee,
Hear the sweet voice that is pleading
Tenderly pleading with thee. [with thee.]
- 2 Lonely, oh, yes, thou art lonely,
Plodding thy desolate way, [thee.
Far from the arms that would shield
Far from the light and the day.
- 3 Troubled, oh, yes, thou art troubled;
Comfort has flown from thy breast;
Only in Jesus thy refuge,
Only in him is thy rest.
- 4 Weary and lonely and troubled,
Broken in spirit and heart,
Come to thy gracious Redeemer:
Child of his mercy thou art.

—J. Jackson.

335 *Key E.*

- I HAVE a gracious Master,
He helps me ev'ry day,
When golden light is sparkling,
When all the sky is gray;
His teaching is so patient:
He tells me what to do,
And binds in his glad service
My heart to his anew.
- CHO.—Who would not know this Sav-
This Master and this Friend? [your,
Oh, will you not accept him
Whose love can never end?
- 2 I have a Friend so faithful,
So tender and so true:
His love to me is boundless,
His power is boundless too;
He never will forsake me,
This precious truth I know;
His word cannot be broken,
And he has told me so.
- 3 I have a mighty Saviour
My utmost need to meet,
His blood is perfect cleansing,
I stand in him complete;
O Saviour, Friend almighty,
I long to love thee more,
And better, sweeter praises
Unceasingly outpour.

—E. E. Hewitt

336*Key G.*

NEARER to Jesus, his precious blood
Resting upon me, a healing flood,
Cleansing me daily from sin's dark stain,
So shall I ever new life obtain.

CHO.—Nearer, nearer, nearer to thee,
Saviour, dear Saviour, oh, help me to be;
Nearer, nearer, nearer, I pray,
Draw me still nearer, nearer each day.

2 Nearer to Jesus, that I may hear [cheer,
Each whispered counsel, each word of
Hearing and heeding from hour to hour,
Seeking, when tempted, his saving power.

3 Nearer to Jesus in sunshine bright,
Coming still nearer in sorrow's night;
When all that's earthly is growing dim,
Upward, still upward, nearer to him.

—E. E. Hewitt.

337*Key G.*

MARCHING together with banners so
Joyfully onward we go; [bright,
Singing to Jesus glad songs of delight,
Joyfully onward we go.

CHO.—Marching to-day, marching to-day,
Lovingly, joyfully, onward we go;
Beautiful way, O beautiful way,
Joyfully onward we go.

2 Looking to Jesus, our Saviour and Guide,
Joyfully onward we go;
Trusting the promise that he will provide,
Joyfully onward we go.

3 Never discouraged, whatever befall,
Joyfully onward we go;
Knowing the Saviour will answer our call,
Joyfully onward we go.

4 Marching together, united in love,
Joyfully onward we go;
Home to the mansions preparing above
Joyfully onward we go.

—Henry J. Taylor.

338.*Key Bb.*

JESUS! dear and hallowed name,
Falling sweetly on my ear;
Thee, above all other names,
Doth my grateful heart revere.

CHO.—Precious name! holy name!
Glory is thine own;
Life and mercy come to me
Through thy grace alone.

2 Jesus! oh, what thrills of hope
Lift my soul to noble life!
Blessed talisman of love
With me through all earthly strife.

3 Jesus! wondrous power and might
Dwell within that sacred name;
When I feel temptation near,
Then thy strength divine! claim.

4 Jesus! let me hear that name
In my hour of pain and grief,
Over all my troubled soul
Casting then its sweet relief.

5 Jesus! when I say farewell
To all else I hold most dear,
May that hallowed name of names
Fall upon my listening ear.

—Mrs. R. N. Turner.

339*Key Ab.*

I REDEEMED thee, saith the Lord;
Oh, that voice of love profound!
Angel choirs in wonder heard,
Listening ages caught the sound.

CHO.—Sweetest words that ever came
From the lips of truth divine,
"I have called thee by thy name,
I redeemed thee, thou art mine."

2 I redeemed thee, saith the Lord,
Echoed from the prophet's tongue;
Man through grace shall be restored,
Trusting Faith believed and sung.

3 I redeemed thee, saith the Lord;
Lo! the mighty work is done!
Now fulfilled Jehovah's word
In the gift of Christ his Son.

4 I redeemed thee, saith the Lord;
Come and worship at his throne;
Come, proclaim with one accord,
We are his and not our own.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

340*Key G.*

SICK and weary, broken-hearted,
Bowed with sorrow, guilt, and woe;
Where, oh, where but unto Jesus
Can a helpless wand'rer go?

CHO.—At his feet on bended knee,
This my humble, earnest prayer shall
Saviour, look in tender mercy,— [be.
Have compassion, Lord, on me.

2 I have heard his invitation,
Yet I would not seek his face;
I have closed my heart against him,
And refused his offered grace.

3 Still he calls me by his Spirit,
Bids me turn to him and live;
If by faith I now receive him,
Oh, how freely he'll forgive.

4 O my Saviour, help and lead me
To the fountain filled with blood;
Fold thy loving arms around me,
While I plunge beneath its flood.

—Lizzie Edwards.

341 *Key G*

I CAME to the fountain that cleanseth from
sin, [have been
The life-giving fountain where millions
I came in my weakness, o'erburdened with
care, [there.
To find my Redeemer and Saviour was

CHO.—Waiting for me, waiting for me,
Jesus my Saviour is waiting for me;
Still at the fount oft would I be
Where Jesus my Saviour is waiting for me.

2 He saw me approaching and tenderly
said, [shed;
To purchase thy ransom my blood I have
And if thou art willing just now to believe,
The light of my Spirit thy soul shall receive.

3 I flew to his mercy, O joyful surprise,
For lo, my Redeemer had opened mine
eyes;
I flew to the refuge no other could give,
And faithfully promised for Jesus to live.

4 And now in his presence I walk with
delight, [night;
And feel his protection by day and by
I think of the fountain, so precious and free,
Where Jesus my Saviour was waiting for
me, —Frank Hendricks.

342 *Key Ab.*

THANK God for a perfect salvation,
That makes me to-day what I am,—
A sanctified child of his mercy,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.

CHO.—||: O rest sweet rest.
I rest in the arms of his love.:||

2 He lifts me above the temptations
That once could allure me to sin,
He saves me from all my transgressions,
And cleanseth my spirit within.

3 I live in the constant enjoyment
Of peace that no language can tell,
Should trials in future await me,
I know with my soul 'twill be well.

4 Praise God for a perfect salvation,
My faith is unclouded and bright,
My hope like an anchor is steadfast,
My mansion of glory in sight.
—Martha J. Lankton.

343 *Key C.*

SEE the host of redeemed ones advancing
Rolling on like a great, mighty flood;
Shield and sword in the sunlight are glanc-
ing,

As they march to the kingdom of God!

CHO.—Marching on, marching on to the
kingdom,
With banner, with shout and with song,
The redeemed of ev'ry land,
A triumphant happy band,
Marching on to the kingdom of God

2 At the head of this army victorious
There is One who can know no dismay;
For his march is both onward and glorious,
And triumphant, eternal his sway!

3 Lo! the kingdom of Satan is falling,
And shaken the power of his sway,
For the millions that sin was enthraling,
Are joining the victors to-day.
—Emma M. Johnston.

344 *Key C.*

TRAVELER, haste, the day is waning,
Soon its latest beam will set;
Haste where mercy now invites thee,
And thy Lord is waiting yet,

CHO.—Hear him say. O why delay?
Time is swiftly flying; do not stay;
Come where mercy now invites thee,
Traveler, haste, O haste away.

2 Thou wilt find no other refuge,
He alone has power to save;
From the darkness of the future,
From the midnight of the grave.

3 Do not wait until the morrow,
It may dawn, but not for thee;
Now there's pardon at the fountain,
Precious fountain, full and free.

4 Still thy long-rejected Saviour
Bids thee ask him and receive
All the blessings he has promised
When repentant souls believe.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

315 *Key A.*

BROTHER, leave the path of sin,
Jesus waits to help you;
He can break the bands within,
Jesus waits to help you.

CHO.—Victory! victory!
Glorious, glorious victory!
Christ will break the tempter's power,
Give you vict'ry from this hour.

2 Brother, be no more a slave,
Jesus waits to help you;
Perfect freedom you may have,
Jesus waits to help you.

3 Brother come and join our band,
Jesus waits to help you;
He will lead you by the hand,
Jesus waits to help you.

4 Brother, will you still delay?
Jesus waits to help you;
Take a stand for right to day,
Jesus waits to help you.

—Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

316 *Key G.*

LISTEN to the voice of Jesus
As he calls you by your name:
He has promised to redeem you,
He for you from heaven came.

CHO.—Come and trust my Saviour,
Give your life to him,
He will fully save you,
He will keep from sin.

2 Come then, pilgrim on life's pathway,
Come, your soul may find sweet rest;
'Tis for you the Saviour calleth,
You may nestle in his breast.

3 Wondrous love! dear pilgrim, listen;
Canst thou yet resist his call?
Come and give to him your talents,
Give your heart, your life, your all.

4 O how blessed shall your life be,
Trusting in my Saviour, Friend;
By his Spirit he will lead you,
Angels shall your wants attend.

—M. W. Morse.

317 *Key Db.*

IN this sinful world I'm walking
Jesus is my Strength and Guide,
And I know there's naught can harm
While I'm walking at his side; [me
Tho' oft-times the storm-clouds gather,
Wild waves beat and tempests roar,
Jesus by the hand doth lead me,
And I'm safe forevermore.

CHO.—Walking, walking,
Walking at my Saviour's side;
Nothing in the world can harm me,
While I'm walking at my Saviour's side.

2 Clouds disperse; the sun shines brightly,
Flow'rs along my pathway spring,
Then my Saviour seems more precious,
Praises unto him I sing;
Patiently awhile I'll tarry,
Till he calls me to come home,
There I'll meet with many loved ones,
Never more from them to roam.

—D. Y. Stephens.

318 *Key Ab.*

O SWEET is the voice of my Shepherd,
Who leadeth me day by day,
Who covers my life with his mercy,
And lovingly guides my way. [tide,

CHO.—He feedeth his flock at the noon-
Where fountains are murmuring low,
He feedeth his flock by the lilies,
In beautiful vales that grow.

2 When far from my Shepherd I wan-
Alone on the mountain cold, [dered,
He carried me home from the darkness
To rest in his own dear fold.

3 And tho' I may walk thro' the shadow,
No evil can harm me there;
His rod and his staff are my comfort,
He maketh my soul his care.

4 O sweet is the voice of my Shepherd,
No other so kind as he:
The wonderful, wonderful Shepherd,
Who laid down his life for me!

—Fanny J. Crosby.

349

Key G.

I WILL go to Jesus now,
While the Holy Spirit calls,
On my heart his invitation
Like the evening dewdrop falls;
I will seek the cleansing fountain
That is open now for me,
I will take my sins to Jesus,
And accept his grace so free.

CHO.—I will go to Jesus now,
He is ready to forgive;
I will go to Jesus now,
He is waiting to receive;
Praise the Lord for free salvation,
Where the blood-stained banner
waves;
Oh, this great, almighty Saviour!
To the uttermost he saves.

2 I will go to Jesus now;
Need I question him or doubt?
Here's the faithful word of promise,
"I will never cast thee out;"
Oh, to trust him, trust him wholly,
Whatsoever may oppose,
There is victory with Jesus,
For he conquers all his foes.

3 I will go to Jesus now;
'Tis the glory of his name
That he saves the "chief of sinners,"
That to seek the lost he came;
Oh, my stony heart is broken
When his outstretched hands I see,
Wounded hands, O loving Saviour!
Wounded unto death for me.

4 I will go to Jesus now,
For the welcome feast is spread,
Angel harps ring out in rapture
When they live who once were dead;

Now the Shepherd is rejoicing
E'en one wand'rer to restore;
He will lead me on to heaven,
He will save me evermore.

—E. E. Hewitt.

350

Key C.

JUST beyond the rolling river,
I've a home all fair and bright;
Angels guide me safely over, [light,
Where they're clothed in robes of
There bright sunbeams gild the path-
Beams of pure eternal love, [way,
And sweet flowers bloom immortal,
In the pilgrim's home above.

CHO.—Hark! I hear the angels calling;
Yes, they're calling me away,
Far away beyond the river,
Where my kindred spirits stay.

2 Tho' the pathway lies thro' sorrow,
Dangers all along the way;
Oh, there is a bright to-morrow,
Perfect bliss and endless day;
For we'll meet with many loved ones
Who have crossed the path before,
Sing with them the songs immortal,
On that glad and happy shore.

3 Often sad along the journey,
Thorns oppress my weary feet;
Yet my watchword shall be onward,
For my resting-place is sweet.
Soon I'll drop this robe of sadness,
Sing no more earth's pilgrim song,
Strike a higher note of gladness,
Gathered with a holy throng.

—Miss Maloney.

351

Key Ab.

SEND out thy light and truth, O Lord,
Let them our leaders be,
To guide us to thy holy hill,
Where we shall worship thee;
Send out thy light o'er land and sea,
Till every heart shall bow to thee.

CHO.—Send out thy light,
Thy light and truth, O Lord.

2 Send out thy light and truth, O Lord.
Where sin's dark shadows fall;
Arouse the soldiers of the cross
To heed the trumpet's call;

Send out thy truth where error reigns,
And cleanse away its crimson stains.

3 Send out thy light and truth, O Lord,
The tidings glad to spread,
Till by those sweet evangel-tones,
All nations shall be led;
Send out thy light, O beauteous Star,
And beam upon the isles afar.

4 Send out thy light and truth, O Lord,
To speed that glorious day
When all the ransomed shall delight
Thy precepts to obey;
Send out thy truth, O Word divine,
Till every blood-bought soul is thine.
—F. G. Burroughs.

352*Key D.*

FINDING in Jesus a present help;
Looking to Jesus while passing along:
Surely, my brothers, we will sing on our
With life for the theme of our song. [way,

CHO.—There is life, life in the Son,
There is life in the crucified One;
Sing hallelujah! oh, sing hallelujah!
For there is life in the Son.

2 Clinging to Jesus in faith and love,
Having in Jesus a refuge so strong:
Surely, my brothers, we will sing and rejoice,
With life for the theme of our song.

3 Having in Jesus a blessed hope,
Trusting in Jesus while passing along;
Surely, my brothers, we will sing to his
name,

With life for the theme of our song.
—E. A. Barnes.

353*Key Ab.*

LISTEN to the blessed invitation,
Sweeter than the notes of angel-song,
Chiming softly with a heavenly cadence,
Calling to the passing throng.

CHO.—||: Him that cometh unto me, :||
Him that cometh unto me,
I will in no wise cast out.

2 Weary toiler, sad and heavy-laden,
Joyfully the great salvation see, [er,
Close beside thee stands the Burden Bear-
Strong to bear thy load and thee.

3 Come, ye thirsty, to the living waters,
Hungry, come and on his bounty feed,
Not thy fitness is the plea to bring him,
But thy pressing utmost need.

4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed
or sinful,
Cometh for his healing touch divine,
For the cleansing of the blood so precious,
Prove anew this gracious line.

5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour,
Breathing all the heart to him in prayer;
Coming some day to the heavenly man-
He will give thee welcome there. [sions.
—E. E. Hewitt.

354*Key Ab.*

JESUS reigns, in all his glory,
'Mid the shining courts above;
And the sceptre of his kingdom
Is the sceptre of his love.

CHO.—||: "The Lord reigneth,
Let the earth rejoice!" :||

2 Jesus reigns, the Prince of heaven,
And the heir to joys untold;
And the King in all his beauty,
As we all may yet behold.

3 Jesus reigns, in light eternal,
And amid the sainted throng;
And his name above all others,
Is the glory of their song.

4 Jesus reigns, as our Redeemer,
As the Son, who came to save;
As the blessed Hope of heaven,
By the life he freely gave.

—E. A. Barnes.

355*Key Bb.*

SOLDIERS recruiting in the ranks of the
Fall into line, fall into line; [Lord,
Gird on the armor, both the shield and the
Fall into line, fall into line. [sword,

CHO.—Rally, then; rally, then; rally for the
God needs the brave and true; [right;
Rally, then; rally, then; rally in your
God is calling you. [might;

2 There is a battle to be fought in the right,
Fall into line, fall into line;
And we can win it if we strike in our might,
Fall into line, fall into line.

3 Earnest the conflict, needing brave men
Fall into line, fall into line; [and strong,
We will not falter tho' the struggle be long,
Fall into line, fall into line.

—Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

356 *Key G.*

I WILL cling to the cross where I first found
And proclaim to the world its story; [rest,
I will cling to the cross, for my hope is there,
And its banner shall be my glory.

CHO.—I will cling to the cross till my work
is done,
I will cling to the cross till the crown is won;
Cling to the cross, cling to the cross,
I will cling to the cross till my work is done;
Then rest in the fields of glory,

2 I will cling to the cross, my Redeemer's
cross, [ing;
When the storm and the winds are sweep-
For I know that he looks from the heavenly
And a watch o'er my soul is keeping [hills,

3 I will cling to the cross where my burden
fell,
And the day-star was bright above me,
And a sweet, gentle voice in my heart I
heard,
And it whispered, my child, I love thee.

4 I will turn to its light in the hour of death,
With a faith which will falter never;
Then at home with the blest, in my Father's
Of the cross I will sing forever. [house,

—Martha J. Lankton

357 *Key F.*

ALL-GLORIOUS God and King,
Thou everlasting One,
To thee our song of praise we bring,
The Father, Spirit, Son.

CHO.—We'll praise thee, bless thee,
Worship and adore,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
Forevermore.

2 One God, and One alone,
The sacred, blessed Three,
Exalted on thy holy throne.
We laud and worship thee.

3 Almighty God, Most High,
Low at thy feet we fall,
Thy name we bless and magnify,
Confess thee Lord of all.

4 By ransomed saints in heaven,
And all th'angelic host,
Be glory to the Father given,
The Son and Holy Ghost.

—Rev. Jos. H. Martin, D. D.

358 *Key D.*

THE light is here, the blessed light,
The shadows lift and take their flight;
And thus, to guide our steps aright,
We hear the Saviour saying:

CHO.—": "He that followeth me, :"
": Shall not walk in darkness, :"
But shall have the light of life,
The light of life."

2 The light is pure, the light is free,
It shines for all, that all may see;
And oh, 'tis sweet beyond degree,
The voice that still is saying:

3 The light abides in him alone,
As by his word so sweetly shown;
And thus in faith from yonder throne,
We hear the Saviour saying:

4 The light is o'er the upward way,
It shineth on to perfect day;
And we are safe when we obey
The voice that still is saying.

—E. A. Barnes.

359 *Key F.*

OUT in the wide world, out in its strife,
Out in the whirl of its busy life,
Take this old story, God's loving call,
Wonderful gospel! Christ died for all.

CHO.—Souls are perishing out in the world,
There let the banner of Christ be unfurled,
Over the waters and here at home,
Tell them of Jesus, oh, bid them come.

2 Out in the wide world, out in its night,
Carry the Bible, the book of light;
Give them the sunshine, light from above,
Take the good tidings, a Saviour's love.

3 Out in the wide world go in his might,
Go with your armor on, strong and bright,
Follow the Master where'er you may,
Filled with his Spirit, oh, work and pray.
—E. F. Hewitt.

360 *Key D.*

THERE'S a robe and a palm for you:
If you work with the day,
Ere its light fades away,
And are found with the tried and true,
There's a robe and a palm for you.

CHO.—Onward now, onward now,
Oh, be ready, brave and steady!
Onward now, onward now,
Onward, soldiers all.

2 There's a prize when the race is run;
If you strive with your might
For the just and the right,
Pressing on til the goal is won,
There's a prize when the race is run.

3 There's a crown which the Lord will
If redeemed you shall stand [give:
In the midst of the land,
Where the souls of the blest shall live,
There's a crown which the Lord will give.

4 O be strong in the Lord our King!
If you trust in his word,
That so oft you have heard,
There's a song that you all may sing;
O be strong in the Lord our King.

—G. K. Thompson.

361 *Key F.*

THROUGH thy all-atoning merit,
In thy holy name alone,
Weak and helpless, yet believing,
Lord, we come before thy throne.

CHO.—Let thy blessing rest upon us,
Like the early morning dew;
From the well of thy salvation
May we draw and drink anew.

2 Hear the prayers that now are rising
On the wings of faith to thee;
Feed our souls that now are hungry
With the bread of life so free.

3 We are looking, waiting, longing,
For a deeper work within;
For a perfect consecration
Of our hearts from ev'ry sin.

4 May thy grace be with us ever,
In thy mercy may we hide,
And, thro' all our journey homeward,
Be thou still our Shield and Guide.
—Fanny J. Crosby.

362 *Key Ab.*

WHY should life a weary journey seem?
Jesus is my light and song!
Why should I my cross a burden deem?
Jesus is my light and song!
All my way is marked by love divine;
Round my cross the rays of glory shine;
Christ himself companion is of mine,—
Jesus is my light and song!

CHO.—||: Jesus is my light, Jesus is my
Jesus is my light and song.:|| [light,

2 What though foes at ev'ry step I meet?
Jesus is my light and song!
What though snares are ready for my feet?
Jesus is my light and song!
He was first of all to tread the way,
He was first to battle in the fray;
Now on him my ev'ry hope I stay,—
Jesus is my light and song!

3 When I come to Jordan's rolling tide
Jesus is my light and song!
When the waves like mountains override,
Jesus is my light and song!
Thro' the flood his form shall still be near,
Thro' the tide his voice shall sweetly cheer,
I shall Jordan breast without a fear,—
Jesus is my light and song!

4 When my feet shall press the other shore
Jesus is my light and song!
When life's pilgrimage at last is o'er,
Jesus is my light and song!
Thro' eternal years my song shall be
Of his love that set the sinner free,
Love that gained the victory for me;
Jesus is my light and song!

—Emma M. Johnston.

363 *Wimborne-A.*

ETERNAL Father, thou hast said,
That Christ all glory shall obtain;
That he who once a suff'rer bled
Shall o'er the world a conq'ror reign.

- 2 We wait thy triumph, Saviour King;
Long ages have prepared thy way;
Now all abroad thy banner fling,
Set time's great battle in array.
- 3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
"The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.
- 4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen
Voiceechoes voice, and onward flow[stand;
The joyous shouts from land to land.
- 5 O fill thy church with faith and power,
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.
- 6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
Fulfil the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.
—Ray Palmer.

364

Key Ab.

FLOW on, thou sparkling river,
Whose waters glad and free,
In all their tranquil beauty,
Our waiting eyes shall see,
Amid yon cloudless region,
So lovely, bright, and fair;
Flow on, O sparkling river,
Our hearts and homes are there.

CHO.—Flow onward peacefully,
Onward in thy beauty ever bright:
We are coming joyfully,
Coming to that land of pure delight.

2 Flow on, thou sparkling river,
Through summer's endless day;
Thy fields are clad in verdure
That never knows decay;
The tree of life bends o'er thee
Its fruitful branches fair;
Flow on, thou sparkling river,
Our treasured ones are there.

3 Flow on, thou sparkling river,
Where he, our Saviour King,
Beyond the silent valley
His faithful ones will bring;

The cross laid down forever,
The crown we then shall wear;
Flow on, thou sparkling river;
Through grace we'll soon be there.
—Fanny J. Crosby.

365

Key Ab.

SAVIOUR, I have heard thee pleading,
Passionately interceding,
Seen thy great heart broken, bleeding,
All for me, all for me;
Lo, I come, the past lamenting,
For the wasted years repenting,
And my life henceforth presenting
All for thee, all for thee.

2 Thou didst stoop in thy compassion
To be found in human fashion,
And endure thy nameless passion
All for me, all for me;
In thy name I come believing,
Of thy grace with joy receiving,
And the world behind me leaving,
All for thee, all for thee.

3 Moved by love divine and tender,
Thou didst joyfully surrender
Palaces of rest and splendor
All for me, all for me;
Now my soul to life awaking
Finds her highest joy in breaking
Bonds that bound her, and forsaking
All for thee, all for thee.

4 'Neath the cross I see thee bending,
To the place of skulls ascending,
None attending, none befriending,
All for me, all for me;
Now my heart with thy life beating
To each cross shall give glad greeting,
While my lips are still repeating
All for thee, all for thee.

5 In thy Father's glory sharing,
And the crown of ages wearing,
Thou art now a home preparing
All for me, all for me;
With the souls of thy befriending,
Saved from sorrow never-ending
Shall my song be heard ascending
All for thee, all for thee.

—Rev. Alfred J. Hough.

366*Key Eb.*

I HAVE found a blessed refuge
From the stormy waves that roll;
I have found a blessed refuge,
And an anchor for my soul.

CHO.—I am hiding in the Rock
That forevermore shall stand,
And I rest beneath its shadow,
In a weary, thirsty land.

2 I have found a loving Saviour
At the precious gate of prayer;
How he looked and smiled upon me,
As he bade me welcome there.

3 I have found the crimson waters;
They have washed away my sin;
I have found the holy rapture
Of a constant peace within.

4 In the cross of my Redeemer
Shall my glory ever be,
In the cross of my Redeemer,
Where he shed his blood for me.
—Fanny J. Crosby.

367*Key F.*

THE Lord in his word has commanded
That faithful I ever must be;
And now I am waiting the Bridegroom,
Whenever he calleth for me.

CHO.—Waiting till he shall appear,
My lamp burning brightly and clear;
My watch I will keep, nor slumber nor
I'm waiting till he shall appear. [sleep;

2 My lamp must be carefully guarded,
That Jesus its lustre may see;
For, though I am sure of his coming,
I know not how soon it will be.

3 Perhaps he may come at the midnight,
Perhaps at the dawning of day;
But I must be ready to meet him,—
His summons admits no delay. [ing,

4 By grace he shall find me still watch-
And clothed in the garment so fair,
With a garment his love has provided
For all at the marriage to wear.

—Frank Gould.

368*Key G.*

O, WHY dost thou linger so long
Outside in the danger and cold?
Come home to the shelter and warmth,
Come home to the joy of the fold.

CHO.—Come home, come home,
I am calling to-day;
Come home, I am waiting for thee;
Come home, come home,
To the arms of my love,
I am waiting, waiting for thee.

2 The light streameth out from the door,
Behold it and enter and live!
The service of love is most sweet;
And life everlasting I give.

3 Who comes to the fold of my care
Shall drink from the fountain of joy,
And works of devotion and love
His heart and his hands shall employ.

4 Then come without waiting or doubt,
Bring all of your burdens to me;
There's rest in the shelter of home, [thee.
There's rest and there's comfort for
—Mrs. R. N. Turner.

369*Key Db.*

SORROW here is not a stranger,
Care appears with ev'ry day;
And I meet with sin and danger
As I walk the pilgrim's way.
Saviour, keep thy cross before me,
Thus by faith thy presence show;
Saviour, keep its shadow o'er me,
While a pilgrim here below:
Saviour, keep its shadow o'er me, [below.
While a pilgrim, while a pilgrim here

2 Storms in life are oft prevailing,
And the shadows often fall;
Still, with Christian zeal unfailing,
I would meet and brave them all.
Saviour, be a Rock to hide me,
And to me thy grace bestow;
||: Saviour, be a Star to guide me,
While a pilgrim here below. :||

3 Hope and peace in thee possessing,
By the Word that is divine;
And thy holy name confessing,
Faith is in this song of mine.

Saviour, help me tell thy story,
 Thus the precious seed to sow ;
 ¶ Saviour, help me sing thy glory,
 While a pilgrim here below. :||
 —Edw. A. Barnes.

370 *Key Ab.*

TAKE the word and sow it well
 In the Master's field,
 Let your days be freely spent
 'Mid its precious yield ;
 Gladly reap what others sow,
 As you pass along,
 And amid your gospel work
 Lift a prayer and song.

CHO.—Work away, work away,
 Gospel workers, work and pray,
 In the vineyard of the Master,
 Work, work and pray.

- 2 Go where all is dark to-day
 Gospel light to shed,
 And to all that hunger now
 Take the living bread ;
 Tell the mission of his life,
 As 'tis sweetly told,
 Bring the erring and the lost
 To the Master's fold.
- 3 Take and bear the gospel hope
 Over land and wave,
 Tell the glory of his name,
 That alone can save !
 Sow and reap with ready hand,
 Work in faith and love,
 Gather in the many sheaves
 For the Lord above.

—E. A. Barnes.

371 *Key G.*

Do you think that my Saviour will leave
 His kindness, oh, say, will it fail ? [me ?
 Do you think that his arm will grow weary ?
 The light of his countenance pale ?

CHO.—He will fail me, no, never !
 I may trust him forever, [Friend,
 Oh, true and unchanging this infinite
 Jesus loves his own,
 Who his grace have known ; [end.
 Jesus loves his own, and he loves to the

2 Do you think he is ever discouraged,
 While bringing his "little flock" home ?
 He has promised that never, oh ! never,
 Shall those be cast out who will come.

3 Oh, I know that my dear Saviour loves
 Because he has wakened my love, [me,
 So I know he will never forsake me,—
 His will is to bring me above.

—E. E. Hewitt.

372 *Key Ab.*

My sails are spread to meet the gale,
 O glory, hallelujah !
 My trusty pilot will not fail,
 O glory, hallelujah ! [mand.

CHO.—I hear his voice in sweet com-
 While at the helm I see him stand ;
 I soon shall reach my fatherland,
 O glory, hallelujah !

2 He stills the waves on ocean's breast,
 O glory, hallelujah !
 He lulls my troubled thoughts to rest,
 O glory, hallelujah !

3 The towering hills are drawing near,
 O glory, hallelujah !
 The distant sounds of joy I hear,
 O glory, hallelujah !

4 Farewell, farewell to ev'ry care,
 O glory, hallelujah !
 My home, my home, I'll soon be there !
 O glory, hallelujah !

—Henrietta E. Blair.

373 *Key Eb.*

WE sing of the joys that await us,
 When victor's thro' Jesus we stand
 Arrayed in the beautiful garments
 Laid up in Immanuel's land ;
 But oh, if our eyes could be opened,
 That land for a moment to see [ness,
 Our souls would be lost in its bright-
 And long from this world to be free,

CHO.—Nearer, yes, nearer we come,
 Nearer the realms of the day ; [us
 The clouds that hung darkly around
 Are breaking forever away.

2 We sing of the harps that are swelling
The praise of our Saviour above,
And numberless millions in chorus
Repeating his wonderful love;
But oh, if one chord of their music
Could burst on us here as we roam,
Our souls in the fulness of rapture
Would long for the glory of home.

3 We sing of the friends that are waiting
And watching the sound of the oar
When anchors our boat in the harbor
Where sorrow and tears are no more;
But oh, when we step from our moor-
And gaze on that region so fair, [ings,
We'll shout "hallelujah to Jesus,"
Who brought us so tenderly there.

—Lizzie Edwards.

374

Key E.

LET the path be bright, with sunny
Let joy fade not away, [skies,
Let the home be dear with tender ties,
And yet how sweet to say,

CHO.—||: 'Tis only the Lord, 'tis only the
Can satisfy the soul. :|| [Lord

2 Let the earth bestow its wealth and
Let fame its laurels bring, [pride,
Let the dearest wish be gratified,
And yet, how sweet to sing,

3 Let the sweetest hopes be given here,
Let all be one bright day,
Let the heart be glad and full of cheer,
And yet, how sweet to say,

—Edw. A. Barnes.

375

Key Ab.

OH, think of the work to be done
From dawn to the setting of sun;
While we loiter and stand, all over the land,
Oh, think of the work to be done!
There are sinners to point to the Saviour,
The homeless to tell of a home,
And away on the wild, barren mountain
Are helpless and weak ones who roam.

CHO.—Then think of the work to be done
From dawn to the setting of sun;
Do not loiter and stand while over the land
The Master has work to be done.

2 Oh, think of the work to be done
From dawn to the setting of sun;
Can we loiter and stand while over the land
We know there is work to be done?
There are foes in the field right before us,
And Satan is leading them on,
But if we are faithful and earnest,
The conflict shall surely be won.

3 Oh, think of the time as it flies,
From dawn to the setting of sun,
Of the gifts we might use, the gifts we a-
Oh, think of the time as it flies! [buse,—
For the moments return to us never,
The gifts will be taken away,
And the talents rolled up in a napkin
Will crumble and fall to decay.

—Emma M. Johnston.

376

Key F.

WHATSOEVER burden presses on thy
heart, [part,
Take it to thy Saviour, he will peace im-
Whatsoever sorrow, whatsoever fear,
Take it to thy Saviour, he will help and
cheer.

CHO.—Whosoever cometh, all the power
may know [show.
Of each "whatsoever," and its fulness
Oh, the love of Jesus! oh, his grace di-
vine! [thine.
Kingdom, power and glory, Lord, be ever

2 Whatsoever plea thou bringest in his
name, [the same!
Oh, the precious promise, through all years
Whatsoever plea, according to his will,
Pray, the Father hears thee, and will answer
still.

3 Whatsoever work thy hand may find to
do [true,
For our loving Master, service good and
Faithful be and earnest; "do it with thy
might," [come the night.
Work while sunshine lingers, soon will

4 Whatsoever bidding find we in his word,
Whatsoever precept of our blessed Lord,
He who giveth ever strength as needs each
Surely he will make us able to obey, [day
—E. E. Hewitt.

377

Key E.

*Steersman, steersman, the channel's rough
and dark,*

The waves roll high, the winds sweep by,

||: *Now whither speeds thy bark? :*||

Sailing, sailing, to reach a glorious home,
Though storms assail we dare the gale,
For Jesus bids us come.

CHO.—Sailing o'er the restless tide,
Sailing through the gale we glide,
There, beyond the billows' foam,
We see the lights of home.

2 *Steersman, steersman, the stars are
wrapped in mist.*

The Polar star still beams afar

||: On hills of amethyst. :||

Sailing, sailing, to find a better land,
No wind that blows our hope o'erthrows,
While Christ waits on the strand.

3 *Steersman, steersman, how wild the tem-
pest raves!*

The floods may swell, but all is well,

||: While Jesus walks the waves. :||

Sailing, sailing, to find a happier shore,
A pathway bright shines thro' the night,
Where friends have gone before.

—Priscilla J. Owens.

378

Key F.

WE'VE 'listed in a holy war,

Batt'ling for the Lord!

Eternal life, our guiding star,

Batt'ling for the Lord!

CHO.—||: We'll work till Jesus comes. :||
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And then we'll rest at home.

2 We've girded on our armor bright,
Batt'ling for the Lord! [might,
Our Captain's word our strength and
Batt'ling for the Lord!

3 We'll stand like heroes on the field,
Batt'ling for the Lord!
And nobly fight, but never yield,
Batt'ling for the Lord!

4 Tho' sin and death our way oppose,
Batt'ling for the Lord!
Thro' grace we'll conquer all our foes,
Batt'ling for the Lord!

5 And when our glorious war is o'er,
Batt'ling for the Lord!
We'll shout salvation evermore,
Batt'ling for the Lord!

379

Key G.

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful
and loyal, [be!

King of our lives, by thy grace we will
Under thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in thy strength, we will battle for
thee.

[it never,

CHO.—Peal out the watchword, and silence
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free!

True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for-
ever, [be!

King of our lives, by thy grace we will

2 True-hearted, whole-hearted! fullest al-
legiance [King;
Yielding henceforth to our glorious
Valiant endeavor and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

3 True-hearted! Saviour, thou knowest
our story; [feet,
Weak are the hearts that we lay at thy
Sinful and treacherous! yet, for thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and
deceit.

4 True-hearted, Saviour, beloved and glo-
rious, [alone.
Take thy great power, and reign thou
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered, and wholly thine
own. —Frances Ridley Havergal.

380

Key C.

NOT to-morrow, but to-day,
God has said be up and doing;
He, our feeble strength renewing,
Goes before us all the way,
Making brighter ev'ry day.

[cheer,

CHO.—Words of cheer, sweet words of
From the Saviour now we hear;
And our strength he doth renew,
As our journey we pursue,
||: Goes before us all the way. :||

- 2 Not to-morrow, but to-day,
Haste to tell the joyful story
Of eternal life in glory;
God's command let all obey,—
Not to-morrow, but to-day.
- 3 Not to-morrow, but to-day,
If our lamp of faith is burning,
Let it shine on those now turning
From the path of sin away,
Help the wand'ring soul to pray.
- 4 Not to-morrow, but to-day,
Labor on and weary never,
Till our feet shall cross the river,
Till our blessed Lord shall say,
Welcome home to endless day.
—Frank Gould.

381*Key Bb.*

HASTEN, ye weary, why do you linger?
Waters are flowing that sparkle for you,
Close by the wayside, cool and refreshing;
Come, and your vigor and strength renew.

CHO.—There you may rest, happy and
Safe with the Shepherd kind; [blest,
He from danger will protect you,
Rest forever you there shall find.

2 Hasten, ye weary, green are the pastures
Where your Redeemer will bid you re-
pose; [ings,
Great are the mercies, rich are the bless-
Falling in love till your cup o'erflows.

3 Come to the banquet he is preparing,
Under his banner you then shall recline;
There on his bosom he will enfold you,
Causing his light in your soul to shine.
—Sallie E. Smith.

382*Key Eb.*

JESUS is a precious friend:
Oh, so kind and true!
Full of tenderness and sympathy;
In the time of woe and care
He my grief will share,
For he is a loving friend to me.

CHO.—O this precious, precious friend,
On whose goodness I depend,
How he loves me, yes, loves me
With love that knows no end!

For he died upon the tree,
And in dying ransomed me,
And will love me, yes, love me
Through all eternity.

2 Jesus is my dearest friend,
And he walks with me
As I journey in the narrow way;
He assures me I am his,
And bestows his peace,
So I'm happy in his love each day.

3 Jesus is the sinner's friend,
And he died for me, [grace;
And redeemed me by his wondrous
And will lead me by the hand
To the better land,
Where I hope to see him face to face.
—Rev. Elisha Albright Hoffman.

383*Key D.*

HARK, I hear the gospel army,
As they grandly move along;
And the Lord of life and glory,
Is the captain of the throng!
Not for earthly power or honor,
They are moving on the foe;
But to conquer all for Jesus,
Who has loved the sinner so.

CHO.—Hark! hark! I hear the gospel
Pressing on by land and sea; [army
Hark! hark! I hear the gospel army,
Marching on to victory.

2 Hark, I hear the gospel army,
And their shining armor see;
Onward, 'gainst the hosts of evil,
They are marching valiantly!
Now I hear the shouts of triumph
Mingled with the trumpet's sound!
Even where the foe is strongest,
They will make it holy ground.

3 Hark, I hear the gospel army,
With their legions strong and true;
And the ranks are ever swelling,
And the banners bright to view!
They will ne'er give up the struggle,
Till the victory is won!
They will take the world for Jesus,—
They are grandly marching on!

—E. R. Latta.

384

Key Bb.

WE shall have a new name in that land,
In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
When we meet the bright angelic band,
In that sunny land.

A new name, a new name

We'll receive up there;

A new name, a new name,

All who enter there. [that land,

CHO.—We shall have a new name in
In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
When we meet the bright angelic band,
In that sunny land.

2 We'll receive it in a pure white stone,
And no one will know the name therein;
Only unto him who hath 'tis known,
When we're free from sin.

A white stone, a white stone

We'll receive up there;

A white stone, a white stone,

All who enter there. [will be?

3 Don't you wonder what that name
Sweeter far than aught on earth can be,
We will be quite satisfied when we
Shall that new name know.

I wonder, I wonder

What that name will be,

I wonder, I wonder,

What he'll give to me. —J. E. Hall.

385

Key G.

I NEED the prayers of those I love,
I need the sweet, sweet feeling,
That suit for me is urged above,
Whene'er dear friends are kneeling.
: Amid life's cares I need the prayers,
I need the prayers of those I love. : ||

2 Of those I love the prayers I need,
They know my wants and aillings;
They know the way to intercede
For all my faults and failings.
: On bended knee remember me
Of those I love the prayers I need. : ||

3 Of those I love I need the prayers,
Whene'er God's throne addressing;
'Twill keep my feet from sins and snares,
'Twill break in showers of blessing.
: Who love me yet, oh, ne'er forget,
Of those I love I need the prayers. : ||

—J. E. Rankin, D. D.

386

Key G.

I'M with thee every hour,

My word is ever sure;

I'll cleanse thee by my power,

And keep thee always pure.

CHO.—I'm with thee, oh, I'm with thee;
Thy never failing friend;
Lo! I am with thee always,
Unto the end.

2 I'm with thee every hour,

I am the living bread;

If thou but test its power,

Thou art forever fed.

3 I'm with thee ev'ry hour,

I living waters give;

Flee then, to faith's strong tower,

Stoop, thou, and drink and live.

4 I'm with thee ev'ry hour,

My flesh is meat indeed;

My blood's all cleansing power

Is suited to all need.

5 I'm with thee every hour,

Thou weary, laden, come!

A mansion is thy dower,

My Father's house is home.

—Mrs. R.

387

Key C.

THE promises of Jesus,
So precious and so sweet, [possess;
And all may know the comfort they
And here is one of many,
With tenderness replete, [rest."
"Come, weary one, and I will give you

CHO.—Promises, so sweet!

Promises, so sure! [heart;

I will lay them on the altar of my

The promises of Jesus,

In token of his love, [heart.

I will lay them on the altar of my

2 The way is often rugged,
The future dark and drear,
While at my feet I know that perils lie;
And yet I have this promise,
To strengthen and to cheer, [eye."
"Lo, I will safely guide thee with mine

I'm trying to be faithful,
To follow in the way,
To serve him well where sin is ever rife;
For here's another promise,
That makes me glad to day, [life!]"
Lo, I will crown thee with a crown of
—E. A. Barnes.

388*Key Ab.*

JESUS, I will take thee,
While life's moments roll,
And thro' endless ages,
Saviour of my soul:
Jesus, Saviour, take me,
Cleanse me in thy blood,
Thro' thy full atonement,
Draw me nigh to God.

CHO.—||: By thy power made willing,
Saviour, I take thee;
Now and forever,
Graciously take me.:||

2 Jesus, I will take thee
For my Lord and King,
To thy blessed service
Glad allegiance bring:
Jesus, Master, take me,
Keep me as thine own;
All my life controlling,
From thy royal throne.

3 Jesus, I will take thee
For my truest Friend;
Come to thee for comfort;
On thy help depend:
Jesus, Master, take me
To thy heart of grace,
Lift on me the sunshine
Of thy loving face.

—E. E. Hewitt.

389*Key G.*

SING to the Lord, to God our Father,
Speak of his goodness from day to day;
Make known his glory, tell of his wisdom,
Sing how his kindness illumines our way.

CHO.—||: Come with rejoicing.:||
Come with rejoicing, praise ye the Lord;
Sing hallelujah, sing hallelujah,
Sing hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

2 Sing to the Lord, our great Redeemer,
Sing he is risen, with saving might;
Strong to deliver, praise him forever,
Sing his salvation, his kingdom of light.

3 Sing to the Lord, the Holy Spirit,
Spirit of truth, our abiding friend;
Comforter holy, Spirit of guidance,
Welcome him truly, let praises ascend.

4 Sing to the Lord, to God our Father,
Sing to our Saviour, eternal Son;
Sing to the Spirit, honor and worship,
Power and dominion, the Three in One.
—E. E. Hewitt.

390*Key C.*

REJOICE! rejoice! for Jesus reigns,
The Prince of peace and love,
To guide the children of his grace
To heav'n, their home above;
And they who seek his loving care
Thro' dark and sunny days,
Shall know how safely they may walk
When God directs their ways.

CHO.—Rejoice! rejoice forevermore!
Immanuel's praises sing;
They must rejoice who surely know
That Jesus is their King.

2 Rejoice! rejoice! the Christ has come,
The Saviour of mankind,
To seek the lost ones of his fold,
And heal the halt and blind;
O erring and repentant soul,
Look up and thou shalt live;
The friend of sinners comes to save,
To ransom and forgive.

3 Rejoice! rejoice forevermore,
Nor let one soul repine; [cold,
Though friends forget, and hearts grow
A Father's love is thine; [frowns,
And if the world seems dark with
Just meet them with a smile;
And, with the hope of future bliss,
All present ills beguile.

—M. E. Servoss.

391*Key Bb.*

JESUS, the rock on which my feet
May safely and securely stand,
While all around me sinks and falls,
And scatters like the crumbling sand.

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

CHO.—Jesus the rock, I cling to thee,
Tho' waves and billows 'round me
Jesus my hope, my only plea, [roll;
The stay and comfort of my soul.

2 Jesus, the rock on which I build,
The sure foundation, true and tried;
Bright star of hope for ruined man,
Is Jesus Christ, the crucified!

3 Jesus the rock stands firm, secure,
Unyielding, though the storms may
In this sure trust I anchor fast, [beat;
And find a blessed safe retreat.

4 Jesus the rock, blest Saviour, thou
Art all I want, and all I crave;
I trust in thee, for well I know
Thy mighty power alone can save.
—Mrs. C. N. Pickop.

392 *Key Eb.*

Now no more with pain I'm clinging,
To the cross on Calvary,
And my happy soul is singing
Of the rest Christ giveth me;
Sweetly resting, ever resting,
Though on life's tempestuous sea,
And my happy soul is singing
Of the rest Christ giveth me. [ing,

2 When the waves are boisterous grow—
He doth whisper, "peace, be still;"
And like quiet rivers flowing
Are the dews that soft distill;
Blessed moments, blessed moments,
That reveal his gracious will;
And like quiet rivers flowing
Are the dews that soft distill.

3 Yes, I'm resting, sweetly resting.
Since I knew 'twas better so.
And I found 'twas love requesting
Me at once to just let go;
Oh, 'tis glory, oh, 'tis glory,
Since I trusted this I know,
And I found 'twas love requesting
Me at once to just let go.

4 Now I'm gliding, homeward gliding,
Far from rocky reef and shore;
With the Comforter abiding.
I'm rejoicing evermore;

Praise to Jesus ever singing
For the heaven of rest in store;
With the Comforter abiding,
I'm rejoicing evermore.

—Abbie Mills.

393 *Key Eb.*

THINE forever, thine forever,
My Redeemer, will I be;
On the altar lies my offering,
Consecrated now to thee;
All my fervent soul's devotion
To thy service, Lord, I give;
For thy honor and thy glory
I will labor while I live.

CHO.—Thine forever, thine forever,
Saviour, I am resting in thy love;
Thine forever, thine forever, [love.
Saviour, I am resting sweetly in thy

2 Thine forever, thine forever,—
Oh, the rapture of my heart!
Thou my refuge and my comfort,
Thou my lasting portion art;
Casting ev'ry weight behind me,
I the Christian race will run,
Trusting thee and taking courage,
Till the race my soul has won.

3 Where thou leadest I will follow,
Where thou bidst me I will go;
In the very front of battle
Fearless will I meet the foe;
I shall conquer through thy mercy,
I shall triumph through thy might,
I shall see thee in thy kingdom;
There will faith be lost in sight.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

394 *Key Bb.*

THE Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not
He maketh me down to lie [want,
In pastures green, he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

CHO.—His yoke is easy, his burden is
I've found it so, I've found it so; [light,
He leadeth me, by day and by night,
Where living waters flow.

2 My soul crieth out: "restore me again,
And give me the strength to take
The narrow path of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake."

3 Yea, tho' I should walk in the valley of
Yet why should I fear from ill? [death,
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

—Psalm xxiii.

395

Key Eb.

COME, O my soul, my ev'ry power awaking,
Look unto him whose goodness crowns
thy days; [ing,

While into song angelic choirs are break-
Oh, let thy voice its thankful tribute raise.

CHO.—Tell how alone the path of death
he trod; [God;

Tell how he lives, thy Advocate with
Lift up thy voice, while heaven's trium-
phant throng

Swell at his feet the everlasting song.

2 Think, O my soul, how patiently he
sought thee,

Far, far away upon the mountains steep,
Then in his arms how tenderly he brought
thee [sheep.

Home to his fold, a weary, wand'ring

3 Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure devo-
tion [and Guide;

Rise to his throne,—thy Saviour, Friend,
Sing of his love, that, like a mighty ocean,
Flows unto thee, and all the world beside.

4 Soon, O my soul, thy earthly house for-
saking, [see;

Soon shalt thou rise the better land to
Then will thy harp, a nobler strain awak-
ing, [thee.

Praise him who died to purchase life for
—Lizzie Edwards.

396

Key F.

WOULD you find the way to heaven?

Come and ask Jesus to save you;

Would you know your sins forgiven?

Come and ask Jesus to save you;

He will light and joy impart

To your dark and weary heart,

He will bid your sin depart,

Come and ask Jesus to save you.

CHO.—Come to the fountain of mercy
to-day, [way;

Come and your sins shall be taken a-

Come to the Saviour and earnestly pray,

Jesus will certainly save you.

2 Would you treasures have above?

Come and ask Jesus to save you;

Would you know the wealth of love?

Come and ask Jesus to save you.

Come, your loving Father meet;

See, he waits his child to greet;

Hasten on with eager feet;

Come and ask Jesus to save you.

3 Would you from your chains be free?

Come and ask Jesus to save you;

Would you cease a slave to be?

Come and ask Jesus to save you;

He is every captive's friend;

If on him you now depend,

His right arm will you defend,

Come and ask Jesus to save you.

4 Would you gain yon heavenly shore?

Come and ask Jesus to save you;

Would you join those gone before?

Come and ask Jesus to save you;

He that lives who once was dead

Bore the cross; for you he bled;

He can soothe your dying bed,

Come and ask Jesus to save you.

—Abbie Mills.

397

Key Db.

O JESUS my Saviour, come nearer to me;

I long for a closer communion with thee,—

To look in the eyes of thy soul-speaking
love,

And see the dear face of my Father above.

CHO.—Then nearer to me, come nearer to
me;

I long for a closer communion with thee;

My earnest and fervent petition shall be

To live in a constant communion with thee.

2 Since thou, my Redeemer and Saviour,
art mine,

The world and its pleasures I gladly resign;

And now on the pinions of faith I would
rise [skies.

Still nearer my mansion, my home in the

3 O what are the pleasures, the joys of a
day, [way?

To those in thy kingdom that fade not a-

Or what are the trials and crosses I bear

When thou art preparing the robe I shall
wear?

; O when in thy likeness my spirit shall
stand [land,
Among the bright millions in Eden's fair
My greatest and highest enjoyment will be,
Communion forever, my Saviour, with thee.
—Fanny J. Crosby.

398 *Key G.*

RICH are the moments of blessing
Jesus my Saviour bestows;
Pure is the well of salvation
Fresh from his mercy that flows.

CHO.—Ever he walketh beside me,
Brightly his sunshine appears,
Spreading a beautiful rainbow
Over the valley of tears.

2 Rich are the moments of blessing.
Lovely, and hallowed and sweet,
When from my labor at noontide
Calmly I rest at his feet.

3 Why should I ever grow weary?
Why should I faint by the way?
Has he not promised to give me
Strength for the toils of the day?

4 Though by the mist and the shadow
Sometimes my sky may be dim,
Rich are the moments of blessing
Spent in communion with him.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

399 *Key C.*

I AM dwelling in the comfort
Of the Spirit day by day;
I am walking and communing
With my Saviour by the way,
Till my heart cries out in wonder
While his love to me I trace;
Oh, the fulness of his mercy!
Oh, the richness of his grace!

CHO.—Hallelujah! hallelujah!
I'm abiding in the sunshine
Of the Saviour's blessed face;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Oh, the fulness of his mercy!
Oh, the richness of his grace!

2 In the comfort of the Spirit
What a holy calm is mine!
In the presence of my Saviour
There is joy and peace divine;

I am walking in the sunshine
That no cloud can ever dim,
Nor a shadow veil its glory,
While my faith abides in him.

3 In the comfort of the Spirit
I shall see the closing day;
In the presence of my Saviour
I shall gently pass away;
Through the gate of life immortal,
To the city built above,
There forever and forever
I shall sing redeeming love.

—Sarah E. James

400 *Key Bb.*

ENTER into thy closet,
Steal from the world away;
There in the calm and silence
Unto thy Father pray.

CHO.—Pour out the woes that oppress
On him thy burdens roll; [thee,
He who doth know thy sorrows
Will surely refresh thy soul.

2 Enter into thy closet,
Hide from all else thy grief,
He who can see in secret
Shall give thy heart relief.

3 Enter into thy closet,
Stay till thou findest rest,
Then bring thy peace where others
May by its calm be blessed.

—F. G. Burroughs.

401 *Key F.*

THE promises, how precious!
The words of God's own book!
They shine amid our darkness
Like stars on some lone brook;
Or, like the joyous sunshine,
They fill our path with light,
The foregleams of that glory
Where cometh no more night.

CHO.—The promises, how precious!
I love to call them mine,
Sealed by my Saviour's dying blood
In covenant divine.

2 They fall upon waste places
Like gentle drops of rain,
Refreshing and uplifting
The soul that's faint with pain.

They speak a Father's blessing,
 They breathe a Saviour's love;
 Our comfort in life's sorrows,
 Our pledge of joys above.

- 3 Yes, they shall stand forever!
 God's word shall still endure,
 Amid time's devastations
 Eternally secure.
 He's faithful that hath promised,
 I trust his words divine;
 Oh, show me all their fulness,
 Blest Spirit, make them mine.
 —E. E. Hewitt.

402 *Key A.*

I WILL go, I cannot stay
 From the arms of love away;
 Oh, for strength of faith to say,
 Jesus died for me.

CHO.—Can it be, oh, can it be
 There is hope for one like me?
 I will go with this my plea,
 Jesus died for me.

- 2 Though I long have tried in vain,
 Tried to break the tempter's chain,
 Yet to-night I'll try again,
 Jesus, help thou me.
- 3 I am lost, and yet I know
 Earth can never heal my woe;
 I will rise at once and go,
 Jesus died for me.
- 4 Something whispers in my soul,
 Though my sins like mountains roll,
 Jesus' blood will make me whole,
 Jesus died for me.
- 5 I obey the Saviour's call,
 Now to him I yield my all,
 At his feet, where others fall,
 There's a place for me.
 —Martha J. Lankton.

403 *Key G.*

MY soul is rejoicing, and sweet is my song.
 While onward to Zion I journey along;
 No thorns in my pathway, no clouds can
 I see,
 For oh, I am happy, dear Saviour, in thee.

Sacred Trio—H

CHO.—Happy in thee, happy in thee,
 My soul is rejoicing, my spirit is free,
 And oh, I am happy, dear Saviour, in thee.

- 2 Thy presence is with me, thy image I
 bear;
 Thy banner is o'er me, thy garment I wear;
 The world and its pleasures are nothing to
 me,
 For oh, I am happy, dear Saviour, in thee.
- 3 I walk in thy sunshine, I rest in thy smile,
 And visions of glory the moments beguile;
 Thy peace like a river is flowing for me,
 And oh, I am happy, dear Saviour, in thee.

- 4 I know there's a mansion preparing a-
 bove, [thy love;
 Where soon thou wilt call me to feast on
 Yet here while I tarry content will I be,
 For oh, I am happy, dear Saviour, in thee.
 —Sarah E. James.

404 *Key Bb.*

TELLING the story of Jesus,
 Bright with redemption's ray;
 Showing the power of salvation,
 Living it day by day.

CHO.—*Telling the story
 Of infinite glory,
 Singing it, singing it out as we go;
 The message so golden
 Should ne'er be withholden,
 Till all the wide world his salvation
 shall know.

- 2 Telling the story of Jesus,
 Asking his help in prayer;
 Giving the hope of the gospel,
 Taking it ev'rywhere.
- 3 Telling the story of Jesus,
 Story of life and love,
 Singing it ever with gladness,
 Learning the song above.
- 4 Telling the story of Jesus,
 Story of boundless grace;
 Yes, we will sing it in rapture,
 Standing before his face.

—E. E. Hewitt.

405

Key Ab.

How restless the soul of the wand'rer from
Jesus! [afford ;
No spot in this wide world can comfort
Unconscious he drifts on the waves of his
folly [Lord ;
Still farther and farther away from his
Yet still there are moments of fond recol-
lection, [fresh to his view,
When bright scenes of childhood come
And chords of "Sweet Home," that have
long been reposing.
By fingers unseen are awakened anew.

2 His soul in sad exile now longs for the
homestead, [his breast ;
And deep'ning convictions are tossing
He hears as in childhood, those sweet words
of Jesus, [you rest ; "
"Come, all ye that labor, and I'll give
He listens! the Spirit repeats the sweet
message, [roam,
And turning from folly, no longer to
He ventures in weakness, but strength is
imparted, [home.
And gladly he's welcomed by Father at

3 New songs of rejoicing now thrill that
old homestead, [for his feet ;
The best robe bro't forth, ring, and shoes
He's clad in the garments his Father pro-
vided, [plete ;
Has feasting for famine, and resting com-
Come, ye that are wand'ring, now haste to
the Saviour,

He patiently lingers to lavish his love ;
His arm is outstretched to rescue the
needy, [ised above.
And bring you to mansions he's prom-
—Dr. H. L. Gilmour.

406

Key C.

WE'LL sing of the statutes divine,
Whilst pilgrims, lest here we despond ;
But we'll sing the new song
Of the angelic throng
When we meet in the city beyond.
When we both, you and I,
Having passed through the gate,
Shall meet in the city beyond.

CHO.—When we meet in the beautiful
city beyond,
We will sing the new song
Of the angelic throng
In the beautiful city beyond.

2 How blessed as children and heirs
To enter that mansion above,
Where the souls of the blest
Are forever at rest,
In the bosom of infinite love!
When the ransomed of earth,
Having passed through the gate,
Shall meet in the city beyond.

3 And whether we bear to that land
Heart sorrows or memories fond,
Shall their purpose be seen,
With no shadow between,
When we meet in the city beyond ;
When the children of grace,
Having passed through the gate,
Shall meet in the city beyond.

4 Before they shall call he will hear,
And ere they cease speaking respond,
While the angels await
To throw open the gate
That leads to the city beyond,
For the numberless host
That shall sweep through the gate
That leads to the city beyond,
—Mrs. Thos. May Peirce

407

Key C.

ONE by one we cross the river,
One by one we're passing o'er ;
One by one the crowns are given
On the bright and happy shore.
Youth and childhood oft are passing
O'er the dark and rolling tide,
And the blessed Holy Spirit
Is the dying Christian's guide ;
And the loving, gentle Spirit
Bears them o'er the rolling tide.

2 One by one we come to Jesus,
As we heed his gentle voice ;
One by one his vineyard enter,
There to labor and rejoice.
One by one sweet flowers we gather
In the glorious work of love,—

Garlands for the blessed Saviour
Gather for the realms above;
And the loving, gentle Spirit
Bears them to our home of love.

3 One by one the heavy-laden
Sink beneath the noontide sun,
And the aged pilgrim welcomes
Evening shadows as they come;
One by one, with sins forgiven,
May we stand upon the shore,
Waiting till the blessed Spirit
Takes our hand and guides us o'er;
And the loving, gentle Spirit
Leads us to the shining shore.

—Adapted from Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

408

Key D_b.

THE flush of morn is on the mountains,
To drive away the night of sin;
Lift up your heads, O hind'ring portals,
And let the King of Glory in! Glory,—

CHO.—He comes, he comes, the King of
The Light of Life upon his brow; [him!
Crown him, ye nations, crown him, crown
The "King of Kings," behold him now.

2 The flush of morn is on the mountains,
And onward steals to farthest plain,
While valleys sing amid the dawning,—
"He comes whose right it is to reign!"

3 The desert flowers beneath his footstep,
And laughing waters leap to light,
The blind who sit in mourning midnight,
Receive from him eternal sight.

4 By all these signs the Conq'rор cometh,
Tho' powers of darkness strive to win;
Be lifted up, O gates, be lifted,
"The King of Glory shall come in."

—Flora Best Harris.

409

Key G.

CLOSE by the side of Jesus,
Filled with his boundless love,
Cheered by the streams descending
Pure from his throne above.

CHO.—Close by the side of Jesus,
Drawn by his power divine;
Oh, how my heart rejoices!
Oh, what a song is mine!

2 Close by the side of Jesus,
Led by his hand so dear,
Heir to a full salvation,—
What has my soul to fear?

3 Close by the side of Jesus,
Child of his grace so free;
Learning, and still repeating,
All he has done for me.

4 Close by the side of Jesus,
Light is the cross I bear;
He is a firm foundation;
Safe will I rest me there.

—Charles H. Elliott.

410

Key A_b.

WONDERFUL tidings mercy is bearing,
Sweetly declaiming, while the words like
gentle music fall,

Jesus is calling, tenderly calling,
Tenderly saying, there is room for all;
Room for all, yes, room for all;
Come and welcome still, whosoever will;
Haste away, no more delay;
Come, O come, the Saviour calls to-day!

CHO.—Wonderful tidings mercy is bear-
ing, [gentle music fall,
Sweetly declaiming, while the words like
Jesus is calling, tenderly calling,
Tenderly saying, there is room for all.

2 Wonderful tidings joyfully sounding,
Hear them resounding from the happy,
happy gate of love;
Jesus is calling,—let us adore him,
Gather before him, and seek his love.
He is love and Lord above; [hands;
Waiting now he stands, see his blessed
Hear him say, oh, why delay?
Come, O come, the Saviour calls to-day!

3 Wonderful tidings, still they are ringing;
Sweetly they tell us of a blessed Saviour
ever near,

Jesus is calling,—we may believe him;
How can we grieve him, our friend so
He is near, our friend so dear, [dear?
Now his tender care all of us may share;
Haste away, no longer stay,
Come, O come, the Saviour calls to-day!

—Sallie E. Smith.

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

411 *Key Eb.*

AWAKE, awake, O heart of mine,
Sing praise to God above;
Take up the song of endless years,
And shout redeeming love;
Redeemed by him who bore my sins,
When on the cross he died; [blood,
Redeemed and purchased with his
Redeemed and sanctified.

CHO.—Awake, awake, O heart of mine,
Sing praise, sing praise to God above;
Take up the song of endless years,
And shout redeeming love.

2 Redeemed by him, my Lord and
Who saves me day by day; [King,
My life and all its ransomed powers
Could ne'er his love repay;
And yet his mercy condescends
My humble gift to own,
And thro' the riches of his grace,
He brings me near his throne.

3 O love, unchanging and sublime!
Not all the hosts above
Can reach the height or sound the depth
Of God's eternal love;
This wondrous love enfolds the world,
It fills the realms above;
'Tis boundless as eternity,
'Tis God, and God is love.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

412 *Key C.*

SWIFTLY, so swiftly, the years roll along,
Burdened with trials or happy with song;
How am I working as time glides away?
Whom am I seeking for Jesus to-day?

CHO.—Seeking so patiently, seeking with
care; [prayer;
Seeking with loving words, seeking with
Whom am I seeking? for whom do I pray?
Whom am I seeking for Jesus to-day?

2 Whom am I seeking of those whom I
Trying to lead them to Jesus above; [love
Watching and praying, wherever I may,
Whom am I seeking for Jesus to-day?

3 Jesus the Shepherd is seeking his own;
Shall he go after the lost sheep alone?
Oh, in his work to be near him alway;
Whom am I seeking for Jesus to-day?

4 Sweet is the voice of his love in my soul,
Sweet is the power of his grace to control;
Seeking for others like blessings to share,
Whom am I bringing to Jesus in prayer?
—E. E. Hewitt.

413 *Key Bb.*

VALLEY of Eden, beyond the sea,
Haven of rest, tranquil and blest,
Anchored forever we soon shall be,
Gathered with Jesus to rest;
Songs of the ransomed are floating in air,
Wafted to earth from thy region so fair;
Angels are tenderly calling us there,
Calling the weary to rest.

CHO.—||: Come to this valley of Eden fair,
Weary and sorrow-oppressed;
Angels are tenderly calling us there,
Come to this valley of rest.:||

2 Valley of Eden, the soul's dear home,
Bright are thy hills, peaceful thy rills;
Happy forever we soon shall roam
Over thy bright blooming hills;
Thine are the beauties that never decay,
Thine is a light of a shadowless day;
Voices of loved ones are calling away,
Home to thy bright blooming hills.

3 Valley of Eden, beyond the sea,
Lovely thy bowers, fadeless thy flowers;
Valley of Eden, we dream of thee,
Dream of thy beautiful bowers. [meet,
Friends that were parted with rapture shall
Casting their crowns at Immanuel's feet:
Still the glad voices of angels repeat,
Come to the valley of flowers.

—Anna C. Storey.

414 *Key G.*

FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

CHO.—The mercy-seat, the mercy-seat,
Where weary souls their Saviour meet,
And falling down before his feet,
Salvation flows at the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

—H. Stowell. Cho. by H. L. G.

415

Key Ab.

I SIT at the feet of Jesus,
Nor heed as the time goes by,
His banner of love is o'er me,
And happy indeed am I.

[dwell,

CHO.—Under his banner I peacefully
Peacefully dwell, blissfully dwell,
And Jesus my King, has taught me to
'Tis well with me now, 'tis well. [sing

2 I sit at the feet of Jesus:

Was ever a joy like mine?

I list to the words of comfort

That fall from his lips divine

3 I sit at the feet of Jesus,

In perfect and calm repose; [ings,

He crowneth my head with bless

With rapture my heart o'erflows.

4 Come, sit at the feet of Jesus,

Ye weary and toil-oppressed;

Come, learn of the meek and lowly,

Who giveth his children rest.

—James L. Black.

416

Key D.

BLESS the Lord! my soul is happy,

For I now by faith can say,

Thro' the blood of his atonement,

All my sins are washed away.

CHO.—Bless the Lord, O my soul!

Still my joyful song shall be;

I have sought and found salvation,

Thro' the blood that cleanseth me.

2 Bless the Lord! my soul is happy,
And in grace I'm growing still;
This my joy and sweetest comfort,
Jesus leads me where he will.

3 Bless the Lord! my soul is happy,
I can see his glory shine;

Oh, how dear the blest assurance,
I am his and he is mine!

4 Bless the Lord! my soul is happy,
For I know he hears my call,

I will praise him for his mercy,

Bless the Lord, my all in all!

—Sarah E. James.

417

Key A.

THERE'S a city that looks o'er the valley
of death,

And its glories may never be told;

There the sun never sets, and the leaves
never fade,

In that beautiful city of gold.

CHO.—There the sun never sets, and the
leaves never fade; [behold,

There the eyes of the faithful their Saviour
In that beautiful city of gold.

2 There the King, our Redeemer, the Lord
whom we love,

All the faithful with rapture behold;

There the righteous forever will shine like
In that beautiful city of gold. [the stars,

3 Ev'ry soul we have led to the foot of the
cross,

Ev'ry lamb we have brought to the fold,

Will be there as bright jewels our crowns
In that beautiful city of gold. [to adorn,

4 There we'll tell how he loved and re-
deemed us from sin,

"But the half even there can't be told;"

There we'll sing the new song with the
blood-washed at home,

In that beautiful city of gold.

—Arr. by Rev. J. R. B.

418

Key Ab

ABIDING, oh, so wondrous sweet!

I'm resting at the Saviour's feet;

I trust in him, I'm satisfied,

I'm resting in the Crucified!

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

CHO.—Abiding, abiding,

Oh! so wondrous sweet!

I'm resting, resting

At the Saviour's feet.

2 He speaks, and by his word is given
His peace, a rich foretaste of heaven!
Not as the world he peace doth give,
'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.

3 I live; not I; thro' him alone
By whom the mighty work is done:—
Dead to myself, alive to him,
I count all loss his rest to gain.

4 Now rest, my heart, the work is done,
I'm saved thro' the Eternal Son!
Let all my powers my soul employ,
To tell the world my peace and joy.
—Chas. B. J. Root.

419

Key C.

WE have been toiling, dear Master, to-day;
Now, as the twilight is fading away,
Here we have gathered to rest at thy feet,—
Come in thy mercy thy children to greet.

CHO.—Toiling for thee, toiling for thee,
Earnestly toiling, dear Master, for thee;
Toiling for thee, toiling for thee,
Rich with thy blessing our harvest will be.

2 We have been seeking, and, lo! we have
found [ground;
Vines that were broken and trailed on the
Tenderly stooping we bound them again;
Now we are waiting the dew and the rain.

3 We have been trying to watch unto
prayer,
Trying the burdens of others to bear;
Grant us thy wisdom, thy grace from above;
Help us to labor in meekness and love.

4 Lord, thou art with us; we know thou
art here;
Why do we falter, and what do we fear?
If we are faithful, and trust in thy word,
Fruit in abundance our toil will reward.
—Frank Gould.

420

Key C.

THEY tell me that Jesus is willing to save
me,

If I am but willing to trust in his grace,
And that he will lovingly, kindly receive me
If I will in meekness my footsteps retrace.

CHO.—Dear Saviour, I'm coming, repent-
ant I'm coming,

My faith very weak, my heart all defiled;
In kindness receive me, and fully forgive
me, [child.

And make me henceforth thy obedient

2 They tell me that many a penitent sinner
Has come to his arms and a welcome
received,

Because he came trusting the blood of a-
tonement, [lived.

And fully the message from heaven be-

3 They tell me that he at this moment is
ready

To save a poor sinner repentant of sin,
And that, if I open my heart to receive
him, [therein.

With pardon and peace he will enter
—Rev. Elisha Albright Hoffman.

421

Key Ab.

THERE'S a precious bible story,
'Tis the sweetest ever heard,
And we hope that all will learn it,
And remember ev'ry word.

CHO.—Blessed story of a King,
And the joy he came to bring.
Hallelujah! hallelujah to his name!
O 'tis such a wondrous story,
Of the Lord of life and glory,
Hallelujah to his name!

2 Very poor was our Redeemer
When a babe he came on earth,
He was cradled in a manger,
But the angels sang his birth.

3 All his life he worked for others,
On the cross he bled and died;
'Twas to purchase man's redemption
That our Lord was crucified.

4 Now he lives and reigns in glory,
On his Father's throne above,
Where we all may dwell forever
And be happy in his love.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

422

Key Eb.

BE a helper in life's journey;
Let your sympathy
In the joys, the ills of others
True and heart-felt be;

Oh, the word, the look of comfort,
 For the falling tear;
 Oh, the ready smile for gladness,
 How they soothe and cheer.

CHO.—Be a helper, willing helper,
 Be a helper ev'ry day and ev'ry where.
 Seek God's blessing, seek God's blessing,
 Then let others in your blessing share.

2 Be a helper in life's journey;
 If your sight be dim,
 Ask the Master to direct you
 In your work for him;
 By his side so closely keeping,
 Walking not alone,
 Thou canst give a hand to others
 When he holds your own.

3 Be a helper in life's journey,
 Though in simple ways,
 Trifles show the loving spirit,
 Speak the Master's praise;
 Drawing ever from the fulness
 Of his heart of love,
 Giving, to your own enriching,
 Treasures from above.

—E. E. Hewitt.

423

Key D.

THE Master is calling for some one to-day
 To work in his broad harvest-field,
 To save for his garner the ripening grain,
 Asks some one glad service to yield.

CHO.—Is it I? is it I?

Is it I? tell me, Lord, is it I? [ing,
 Thy voice gently falling, for someone is call—
 Is it I? tell me, Lord, is it I?

2 The Master is calling for some one to-day
 To stand in his ranks brave and true,
 To march to the conflict against mighty
 And willing allegiance renew. [foes,

3 The Master is calling for some one to-day
 To go with his message of love,
 To give to the wand'rer the rescuing hand,
 To lead to the Saviour above.

4 The Master is asking of some one to-day
 The treasure which time cannot dim,
 For love's consecration of all its good gifts,
 All riches and glory for him.

—E. E. Hewitt.

424

Key C.

COME unto me, the | Saviour said, :||
 And | I will give you | rest.

CHO.—Oh, the blessed words of Jesus!
 Precious words! hallowed words!
 Oh, the blessed words of Jesus!
 Words of life to me.

2 I am the way, the | truth, the life, :||
 | I am the light of the | world.

3 Take up the cross, and | follow me, :||
 And | thou shalt have treasure in |
 heaven.

4 Ask and it shall be | given you, :||
 | Seek and ye shall | find.

5 He that believeth | on the Son, :||
 Hath everlasting | life.

6 Look unto me, and | be ye saved, :||
 All the ends of the | earth.

7 Blessed are the | pure in heart, :||
 For | they shall see | God.

8 Re-|joice and be ex-|ceeding glad, :||
 For | great is your reward in | heaven.

9 I | will not leave you | comfortless, :||
 I will come unto | you. [me, :||

10 If | any man thirst let him | come unto
 And drink of the water of | life.

11 Suffer little children to | come unto
 me, :|| [heaven.
 For of | such is the kingdom of |

12 I | go to prepare a | place for you, :||
 In my Father's house.

—E. E. Hewitt.

425

Key Bb.

MANY in their search for Jesus
 Wander where he does not stay,
 We must seek him where he tarries—
 Only in the narrow way.

CHO.—Seek him there, seek him there,
 Only in the narrow way;
 None who seek fail to find,
 Only in the narrow way.

2 In the path of worldly honor
Many feet are lured astray,
Far from happiness and Jesus,—
He is in the narrow way.

3 In the whirl of giddy pleasure
Many weary souls delay,
And they never meet with Jesus,—
He is in the narrow way.

4 O ye souls so long deluded,
Turn from self and sin away!
You can find the blessed Jesus
Only in the narrow way.
—Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

426 *Key C.*

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

CHO.—Crown him with many crowns,
Crown him with many crowns;
He liveth again who once was slain,
Crown him with many crowns.

2 Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so great.

3 Crown him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!

All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.
—Matthew Bridges.

427 *Key G.*

COME, while the Saviour calls,
Come, while you may;
Haste to his loving arms;
How can you stay?

CHO.—Once he was crucified;
Once for your sins he died;
Come to the cleansing tide
Flowing to-day.

2 Come, while the Saviour calls,
Turn not away;
Now the accepted time,
Love pleads to-day.

3 Come, while the Saviour calls,
Do not delay;
Come to a throne of grace,
Seek him to-day.

4 Come, while the Saviour calls,
Seek him by prayer;
Come to the mercy-seat,
Jesus is there.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

428 *Key Bb.*

WOULD you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because my blessed Jesus
From my sins has ransomed me.

CHO.—This is why I love my Jesus,
This is why I love him so,
He atoned for my transgressions,
He has washed me white as snow.

2 Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because the blood of Jesus
Fully saves and cleanses me.

3 Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because, amid temptation,
He supports and strengthens me.

4 Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because in ev'ry conflict
Jesus gives me victory.

5 Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because my Friend and Saviour
He will ever, ever be.

—Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman

429

Key Ab.

How glad I am there is room for me
In the blessed, blessed fold of Jesus!
How glad I am that his grace is free!
What a precious, loving Friend is Jesus!

CHO.—There is joy in my heart, great joy
to-day; [bright, shining way;
I am pressing t'ward the kingdom, in the
There is joy in my heart, great joy to-day,
For I soon shall be at home with Jesus.

2 How glad I am there is room for all
In the blessed, blessed fold of Jesus!
How glad I am that he heard my call;
What a precious, loving Friend is Jesus!

3 How glad I am for the love I share
In the blessed, blessed fold of Jesus!
How glad I am that he brought me there;
What a precious, loving Friend is Jesus!

4 How glad I am that I found the way
To the blessed, blessed fold of Jesus!
That-I now can feel, and I now can say,
What a precious, loving Friend is Jesus!

—Charles H. Elliott.

430

Key Ab.

YOU'RE longing to work for the Master,
Yet waiting for something to do;
You fancy the future is holding
Some wonderful mission for you;
But while you are waiting the moments
Are rapidly passing away;
O brother, awake from your dreaming,
Do something for Jesus to-day.

CHO.—Do something, do something,
Do something for Jesus to-day;
O brother, the moments are passing,
Do something for Jesus to-day.

2 Go rescue that wandering brother
Who sinks 'neath his burden of woe,
A single kind action may save him,
If love and compassion you show;
Don't shrink from the vilest about you,
If you can but lead them from sin;
For this is the grandest of missions,—
Lost souls for the Master to win.

3 Go sing happy songs of rejoicing
With those who no sorrows have known;
Go weep with the heart-broken mourn-
Go comfort the sad and the lone; [er,
From pitfalls and snares of the tempter
Go rescue the thoughtless and wild:
Go win from pale lips a 'God bless you,'
Go brighten the life of a child.

4 O never, my brother, stand waiting,
Be willing to do what you can;
The humblest service is needed,
To fill out the Father's great plan;
Be earning your stars of rejoicing
While earth-life is passing away;
Win some one to meet you in glory,—
Do something for Jesus to-day.

—Lanta Wilson Smith.

431

Key Ab.

ETERNAL Beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Thro' earth beneath, and heaven above;

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh! [gone,
So shall each murmuring thought be
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

6 O Death! where is thy sting? where
Thy boasted victory, O Grave? [now
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?
—C. Wesley.

432 *Key G.*

UP to thy throne, O Father above,
We lift our glad voices in praise;
Up to the source of infinite love
Our songs of rejoicing we raise.

CHO.—Thus to adore thee, Father a-
Here in thy presence we meet; [bove,
Songs to thy love, thy wonderful love,
Together we gladly repeat. [clear,

2 Over our pathway, gracious and
The light of thy blessing has shone;
Mercies unfailing, joys ever dear,
From thy tender care we have known.

3 All has been love, whatever its guise,
That led us thv goodness to see;
Now we may know, by living made
The grace that abideth in thee. [wise,

4 Up to thy throne, O Father of love,
Our hearts and our voices ascend,
Bearing our songs triumphant above,
And praises that never shall end.

—Mrs. R. N. Turner.

433 *Key F.*

JOYFULLY sing, let us joyfully sing [King;
Praise to the Lord, our Redeemer and
Holy his name, and exalted shall be;
Light of my soul and its Maker is he.

O praise him, ye angels on the bright hills
Of glory, [his command;
Who behold him in splendor and await

O praise your Creator with your harps and
Your voices, [sky.
O sing as ye fly thro' the bright summer

CHO.—Come, let us join the angel throng
In their beautiful, beautiful song,
Let the winds take up the strain,
While the echo is wafted along;
Come, let us join the host above
In their beautiful song of love;
O, sing with a tuneful heart,
Praise to our Saviour above.

2 Joyfully sing, let us joyfully sing
Glory to him, our Redeemer and King;

Hold up the cross, with its banner unfurled;
Shout, for Messiah has conquer'd the world;
O praise him, ye armies of the tried and the
faithful, [shore of the blest;
Who have laid down your armor on the
O praise him whose mercy was around and
about you, [rest.

Directing your steps to the sweet vale of
—Frank Gould.

434 *Key C.*

ONCE more with joy and gladness
Our grateful songs we sing!
These happy hours we welcome,
With all the joy they bring;
Dear mem'ries sweetly linger
Of other times and days,
And ev'ry word of greeting
Some tender thought conveys.

CHO.—We come, we come,
Once more we gladly meet,
We come, we come, -
Our joyful songs repeat;
We come, we come,
With heart, and soul, and voice,
To sing the praise of Christ our King.
To worship and rejoice.

2 The loving Friend above us
Our ways hath gently led,
And with his smile upon us
The golden year hath sped;
To him who thus so kindly
Hath helped us ev'ry day,
We offer our devotion,
And grateful homage pay.

3 Still lead us, heavenly Father,
And fill us with thy love,
Till we at last shall gather
In thy blest home above;
And now, with glad rejoicing,
The songs we love we'll sing,
And happy notes of greeting
Shall with its echo ring.

—Mrs. R. N. Turner

435 *Key E♭.*

OH, now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me! [see!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

436*Key Ab.*

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good, to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

—Tr. by E. Caswall.

437*Key Ab.*

WE are going home to glory,
Bright abode, bright abode!
And will gladly work for Jesus,
On the road, on the road.

[us,

CHO.—For his mercy sought and found
And his blood to service bound us;
So we'll work for all around us,
On the road, going home.

2 We will call to those faint hearted,
"Be of cheer, be of cheer;"
And to pilgrims who have started,
"Never fear, never fear."

3 We will call to souls in blindness,
"Come this way, come this way;"
We will tell Christ's loving kindness,
Ev'ry day, ev'ry day.

4 May our souls with love be yearning
As we sing, as we sing;
May our lamps be brightly burning,
For the King, for the King.

5 We are waiting till his message
Bids us come, bids us come;
But we'll live and work for Jesus,
Going home, going home.

—P. J. Owens.

438*Key Eb.*

UP and onward, Christian soldier,
Hear thy Lord's divine command;
Be thou ready when he calls thee,
In the foremost ranks to stand.

CHO.—Unto death, O be thou faithful,
Strong in him, thy Strength and
Shield;
Go thou forth where duty calls thee,
Truth's eternal sword to wield.

2 Up and onward, Christian soldier,
To the conflict and the strife;
God will test thy zeal and courage,
Ere thou enter into life.

3 Up and onward, be not weary,
Do not lay thy armor down;
Thou must fight the battle bravely,
Ere thy soul can wear a crown.

4 Up and onward, firm and fearless,
Like the vet'rans of the past; [thee,
Then, thro' him whose grace redeems
Thou shalt overcome at last.

—Sallie Martin.

439*Key G.*

O MY soul, why art thou troubled,
When so dear a friend is thine?
Unto him without a murmur
Wilt thou not thy all resign?

CHO.—Think how great his loving kind-
Blessings past with joy recall; [ness,
Though thy life may have its trials,
He thy Lord hath borne them all.

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

2 Cling to him, thy only refuge
From the stormy winds that blow;
Cling to him whose hand hath led thee
By a way thou did'st not know.

3 Peace he leaves, his peace he gives
He who said, be not afraid; [thee,
Bids thee now fulfil thy mission,
In his robe of strength arrayed.

4 Lift thine eyes, there's light before
Haste to catch its early rays; [thee!
Let thy harp awake the morning
With a song of grateful praise.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

440 *Key D.*

I SAW the reapers one by one
Their sheaves in triumph bear;
I knew their labor at an end,
And prayed their joy to share;
Be thou content, and bide thy time,
I heard a voice reply,
Thou too shall go wherethey have gone,
Not now, but by and by.

CHO.—Not now, but by and by,
I heard a voice reply; [thee,
There's home, and rest, and joy for
Not now, but by and by.

2 Dear Lord, I said, thy precious words
My waning strength renew;
But oh, I grieve and mourn to think
My harvest sheaves are few;
Toil on, the same sweet voice replied,
Thy days are gliding by,
And thou shalt learn the reaper's song,
Not now, but by and by.

3 No more, no more, dear Lord, I said,
Will I impatient be;
But thro' thy grace, I'll do thy work,
And leave it all with thee; [cast
Tho' gath'ring clouds may sometimes
Dark shadows o'er the sky,
My soul shall tread the fields of light,
Not now, but by and by.

—James Elliot.

441 *Key Ab.*

I HAVE a home in glory,
With mansions bright and fair;
I know that my Redeemer
Will come and take me there.

CHO.—I have a home, a bright, bright
A sweet, sweet home in glory, [home,
My Lord is now preparing,
And soon I'll enter there.

2 I have a home in glory,
Where tears are wiped away,
And joy, a constant river,
Flows on through endless day.

3 Beyond the vale and shadow,
Beyond the swelling flood,
I have a robe in glory,
Made white in Jesus' blood.

4 I have a crown in glory,
Laid up for me above,
And there through years eternal
I'll sing redeeming love.

—Sallie Martin.

442 *Key C.*

ONCE again, once again,
Workers of another year,
We greet you all this happy day,
To grasp the friendly hand,
To speak the cheering word:
We greet you all in this dear place,
To sweetly praise the love and goodness
of the Lord.

Behold the year with all its labors o'er,
As from our sight it fades away;
Behold the year that is another gift
To labor on with happy hearts from
day to day.

For Jesus is our Master,
And we love his service. [made,
Tell as we gather what progress we have
Speak of your labors, in deed and word;
Here as we listen, cheered by your faithful
work,

Let all unite in praise,—praise to the Lord.
The coming year has work for all,
And may the Master keep us ever true
Rejoice to-day, this happy day, [and strong;
And may the Master bless us as we sing
our song; [have made,

Then tell as we gather what progress we
Speak of your labors, in deed and word;
Here as we listen, cheered by your faithful
work,

Let all unite in praise,—praise to the Lord.

Once again, once again,
Workers of another year,
We greet you all this happy day,
To grasp the friendly hand,
To speak the cheering word:
We greet you all in this dear place,
To sweetly praise the love and goodness
of the Lord.

Behold the year with all its labors o'er,
As from our sight it fades away;
Behold the year that is another gift
To labor on with happy hearts from
day to day.
From day to day. —E. A. Barnes.

443 *Key F.*

WHERE deserts abundantly bloom,
And souls full of music are found,
Who journey along day by day,
Tasting fruits that in Canaan abound,
A way is cast up for our feet
By Jesus the faithful and true,
And over the gateway is always inscribed,
"No burdens allowed to pass thro'."

CHO.—No burdens allowed to pass thro',
No burdens, no burdens with you; [tree,
Leave all at the cross, there by Calvary's
No burdens allowed to pass thro'.

2 This holy and beautiful way
No ravenous beast can pass o'er;
The foot that's unclean is debarred
From touching that crystal-paved floor;
But wayfaring men shall not err
Who keep only Jesus in view, [clear,
And read what is written, so truthful and
"No burdens allowed to pass thro'."

3 Redeemed ones with garments made
In blood that was shed for the lost, [clean,
Walk there with a comfort unknown
Before they the threshold had crossed;
Cross over! away with your fear!
Oh, glory! there's room there for you;
And still at the gateway you ever will hear,
"No burdens allowed to pass thro'."

4 Here songs interwoven with joy
On the heads of the ransomed abide,
While nearing the Zion above,
Just floating on love's silv'ry tide.

Be careful for nothing, beloved,
For Jesus still careth for you; [light,
See! there on the arch, wrote in letters of
"No burdens allowed to pass thro'."
—Abbie Mills.

444 *Key Eb.*

God be with thee, God be with thee,
When the morn is bright and fair;
When thy heart is filled with gladness;
And thou knowest not a care;
God be with thee, God be with thee,
All thy daily joy to share.

2 God be with thee, God be with thee,
When the cloudy day is near,
When thou art by cares surrounded,
And thy path seems long and drear;
God be with thee, God be with thee,
May he keep thy heart from fear.

3 God be with thee, God be with thee,
When amidst the wintry blast,
When the sky is dark and gloomy,
And thy strength is failing fast;
God be with thee, God be with thee,
Keep thy soul in perfect peace.

—F. G. Burroughs.

445 *Key Bb.*

THE dear little birds are as glad as can be;
The wood-lands are ringing with sweet
melody;
And this is the message, oh, hear it anew,
Our Father above loves the children too.

CHO.—Oh, sweet is the story
We sing to his glory, [true;
We love him, we love him because it is
Our jubilant story
We sing to his glory,
Our Father above loves the children too.

2 The beautiful flowers looking up to the
sky, [by,
Are giving their sweetness to each passer
And breathing the lesson so precious and
true,

Our Father above loves the children too.

3 But better than all, in the Bible we see
The love of our Saviour for you and for me,
Because Jesus came, oh, we know it is true,
Our Father above loves the children too.

4 Then come, children, come on this festival day,
And joyfully praise him, and trustfully pray;
We'll sing the glad story with joy ever new,

Our Father above loves the children too.
—Eliza E. Hewitt.

446 *Key A.*

GENTLE words that sweetly fall,—
Come, wand'rer, come,
'Tis a loving Saviour's call—
Come, wand'rer, come.

CHO.—From the cross on Calvary
Hear him pleading tenderly,
Reaching out his hand to thee;
Come, wand'rer, come.

2 Turn to him with all thy heart,
Come, wand'rer, come;
Weak and helpless tho' thou art,
Come, wand'rer, come.

3 Thou hast vainly sought for rest,—
Come, wand'rer, come;
To the Friend that loves thee best,
Come, wand'rer, come.

4 Oh, there's cleansing in his blood,—
Come, wand'rer, come;
Plunge thy soul beneath its flood,
Come, wand'rer, come.

—Jennie Garnett.

447 *Key G.*

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah
As on thy highest mount I stand, (Land,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory-shore,—
My heav'n, my home, for evermore!

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
And flowers, that never-fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

—Edgar Page.

448 *Key D.*

BLESSED assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

CHO.—||: This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.:||

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

—F. J. Crosby.

449 *Manoah—Ab.*

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
It gently cleared my way; [deaths,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

4 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

—Joseph Addison.

450 *Downs—Eb.*

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

—John Newton.

451 *Watchman—Eb.*

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

—Sir John Bowring.

452 *Downs—Eb.*

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark
Yet will I fear no ill, [vale,
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 A table thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

453 *Missionary C.—Ab.*

Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast
Yet falter not; the prize you seek [down;
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and
Be wise the erring soul to win; [pray!
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"
—H. Bonar.

454 *Christmas—D.*

AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories
Which shall new lustre boast, [bright,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

—P. Doddridge.

455 *Key Ab.*

I LOVE my Saviour, his heart is good,
He has loved me o'er and o'er; [blood,
He sought me wand'ring, I'm saved by his
And I love him more and more.

CHO.—||: Jesus is good to me; :||

So good! so good!

Jesus is good to my soul.

- 2 He calls, I rise, and he maketh me
How fond his tender embrace! [whole,—
He cleanses and keeps me and blesses my
My day the smile of his face. [soul,—
- 3 I want to love him with all my heart,
Though all its powers are small;
I will not keep from him any part,
'For he is worthy of all.
- 4 He's good to me in my sorrow's night,
He's good in the tempest's roll;
He bringeth from darkness into light,—
With joy he filleth my soul.

—Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D.

456 *Key G.*

COME, ye weary and oppressed,
Jesus now is calling you;
Come to him, he'll give you rest—
Still he bids you come.

CHO.—Jesus now is calling,
Calling, calling,
Jesus now is calling you—
Calling you to come.

2 Tho' your sins like mountains rise
Jesus now is calling you;
He has made the sacrifice—
Still he bids you come.

3 Tho' your sins like scarlet be,
Jesus now is calling you;
From your sins he'll set you free—
Still he bids you come.

4 Come, ye wand'ers from the fold,
Jesus now is calling you;
Oh, his love can ne'er be told!—
Still he bids you come.

—R. E. Hudson. By per.

457 *Key F.*

COME, saints and sinners, hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heav'nly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he passed by,
"With God you have no union."

3 Then I began to weep and cry,
And looked this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation for to buy;
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
And oh, what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union!

5 I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heav'nly union.

458 *Key F.*

ROUND Christ, the great incarnate God,
My arms of faith and love entwine;
His blood, for ev'ry sinner spilt,
Now cleanseth this poor heart of mine.

CHO.—On, yes, his blood for sinners
spilt

Now cleanseth me from sin and guilt;
I now have found the healing balm,
In Calv'ry's precious, bleeding Lamb.

2 Long sin's disease oppressed my soul,—
The world could give no healing balm,—
But now the wondrous cure I've found,
In Christ the sacrificial lamb.

3 A joy to unwashed souls unknown
His cleansing blood has brought to
And on my peaceful spirit shines [me,
The light that beams from Calvary.

4 The virtue of my Saviour's blood
To guilty souls I will proclaim,
With joyful haste I'll spread abroad
Jesus, the great Physician's fame.
—Chas. J. Butler.

459 Ortonville—Ab.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

—C. Wesley.

Sacred Trio-I

460 Lischer—G.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of jubilee is come:
||: Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. :||

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year, etc.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year, etc.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell.
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year, etc.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year, etc.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year, etc.

—C. Wesley.

461 Willoughby—Ab.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope.
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,

With every blessing blest; [ness,
There dwells the Lord our Righteous-
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness! —C. Wesley.

462 *Willoughby-Ab.*

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight [praise,
Shall fill the heavenly courts with
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light. —C. Wesley.

463 *Lischer-G.*

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blest;

From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

464 *Martillo-E.*

THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my all in all.

—C. Wesley.

465 *Azmon-A.*

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable; [brace,
And wait with arms of faith to em-
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.
—C. Wesley.

466 *Key Ab.*

WHEN Jesus washed my sins away,
Sing hallelujah!
My happy heart began to say,
Praise ye the Lord.

CHO.—[: Sing hallelujah! sing hallelu-
Sing hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.:]

2 He makes my wounded spirit whole,
Sing hallelujah!
He satisfies my longing soul,
Praise ye the Lord.

3 I find him present everywhere,
Sing hallelujah!
I cast on him my every care,
Praise ye the Lord.

4 He keeps me safely by his side,
Sing hallelujah!
I take him as my guard and guide,
Praise ye the Lord.

5 No other good do I possess,
Sing hallelujah!
He is my constant happiness,
Praise ye the Lord.

6 And thus I journey day by day,
Sing hallelujah!
Rejoicing on my heavenward way,
Praise ye the Lord.

—G. E. Lovelight.

467 *Key F.*

OUR Father which art in heaven, hal-
lowed | be thy | name, || Thy king-
dom come, thy will be done in |
earth, as-it | is in | heaven.

2 Give us this day our | daily | bread, ||
And forgive us our trespasses, as
we forgive | them that | trespass
a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but
deliver | us from | evil; || For thine
is the kingdom, and the power and
the | glory for- | ever and | ever.
A- | men.

468 *Park Street-G.*

Lo! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of ev'ry tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Thro' tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!
—Mary L. Duncan.

469 *Park Street-G.*

Now to the Lord a noble song:
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God:
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

5 Oh! may I reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

—Isaac Watts.

470 *Park Street-G.*

SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms
Obedient, mighty God, to thee; [be
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

—Mrs. Vokes.

471 *Ellesdie-Ab.*

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish ev'ry fond ambition, [known;
All I've sought and hoped and
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show thy face, and all is bright. [me;

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.

I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather—
All must work for good to me. [er,

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heav'n, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

—Henry F. Lyte.

472 *Ellesdie-Ab.*

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

—Thos. Hastings.

473 *Key Bb.*

STAY, sinner, stay! the night comes on,
When slighted mercy is withdrawn;
The Holy Spirit strives no more,
And Jesus gives his pleadings o'er.

2 Stay, sinner, stay! the Father's call
Now bids you come, forsaking all;
Oh, come, and he will bid you live,
Oh, come, and freely he'll forgive.

3 Stay, sinner, stay! 'tis Jesus pleads,
For you he weeps, for you he bleeds;
Oh, let his love your heart constrain,
Nor let him weep and bleed in vain.

4 Stay, sinner, stay! the Spirit cries,
Awake, and from the dead arise;
Arise and plead for mercy now,
And at the cross repenting bow.

5 Come, sinner, come! tho' guilty now,
At Jesus' feet submissive bow,
And freely all shall be forgiven;—
Oh, come, and taste the joys of heaven.

6 See, sinner, see! where loved ones stand,
All saved in heaven—a happy band;
Oh, come, and join them on that shore,
Where death and parting are no more.
—W. Kenney.

474 *Federal Street-F.*

How do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone;
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy:
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

—C. Wesley.

475 *Hursley-F.*

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Hath spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

—John Keble.

476 *Rockingham-G.*

OF him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins she blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

—Tr. by A. W. Boehm

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

477

Key G.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
[more;

Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
gladness;

Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

CHO.—||: We'll sound the loud timbrel o'er
Egypt's dark sea; [free.:||

Jehovah hath triumphed, his people are

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that
subdued them, [ier far;

And scattered their legions, was might—
They fled like the chaff from the scourge
that pursued them; [lots of war.

Oh, vain were their steeds and their char-

478

Key G.

Now I feel the sacred fire,

Kindling, flaming, glowing,

Higher still and rising higher,

All my soul o'erflowing;

Life immortal I receive,—

Oh, the wondrous story!

I was dead, but now I live,

Glory! glory! glory!

2 Now I am from bondage freed,

Every bond is riven;

Jesus makes me free indeed,

Just as free as heaven:

'Tis a glorious liberty—

Oh, the wondrous story!

I was bound, but now I'm free,

Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,

Roll through every nation;

Witnessing from soul to soul,

This immense salvation,

Now I know it's full and free;

Oh, the wondrous story!

For I feel it saving me,

Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,

Glory be to Jesus!

He hath brought salvation nigh,

From all sin he frees us.

Let the golden harps of God

Ring the wondrous story;

Let the pilgrim shout aloud,

Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,

The glad tidings thunder;

Jesus sets the captives free:

Bursts their bonds asunder;

Fetters break and dungeons fall,

Oh, the wondrous story!

This salvation's free to all,

Glory! glory! glory!

479

Luther-F.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,

The house of thine abode,

The Church our blest Redeemer saved

With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!

Her walls before thee stand,

Dear as the apple of thine eye,

And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,

For her my prayers ascend:

To her my cares and toils be given,

Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy

I prize her heavenly ways,

Her sweet communion, solemn vows,

Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,

To Zion shall be given

The brightest glories earth can yield,

And brighter bliss of heaven.

480

Luther-F.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,

Harmonious to the ear;

Heaven with the echo shall resound,

And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way

To save rebellious man;

And all the steps that grace display,

Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet

To tread the heavenly road;

And new supplies each hour I meet,

While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown

Through everlasting days;

It lays in heaven the topmost stone,

And well deserves our praise.

481*Luther-F.*

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

482*Luther-F.*

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

483 *Doxology. S. M.*

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

484*Key Bb.*

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.

CHO.—||: Why don't you come to Jesus?
He's waiting to receive you,
Why don't you come to Jesus
And be saved?: ||

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies.

6 Lo! th'incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude.

485*Key G.*

YE who know your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord,
Have you read that gracious promise,
Which is left upon record?

CHO.—I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
Sanctify and make you holy,
I will come and dwell within.

- 2 Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,—
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
- 3 Be as holy, and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure;
Jesus, only Jesus know.
- 4 Spread, O spread the joyful tidings,
Tell, O tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conformed
To the image of his Son.

5 O may every soul be filled
With the Holy Ghost to-day;
He is coming, he is coming;
O prepare, prepare the way.

486 *St. Martin's-G.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

—I. Watts.

487 *Greenville-F.*

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

—Joseph Hart.

488 *Key D.*

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish; [heal.
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-
ing, [not cure,"
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing [above;
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
Come to the feast of love; come, ever
knowing [remove.
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
—Thomas Moore, alt, and Thos. Hastings.

489 *Key Eb.*

OF him who did salvation bring,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I could forever think and sing,
I'm on my journey home.

CHO.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
I'm on my journey home.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask and he turns your hell to heaven,
I'm on my journey home.

3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Jesus, thy balm will make me whole,
I'm on my journey home.

4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

CHO.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
My soul is satisfied.

490 *Alida-C.*

How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay;
We more than taste the heavenly
And antedate that day; [powers,
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity!

491 *Alida-C.*

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream; [vived,
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

492

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.

Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

493 *Key G.*

SWEET land of rest, for thee I sigh!
 When will the moment come,
 When I shall lay my armor by,
 And dwell with Christ at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful, sheltering dome;
 This world's a wilderness of woe,
 This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
 He bade me cease to roam;
 But fly for succor to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wand'ring round and round
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

494 *Key G.*

COME, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed,
 There's mercy with the Lord,
 And he will surely give you rest,
 By trusting in his word.

CHO.—Only trust him, only trust him,
 Only trust him now;
 He will save you, he will save you,
 He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
 Rich blessings to bestow;
 Plunge now into the crimson flood
 That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
 That leads you into rest;
 Believe in him without delay,
 And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
 And on to glory go,
 To dwell in that celestial land,
 Where joys immortal flow.

CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus now;
 He will save you, he will save you,
 He will save you now.

—Rev. J. H. Stockton.

495 *Autumn—Ab.*

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, thou Galilean King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By thy merits we find favor;
 Life is given thro' thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid:
 By almighty love annointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side:
 There for sinners thou art pleading;
 There thou dost our place prepare:
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

→John Bakewell.

496 *Zerah—C.*

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
 And joy to make it known,
 The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master
 With glories all divine; [crowned
 And tell the wondering nations round
 How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
 The glories of our King,
 We long to love as angels do,
 And wish like them to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
 Lord, teach our songs to rise:
 Thy love can animate the strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.

497

Zerah-C.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
 Majestic, like the sun,
 It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 Its truths upon the nations rise;
 They rise, but never set.

3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

498

Zerah-C.

To us a child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of
 Forevermore adored; [Peace,
 The Wonderful, the Counselor,
 The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread,
 His reign no end shall know;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

4 To us a child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given;
 The Wonderful, the Counselor,
 The mighty Lord of heaven.

499

Zerah-C.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound,

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To thee the praise belongs:
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

500 *Doxology. C. M.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

501

Key Bb

IN some way or other
 The Lord will provide;
 It may not be my way,
 It may not be thy way,
 And yet in his own way
 "The Lord will provide."

2 At some time or other
 The Lord will provide;
 It may not be my time,
 It may not be thy time,
 And yet in his own time
 "The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer,
 The Lord will provide;
 And this be the token—
 No word he hath spoken
 Was ever yet broken,—
 "The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly;
 The sea shall divide;
 The pathway made glorious,
 With shoutings victorious,
 We'll join in the chorus,
 "The Lord will provide."
 —Mrs. M. A. W. Cook.

502

Key Eb.

O THE bitter | shame and sorrow,
 That a time could | ever be,
 When I let the | Saviour's pity
 Plead in | vain, and proudly answered,
 All of self and none of thee.

2 Yet he found me, | I beheld him
 Bleeding on the ac- | cursed tree,
 Heard him pray, for- | givethem Father,
 And my | wistful heart said faintly,
 Some of self and some of thee.

3 Day by day his | tender mercy,
Healing, helping, | full and free,
Sweet, and strong, | and, oh, so patient,
Brought me | lower, while I whispered,
Less of self and more of thee.

4 Higher than the | highest heaven,
Deeper than the | deepest sea,
Lord, thy love | at last has conquered,
Grant me | now my soul's desire,
None of self and all of thee.

—Rev. Theo. Monod.

503

Key G.

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
“I will cleanse you from all sin.”

3 Here I give my all to thee, [store;
Friends, and time, and earthly
Soul and body thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

—Rev. Wm. McDonald.

504

Key C.

IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

CHO.—||: There is rest for the weary, :||
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you—

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.

3 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
And his sting shall be withdrawn:
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

—Rev. S. Y. Harmer.

505

Key C.

O COME, come away!
For time's career is closing,
Let worldly care henceforth forbear,
O come, come away!
Come, come our holy joys renew,
Where love and heav'nly friendship
The Spirit welcomes you! [grew,
O come, come away!

2 Awake ye, awake!
No time now for reposing, [ear.
“The Lord is near!” breaks on the
O come, come away!
Come, come where Jesus' love will be,
Whosays, “I'll meet with two or three,”
Sweet promise made to thee,
O come, come away!

3 Night soon will be o'er,
And endless day appearing,
Away from home no more we'll roam,
O come, come away!
And when the trump of God shall sound
Thesaints no more by Death are bound:
He owns our Jesus crowned;
O come, come away!

4 O come, come away!
My Saviour in thy glory,
“Thy kingdom come, thy will be done;”
O come, come away!

O come, my Lord, thy right maintain,
And take thy throne and on it reign;
Then earth shall bloom again!
O come, come away!

506*Key C.*

ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.
—C. Wesley.

507*Webb-Bb.*

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim. "The Lord is come!"
—Samuel F. Smith.

508*Webb-Bb.*

STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

—Geo. Duffield, Jr.

509 *Loving Kindness—G.*

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered
loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

—Medley.

510 *Key G.*

WHEN Jesus laid his crown aside,
He came to save me;
When on the cross he bled and died,
He came to save me.

CHO.—I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad that Jesus came,
And grace is free,
I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad that Jesus came,
He came to save me.

2 In my poor heart he deigns to dwell,
He came to save me;
Oh, praise his name, I know it well,
He came to save me.

3 With gentle hand he leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me;
To him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

—H. E. Blair.

511 *Antioch—D.*

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

512 *Boylston—C.*

MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the last,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

513 *Antioch-D.*

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found. [grace,

4 He rules the world with truth and
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

514 *Evan-Ab*

WHAT ruin hath intemperance wrought!
 How widely roll its waves!
 How many myriads hath it brought
 To fill dishonored graves!

2 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
 Are maddened by the bowl,
 Led captive at the tyrant's will
 In bondage, heart and soul.

3 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our
 And break the galling chain; [King,
 Deliverance to the captive bring,
 And end the usurper's reign.

4 The cause of temperance is thine
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